

Sirenica Menace

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Sirenica Menace

by [TzoBngtn](#)

Summary

●Where Taehyung goes on a trip with his two best friends in the magical Jeju Island and comes across a surprise in the hostel's room he's staying at that bears secrets he could never imagine.

The surprise, named Jungkook, stirs desires long-forgotten and insane — so insane indeed that Taehyung teeters right at the edge of his own lunacy. The more that mystic man pushes him away, the more Taehyung craves to unearth each one of his secrets and know him like no one else.

Deaf to his logic that keeps screaming at him to maintain his distance, Taehyung holds his breath and dives into the beautiful mystery he is, heedless of the peril that follows Jungkook like a shadow and the heartbreak that always seems to lurk nearby.

Introduction

Hello everyone ♡

I'm finally back

I'm truly so excited to publish another book, and I hope you enjoy it.

This is a **Top Kook** book, and it contains sexual content.

This book also contains:

Violence

Vulgar language

Angst

Sideships : Yoonmin and Namjin

I kindly ask you (not to say beg you) to let me know if you find any mistakes while reading this book. I read the chapters multiple times, but still some mistakes can slip my eyes. Thank you

Let's get to know our characters:

°Kim Taehyung

■28 years old

■He's an artist

His friends and family:

°Park Jimin

■28 years old

■He's a lawyer

°Jung Hoseok

■29 years old

■Works at his father's real estate agency

°Kim Mi Sung (made-up name)

■His father

■51 years old

°Kim Hee Jin (made-up name)

■His mother

■47 years old

°Jeon Jungkook

■26 years old

His friends and family:

°Kim Namjoon

■30 years old

°Kim Seokjin

■32 years old

°Min Yoongi

■31 years old

°Jeon Hyun Joon (made-up name)

■His father

■52 years old

◦Jeon Han Min (made-up name)

■His mother

■50 years old

*Note that there will be a lot more characters with made-up names.

I looked for actors to play their fathers' roles, but nothing clicked, and that's why they have made-up names.

As always, I did a lot of research for some things you'll read, so I apologize for any inaccuracies.

Also, please point out any mistakes you find. Please share your thoughts and give me feedback. I need it so I can improve my writing and give you the best possible content

If you have any questions about the book, feel free to ask me

Ignore Him

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The turbulent wind struck against three young men, who stood at the bow of the enormous ferry and gazed with joyous smiles at their destination.

The said destination was none other than Jeju Island, a place they craved to visit madly. It was also their first vacation together, so the significance it held was even more precious.

The sun poured down like an endless flame, heating up their skin despite the gusts of wind, which carried a damp feeling with them.

“I can’t believe we’ll be here for two whole weeks!” Jimin exhaled a breath of bliss, truly eager to tour the entire island.

“I know, right?” Hoseok chuckled. “It feels like a dream.”

“We’ll be away from everything for two weeks, guys. No work, no responsibilities, no controlling parents.” Taehyung’s stomach did tiny flips of ultimate elation at his own words.

“Yeah, but you’ll keep drawing, so you’ll kind of still be working,” Jimin pointed out.

“I don’t see drawing as a job I have to do. I love drawing. And I’ll get tons of inspiration from this trip.”

“It’s way more fun than working at my father’s real estate agency,” Hoseok said.

“And then working at my father’s law firm,” Jimin added with a chuckle. “I wish I could draw like you.”

“Yeah, but it doesn’t pay well yet.”

“We’re still trainees, so we don’t get paid a lot either,” Hoseok snickered, bumping Taehyung’s shoulder. “You started doing what you love late because your mother pestered you to follow your father’s profession. And for the two years you’ve been doing this, you’re doing great! You’re selling your creations in your physical and online shop.”

“Yes, Tae. And even bigger things are coming. We’ll support you, no matter what.”

Taehyung regarded his two best friends with overwhelming gratitude. They were beside him in everything for five years now, and he loved them more than anyone in this world. “Thank you, guys.”

The two smiled in return. Soon, the announcement that they had arrived captured their attention and filled them with even more excitement.

Once they disembarked, they sauntered towards their hostel instead of taking a taxi so they could browse the place.

The thirty-minute walk was absolutely worth it, even though beads of sweat trickled down their skin by the scorching sun. They wiped their damp foreheads with tissues as they stood outside of

the hostel and fixed their hair slightly, wanting to look presentable.

Taehyung pushed the door open, and they trod to the reception to their right. “Hello. Um, we have booked a room for three.”

“Hello, I’m Yoongi, and welcome to our hostel,” he said automatically with no fraction of a smile. “IDs.”

The three friends exchanged a look at his frosty behavior. They placed their IDs on the counter, looking away from his apathetic countenance, except Jimin, who seemed to be captivated by his sharp characteristics.

“In which name was the reservation made?”

“Uh, mine. Kim Taehyung.”

Yoongi typed his name into the system, checked the information, and looked up at them. “As you know, there wasn’t available a room for three and you’ll be staying in a room for four. Someone already stays there and will continue to do so throughout your stay here.”

Jimin waved a dismissive hand as he chuckled. “It’s okay, Yoongi-ssi. We like socializing, anyway.”

“You sure seem like it,” Yoongi muttered with an edge of scorn. He pulled out their key card from the third drawer and passed it over. “There’s a shared kitchen on the second floor where you’ll be staying and a bathroom only for men. If you—”

“One bathroom?” Hoseok questioned. “For how many guests?”

Still with a mask of indifference on his face, Yoongi trained his eyes on him. “There are four bathrooms in total. Two on the first floor and two on the second floor. Each bathroom has ten toilets and five showers. There’s a sign on the door to inform you if it’s for men only, women only, or for men and women. The bathrooms are cleaned daily and thoroughly. Any more questions about our bathrooms?”

Hoseok cleared his throat, embarrassed. “No. Sorry.”

“If you need anything, someone will be here at any time.”

“Great!” Jimin chirped. “Thank you.”

Yoongi gave them a smile, his lips barely lifting for a second. “Enjoy your stay.”

“Um, what about the other guy who’s staying with us? What’s his name?” Taehyung asked.

Yoongi stared at him, striving to prevent his mouth from twitching in a smirk. “We can’t give any type of information about our guests. You can ask him, though.” Unable to contain himself, he lowered his head as a smirk broke out on his face. *And if he tells you, I’m a fucking astronaut.*

The three shared a perplexed glance, but no one spoke another word. They bowed their heads and shuffled off towards the elevator.

“Okay, Yoongi-ssi is hot as fuck, or is it just me?” Jimin said in a whisper, then giggled.

“He *is* hot, but damn... so frosty,” Taehyung said with a grimace, shaking his head.

“But he smiled at us!” Jimin argued.

Hoseok scoffed as he pressed the button for the elevator. “That was like the most fake smile I’ve ever seen in my life.”

Jimin shrugged a shoulder, unaffected by their comments. “I’ll defrost his icy behavior in no time.”

Taehyung stepped into the elevator with his friends following, and he tapped the button for the second floor. “You’ll really go for it?”

“Why not? I’ll have something fun to occupy myself with in this trip.”

“We’re here to have a good time and relax. Not for you to fall in love and be heartbroken when we’ll have to leave,” Taehyung reminded with a raised brow.

“He’ll be so in love with me until then he’ll beg me to let him come with me.” Jimin wiggled his eyebrows, presenting his slyest of smiles.

The other two erupted into chuckles, and Jimin soon joined the fit of laughter.

They got off the elevator and traipsed along the hallway, searching for their room number. They spotted it at the end of the hallway, and Taehyung set the card on the small device that was attached to the door. A cheerful beep rang in their ears, and Taehyung slid the door open.

“Wow,” Jimin uttered in awe. “It’s a lot bigger than I thought.”

They observed the two opposing bunk beds on the sides of the spacious room and the two closets beside them, the flowerpot at the left corner with artificial lilies, the table with four chairs in the center, and of course, the view from the French doors, which was breathtakingly beautiful.

They also didn’t fail to notice the stranger’s presence in the top right bed. The said top beds were almost at the level of their height, so they could see clearly the one who was lying there if they just strained their necks a bit.

A mystified frown swept across Taehyung’s features as he analyzed the stranger. He was lying there with his forearm over his forehead, wearing *long-sleeved*, baggy clothes in the middle of July. But what was truly bizarre about him, if that wasn’t bizarre enough, was that he was wearing a black mask that covered his mouth and nose.

Taehyung turned to his friends, throughout puzzled. He made a circular motion over his face, referring to the mask the stranger was wearing, as his eyes screamed, “*What the fuck?*”

The two men lifted their hands to their sides, indicating they were completely clueless, as they had the same bewildered look on their faces.

Taehyung glanced at the stranger behind him again, who still hadn’t moved an inch. He shook his mystification off and plastered an affable smile on his face. “Hi.” The said smile soon faltered at the stranger’s absence of any type of response or reaction. “Um, you, who’s lying in the top right bed. Hi. I’m Taehyung.”

Still, the stranger showed no sign of recognition of their presence.

“Yah. Is he dead?” Hoseok whispered.

Taehyung rolled his eyes at him. “He’s breathing, so no, obviously.”

“Then... Is he sleeping? Tap his shoulder. I have so many questions,” Jimin said with a silent giggle.

Taehyung twisted towards the stranger. He swallowed past his throat and licked his lips, drumming his fingers against his thigh. He dragged his hand up, feeling his heart notch up its rhythm for some reason.

“If you do that,” the stranger said with a deadly low voice, and Taehyung jolted back instantly, “it’s the last thing you’ll get to do. Alive, at least.”

“Aish,” Jimin murmured as he shivered at the bloodcurdling sound of his words.

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung breathed out. “We just wanted to introduce ourselves since we’ll be staying together.”

The stranger, named Jungkook, remained still and mute at his remark.

“Ignore him,” Hoseok said. “Look at the view!” He scuttled to the French doors, forcing out of his mind what had just happened.

The other two dragged their luggage further into the room and joined Hoseok, who was gazing out the French doors in amazement.

“The beach is right there. We don’t even have to take a bus to go for a swim,” Jimin chirped.

“We’ll have so much fun these two weeks.” Taehyung sighed in content mixed with eagerness, completely forgetting about the creepy — as he thought — stranger they had to see every day throughout their stay.

“So, which bed do you guys want?” Jimin asked.

Taehyung peeked behind him at the stranger, who was still in the same position. “Um, who’s going to... You know,” he whispered as he pointed with his head to the occupied bunk bed.

“I’ll sleep here. Don’t worry,” Hoseok smiled, patting his shoulder.

“Are you sure?” Jimin asked with prominent worry.

But Hoseok laughed his concern off. “Yes, Jimin-ah. It’s not like he’ll kill me in my sleep. Right, masked guy?” There was no reaction from him, even though Hoseok gave him plenty of time to answer. “I’ll take that as a no,” he chuckled, then dropped himself into the bed. “Wow, it’s comfortable.” He sat up and bounced continuously, testing the mattress.

“Really?” Taehyung sat in the opposing bed and copied his moves. “You’re right!” Soft chuckles escaped his mouth as he grinned.

“Yah.”

Every movement rested abruptly at the stranger’s irritated voice.

“Don’t jump on the bed. You shake the whole thing.”

Hoseok palmed his mouth to stifle his chortle. “Sorry.” He burst into a mute outbreak of laughter, with his two friends joining him in a heartbeat.

“Let’s get ready to go to the beach!” Jimin said, clapping his hands in uncontrollable glee.

“Yay!” the other two cheered and hopped off the bed.

They fished the necessary things from their luggage and took their turn to change into their beachwear behind the screen at the right corner of the room.

“Ready?” Hoseok asked.

“No, wait. I want to fix my hair,” Jimin said, already taking out of his luggage his straightener and cosmetics.

“Why? We’re going to the beach,” Taehyung pointed out with a half laugh.

Jimin sat in front of the mirror and plugged his straightener into the socket. “Yes, but we’ll pass from the reception again.”

Jungkook’s brows lifted slightly in interest, though the others couldn’t discern it even if they tried, since he had his arm still over his forehead.

Taehyung clutched his shoulder, smirking at him through the mirror. “Are you dolling yourself up for your precious Yoongi-ssi?”

Jungkook choked on a sharp laugh, and he did his utmost to muffle it. His exertion was proven futile since a tiny, stifled sound managed to sneak out of him.

Taehyung, who seemed to be the only one who picked up on that strange sound, tossed a glance in the unnamed man’s direction. He found him in the same stance and shrugged it off, thinking it was just a figment of his imagination.

“Yes,” Jimin smirked. “I’m telling you, he’ll fall head over heels for me in a week.”

Hoseok expelled a surprised snicker. “So the two weeks now became a week? You’re so sure about yourself.”

“Of course.” Jimin shot him a simpering smile, then started his facial and hair care.

“Let’s put some music on while we wait,” Hoseok suggested, but frowned as Taehyung got hold of his hand to stop him. He saw him nod towards the stranger and his confusion abated. “Do you mind us putting some music on for a bit, masked man?”

“Do whatever,” Jungkook sighed.

“Well, don’t say that, stranger,” Taehyung sneered lightly as he approached him. “We might start jumping on the beds again.”

“And I might end up killing you in your sleep if you do that.”

Taehyung tsked with a moue of condemnation. “You and your macabre remarks. It was a joke, you know.”

“I didn’t laugh.”

“You barely talk, so I’m not surprised. I’m not even convinced you’re human yet.”

“Just listen to your music and leave me alone.”

Taehyung pouted hard, lowering his head. “You haven’t even looked at us. And you didn’t tell us

your name. Do you want us to keep calling you masked man?"

"I don't care."

Taehyung huffed a disdainful sound. "Maybe we should call you asshole," he said under his breath, and even if the stranger heard him, he showed no reaction to his insult.

Hoseok played pop music from his phone, hoping it would lighten the charged atmosphere. They danced and sang the lyrics with smiles on their faces, as Jimin swayed to the beat, now straightening his hair.

"This song is so good." Taehyung whiffled, then turned to the stranger. "Masked man, do you like pop music?"

"I told you to leave me alone, kid."

Taehyung's head recoiled in shock blended with offense. "Kid? I'm twenty-eight!"

Shit, Jungkook thought. *He's really older?* "And you act like you're eight."

"Yah," Taehyung gritted out. "How old are you, then?"

"You don't have to know."

"I do, because if I'm older, you have to treat me with respect."

Jungkook scoffed, tilting his head to the side away from him. "We won't be socializing, so I don't have to talk to you at all."

"I'm ready," Jimin said in a sing-song tune as he turned off the straightener. "Tae, stop wasting your time with him. Let's go have fun."

Taehyung kept his stare locked on the stranger's form. "You're right." He reached for his backpack and headed to the door with his two best friends trailing behind him.

...

The next encounter Jungkook had with the three annoyingly outgoing men was later in the afternoon, but it was rather short. They only came to take a shower and change into formal clothes, then they took off again for drinks.

He did his daily exercise, took a shower, and waited until the clock struck eight. He climbed down from his bed and exited the room, dressed in his long-sleeved, black clothes and of course wearing his mask.

He strolled to the other side of the building with his hands stuffed in his pockets and stood in front of a closed door. He swept the hallway with a swift view to ascertain that no one was there and stepped into the storage room.

"Hey."

"Hey, guys," Jungkook said as he sat at the table with the other three. He grabbed a can of beer and opened it after shedding his mask, then took a big sip.

"So, how are your new roommates?" Yoongi asked with mocking sweetness.

“Annoying, like you right now,” Jungkook spat out. “I can’t believe you left me all alone in that room with them.”

“It’s just for two weeks. We already have a room we use for ourselves. We can’t occupy two rooms out of twenty,” Yoongi said.

“I could have stayed with you, guys.”

“How many times have we been over this?” Namjoon groaned. “First, do you really want to sleep in a room with other four employees and us? And second, the other employees are our people, yes, but we’re still not sure if they’re trusted. They’ll be here as long as we stay here while these guys will disappear in just two weeks. And you know about that annoying group of people who demanded to stay longer and forced Yoongi to put these three guys in your room since they had already paid for everything. So don’t bitch about it.”

“He’s right, Kook,” Seokjin said. “It wasn’t right to cancel their reservation last minute. And it’s better this way.”

Jungkook sipped his beer, still sulky about the situation. But then the corner of his mouth lifted as he recalled a certain remark from one of them. “What do you think about my roommates, Yoon?”

Yoongi narrowed his vision on him. “Why would I care about your roommates?”

“I heard one of them say he’ll make you fall head over heels for him in a week.”

Yoongi scoffed at the absurdity of the statement. “As if. Who the fuck said that?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t even look at them.”

“Kook,” Seokjin said with an undertone of reproach. “I know you don’t like socializing, but that’s just disrespectful. Don’t be an ass.”

Jungkook averted his eyes from the group and sipped his beer. “I just want them to ignore me. It’s bad enough that they know about my presence.”

“So what? You won’t tell them your real name and they won’t even see your face.” Seokjin shrugged. “But not even looking at them if they talk to you is a dick move, and you know it.”

“I don’t want them to talk to me.”

“They will. Because that’s what humans do. And especially these three. They seem too talkative, from what Yoongi said.”

“You have no idea,” Jungkook uttered with a light snicker. He chugged the rest of his beer and brushed his thumb over the can rhythmically. “Did you find anything?”

A heavy sigh rippled through the room from Yoongi. “No.”

Jungkook knew the answer before he even asked that question, but still, the frustration festered inside him like every time. “I knew it.”

“It’s only been four months, Kook,” Namjoon said in a soft tone, trying to comfort his nerves. “These things take time. We’ll find something soon. I’m sure.”

Jungkook only sighed in response. “How’s the business going?”

“Which one?” Yoongi snickered.

Jungkook cracked a slight smile. “The one back in Seoul.”

“Good. We have our people there, so you don’t have to worry.”

Seokjin’s eyes wandered around his friends, thinking back to everything they had lived and been through together. A saddened smile gleamed on his face at the messed-up situation they were plunged into. “How did we go from businessmen who were selling drugs to this?”



Chapter End Notes

The first chapter is out, and I'm so nervous about what you think! My heart was really pounding as I reread it to publish it☺

Please share your thoughts freely. Any kind of feedback is always welcomed. I really hope you enjoyed it

I haven't decided on an update schedule yet, but you'll have news from me again soon

You're Impossible

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The serene slumber cloaking Jungkook's consciousness dispersed by the constant whispers and muffled giggles that resounded through the room.

"Come on," Jimin grumbled. "It wasn't that bad."

"He didn't even raise his head from his laptop, Chim. You dolled yourself up for nothing," Taehyung mocked and burst into hushed chuckles with Hoseok.

"Yah!" Jimin hissed louder than he should, and the other two shushed him immediately. "Whatever. It was just the first day. I'll make him notice me today."

Hoseok smiled at his determination. "You can do it, Chim."

Taehyung agreed with a nod. "Of course you can. We're just teasing you. You know that."

Jimin shot a grin at them and spread his arms, silently asking for a group hug. The other two giggled and sneaked into his embrace.

With a husky groan, Jungkook snatched his extra pillow from beside him and slammed it over his ear to block their irritating chatter.

The three friends twisted their heads towards the exasperated sound, still holding each other. "Shit, we woke him up," Taehyung murmured.

"It's already eleven in the morning and he's still sleeping. It's his fault," Hoseok said loud and clear, lifting an indifferent shoulder.

"You can just go somewhere else to yap on about your embarrassing love life."

Jimin withdrew from the hug as his expression darkened in offense. "Embarrassing? What's embarrassing about trying to get what I want?"

"The fact that you were completely invisible to that guy," Jungkook quipped.

"Yah, you ass—"

"Chim!" Hoseok rushed to say as he clutched his biceps. "Remember. We should just ignore him. Don't bother answering him."

Taehyung gave a soothing pat on Jimin's back. "He's right. Let's just do whatever we want without caring about him."

Jungkook huffed in scorn and removed the extra pillow, since there was no way he could fall asleep again. Seokjin's words from yesterday crawled into his head, and he pondered on them, as the other three continued getting ready and chatting about things he didn't pay attention to. *It's too late to be nice to them. And I don't even want to be.*

A few minutes later of bantering without caring about the fourth presence in the room, Taehyung

slipped his folder with his drawings, blank papers to draw new ones, and his tablet into his backpack, and they were ready to go. They exited the room and sauntered along the hallway towards the elevator.

“I swear that guy is so weird,” Jimin said. “Why is he wearing his mask even in his sleep?”

“He probably wants to hide something,” Hoseok guessed. “Maybe he has a scar. Or a burn. I don’t know.”

“Or maybe he just wants to hide his face.”

Jimin glanced at Taehyung at his remark in puzzlement. “But why?”

“Who knows?” Taehyung sighed, but then his eyes widened at the remembrance of his pencils, which he forgot to take. “My pencils... Go downstairs. I’ll come find you.”

Once he received a nod from the two, Taehyung hurried back to the room. He unlocked it with the card key and burst inside, but the sight of the shirtless stranger sitting up sideways in his bed got him stuck to his spot.

Jungkook covered his right arm with his stout upper body and grasped his pillow to use it as a shield. His owl eyes stared at the floor, his heart stumbling over its rhythm in extreme anxiety. He could discern the intruder was still gaping at him frozen stiff with the corner of his eye. “Yah, turn around, you creep.”

His frantic words ripped Taehyung out of his entrancement, and he twirled to face the wall at once.

Jungkook put on his long-sleeved shirt in a hurry, hoping — praying — that guy didn’t manage to see anything. “I thought you guys left.”

Taehyung cleared his throat, still deep in a state of shock and stupefaction. “Um, I—I forgot my—my pencils.”

Fuck, why is he stuttering like that? He saw it, right? Fuck, fuck! Jungkook screamed in his head as his face wrung with frustration. “Just take them and leave. And next time knock first.”

Taehyung ducked his head and scuttled to the nightstand where he had placed his pencil case. “Sorry. I won’t tell anyone about it.”

“About what?” Jungkook shot back, round eyes boring into his profile.

“Um, about seeing you, you know... shirtless.”

The tension from Jungkook’s muscles subsided. “Good.”

Taehyung, still with his chin tucked into his chest, bolted out of the room. He shut the door and leaned his back against it with a trembling sigh, arms hanging on each of his sides as if they were lifeless. *Ink. He has tattoos on his right arm. And on his back... Was that a scar?*

He screwed his eyes closed as he endeavored to make out what that mark was. But he soon realized he was too mesmerized by his well-built muscles and too busy drooling over them to pay attention to anything else. *After seeing that, I can die in peace. I don’t even care.* His lips curved into a blissful smile as the image of his mouthwatering muscles jumped around in his head.

The sound of a door opening near him had him jolting, and he resumed his way with long-legged

strides and a spellbound smile inscribed on his face.

I wonder how hot his face is, Taehyung thought, sighing lightly. *Why does he have to wear a mask? So annoying...*

Taehyung arrived at the ground floor and trod towards the reception. His steps faltered upon finding Jimin leaning against the counter and chatting with Yoongi. He stood there, gazing at the scene in sheer amazement.

After Taehyung went back to the room, the two friends headed to the reception. Before making their presence known to the man behind the counter, Hoseok held onto Jimin's hand. "Yah, this is a good chance to chat with him. I want to use the bathroom, anyway."

Jimin's eyes gleamed in glee. "You're right! Go, go."

"Good luck." Hoseok winked and gave him a pat on his shoulder before bundling off.

Jimin brushed his hair back, giving them the natural messy look he wanted. He squared his shoulders and advanced, keeping his eyes locked on his target. "Hello, Yoongi-ssi."

The said man, who was seated behind the counter, didn't tear his gaze away from his laptop, nor showed any change in his blank expression. "Hello, have fun," he said so mechanically, as if it were a recorded message.

A pout attempted to sink the corners of his mouth, but Jimin forced it away. "I'm not leaving yet. I'm waiting for my friends."

"Oh, okay."

Jimin made a moue of rage at his failure to make the man simply glance at him. He pasted a kittenish smile on his lips and leaned against the counter. "So, are you from around here?"

Yoongi's movement of scrolling down the page ceased at the question, and for the first time, he glided his eyes up to his. He reclined in his seat and rested his elbows on the armrests, his view narrowing on him. *This is the guy Jungkook mentioned yesterday, huh?* Without wanting to, his mouth twitched into a slanted smirk.

"Oh? You're finally looking at me."

"Yeah, I wanted to see who's bothering me, so I can make up an excuse to avoid him next time."

"Yah," Jimin grunted, his affable smile now long gone. "What did I even do? I just wanted to chat a bit."

"Exactly. I don't want people to talk to me."

"You know, you're not so kind to your guests. You can get fired for being rude."

A chuckle broke out of Yoongi as he rolled his head to the side and then aimed his eyes at him again. "Why would I fire myself?"

Jimin didn't have to examine his words too much to comprehend their meaning. "You own this place?"

“Yes. And I can kick you out if you keep harassing me.”

Jimin gasped in affront. “Harassing? I just talked to you!”

“It’s the same for me.”

Jimin’s irritation melted away as he decided to go all in on his last attempt. He smiled sweetly, batting his eyelashes. “I’m sure you have a nice side as well somewhere deep inside you. Why don’t you surface it by yourself and save me the trouble, hmm? Don’t be an ass without a reason.”

Yoongi copied his smile. “No, thank you,” he sneered. “And tell your friends to come here already. They’ve been watching us from the start.”

Jimin glanced behind him and indeed saw his two friends partly hide in the hallway. “Guys. Let’s go.”

The two spurted forward with awkward smiles. They bowed their head to Yoongi and dragged Jimin out of the hostel.

“It didn’t go well, huh?” Taehyung asked with a sympathetic smile.

And Jimin could only sigh and narrate what happened with a pout on his lips.

Yoongi entered the storage room at eight sharp and found his three friends already seated there with beers in their hands. “To answer your question, Kook, no, we didn’t find anything, and everything is going well in Seoul.”

Jungkook stared at the seemingly annoyed Yoongi, who snatched a beer and plopped down on his chair. “I... didn’t say anything?”

Yoongi’s riled-up nerves soothed a fraction at the first sip of his beer. “Sorry.”

“Why are you so pissed?” Namjoon asked.

“I don’t know. I’m having a bad day.”

“You sure nothing happened?” Jungkook questioned, maintaining a straight face of nonchalance.

“Yes, nothing happened.”

Jungkook nodded slowly and nipped at his drink in the fragile silence that ensued. “Yoon. That guy who said he’ll make you fall head over heels for him. Remember him?”

Yoongi tensed at the mention of him, though he strove to obscure it. “What about him?”

“He was bitching about how he got rejected again by you. And I took a glimpse of him. He’s hot enough for you. Don’t you think?”

Yoongi expelled a bitter sigh, then chugged his beer. “He’s more than hot. But especially you, you know where we come from. You know what we are and the shit we’re going through right now. How can you suggest making a move on him?”

Jungkook allowed a smile to take over his face, even though it was small and highlighted by a glimmer of sadness. “Is it so bad to have a little fun while we’re in this shitty situation? He wants to

play with you. Play with him too. He'll disappear in a few days, anyway."

Yoongi reflected on his short speech, gazing at his can of beer. "What if I put us in danger?"

"The only one who can do that is me. And I'm not planning to reveal my face or have fun with anyone. I can only stay in that damn room and hide. You, on the other hand, can have as much fun as you want. I'm just saying don't let the opportunity go to waste."

Yoongi's eyes flew to him and narrowed to a pinprick. "You just want him to stop bitching about me because it annoys you. That's why you're saying all this. Right?"

Jungkook's lips sprawled into a grin, then he broke out laughing. "Was I too obvious?"

Yoongi slapped his shoulder, laughing with him like the other two. "Yes, you were, you little asshole."

As their cackles quieted down, Jungkook regarded Yoongi with genuine fondness. "I mean it, though. We've been stuck here for four months because of me, and I don't know for how long we'll have to stay here. I want you three to at least enjoy your time. And not feel imprisoned like me."

Everyone felt the heaviness that poured into the atmosphere at his last remark, and it pained them, truly, to see their dongsaeng go through this torment.

"It's for your protection, Kook," Seokjin uttered. "And it's not your fault we're stuck here. We chose to come with you."

"Of course," Namjoon said with a nod. "We would never leave you alone in this. And we'll protect you with our lives if we have to."

"Yah," Jungkook snarled. "Thank you for caring, but don't do anything stupid. I want all of you to be careful. And if you reach a dead end, just give me up. I'll get away somehow and find another place to hide."

"That's not happening," Yoongi snickered. "We'll stick together. Always."

Jungkook gazed at his friends with fond gratitude, and his face split with a warm smile. "Cheers." He held his can out, and the other three clinked their drinks together as similar smiles decorated their faces.

After their two-hour gathering, Seokjin headed down to the reception for his night shift, Yoongi went to sleep, Namjoon reviewed the pending payments, and Jungkook retreated to his room.

The said room was thankfully empty, and he spent his time like he did the past four months in these four walls; playing games on his phone that didn't contain a sim card.

He did nothing else than exercising and playing games, really. There wasn't anything more he could do, anyway.

It was about an hour later when the beep of the door unlocking rippled through the room, and he turned to face the wall, continuing his game time.

"That was a long day, but we had so much fun!" Hoseok chirped as they entered.

“Yes, if we take out my humiliating rejection, this day was fun indeed,” Jimin said with prominent sarcasm.

Jungkook rolled his eyes skywards, smacking his phone on the pillow. *Not again, for fuck’s sake.*

“You can’t give up, Chim.” Taehyung rubbed encouraging lines on his back. “I think we all expected his curt behavior, judging by his frosty persona.”

“Oh my fuck,” Jungkook snapped, unable to contain his nerves any longer. “I feel like I’m watching the same damn movie over and over again.”

The three trained a quizzical view on him. “What?” Taehyung asked.

“Weren’t you here just a few hours ago saying the exact same things? Yoongi was a jerk, he rejected you, and you’re embarrassed. Okay, deal with it, and try again, for fuck’s sake.”

A charged hush spread through the room as the three friends exchanged glances of utter confusion. “Did... Did you just give me advice? Or are you lashing out at me to make me shut up about it?” Jimin asked.

“Both. So talk about something else or please, I’m begging you, *shut up.*”

Taehyung cracked a smile as he approached his bed and propped his forearms against it. “That was cool of you. You know, to give Jimin advice. Maybe you’re warming up to us?”

“Are you leaning against my bed?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t. Go away.”

Taehyung tsked, straightening his posture. “Or maybe you’re not,” he murmured with a sigh.

The three bantered some more about their day as they put on their pajamas and slipped into their beds.

“I’m wasted,” Hoseok breathed out. “Goodnight, guys.”

“Me too. And we have to wake up early to go diving, so set your alarms,” Jimin reminded.

“But we’ll wake up... You know,” Taehyung pointed out, feeling just a tiny bit bad at the thought.

“Then what are we going to do? We have to wake up somehow,” Jimin said.

“Just set your alarms,” Jungkook cut in, indifferent. “I don’t care.”

“Thanks,” Taehyung smiled. “One alarm is enough. I’ll wake you guys up if you don’t hear it.”

Both agreed and said their goodnights before closing their eyes. Taehyung faced the wall and curled into a ball, sighing softly. It was quite early for him to sleep, to be honest, and they didn’t go for drinks this time to feel tired enough.

He tried his best nonetheless to empty his mind of any thought, but even half an hour later, he kept rolling from side to side, clutching his extra pillow. At last, he remained on his side, facing the stranger across from him, and regarded his back.

The image of the shirtless stranger bloomed in his head once again, and he swore there wasn't a way to banish it. It lingered there, toying with his sanity and bringing goosebumps along his spine.

Light breaths echoed in the room for a while now from his two friends, who seemed to have fallen asleep in minutes, and he focused on these sounds in his attempt to understand if the stranger was asleep as well.

He soon concluded he was right; these breaths that sounded like muted snores came only from Jimin and Hoseok. He cleared his throat, pushing down his anxiety about the thought of talking to that man, and unfolded his mouth. "Um, masked man? You're not sleeping, right?" The silence after his question went on strong, making him doubt himself. *Was I wrong? Is he sleeping?*

No, he's probably ignoring me.

"You know, I hate calling you that. Masked man. It feels rude. And so distant. Can't you just tell me your name?" Still, no kind of response sounded from the opposing bed. The tips of his lips drooped in defeat and his eyes darkened with gloom at the realization that he was all alone in this battle with his raging thoughts.

This will be a long, sleepless night. Taehyung could only sigh and accept his doom.

"No."

Taehyung's eyes grew double their size, and a gasp exploded out of his mouth in gleeful surprise. *He answered! Okay, okay, calm down. Play it cool.* "Um, what should I call you?"

"Maybe don't call me at all?"

"Come on," Taehyung snickered. "I don't like referring to people with such nicknames."

"If I remember correctly, you wondered if you should call me an asshole yesterday."

"That was because you pissed me off. Sorry."

Jungkook stayed mute once more since he had nothing else to say. He wasn't even sure why he answered him in the first place.

"Um, so why—"

"Do you always start your phrases with um? It's annoying."

Taehyung fought the pout that desperately wanted to reign over his features with a vengeance. "I... It's just awkward. You're not even looking at me. I feel like I'm talking to a ghost or something."

"Then you should probably stop talking to me."

Taehyung tsked and rolled on his back, fixing his gaze on the ceiling. "You're mean," he whispered, but it was loud enough for the other to hear. "I can't sleep. I need something to distract myself so I can sleep."

"You slept just fine yesterday."

"Because I was almost drunk. I couldn't think, even if I wanted to."

"Then drink again and sleep."

“I’ll end up an alcoholic if I get wasted every night. And I don’t like the morning headache.” A long sigh rang from the opposing bed, and Taehyung’s features gave in this time; they forcefully accepted a deep pout that even had his gaze filling with sorrowful bitterness. “I’m bothering you. Sorry.”

Jungkook slammed his eyes closed as his face wrung at the sudden fight between his logic and an unknown feeling that broke out within him. He sucked his bottom lip between his teeth as he held his breath. He vacated his lungs with a sharp, sonorous sigh, and reluctantly embraced his overriding defeat.

He turned on his back and positioned his gaze on the ceiling as he held his hands together, letting them rest on his belly. “Why can’t you sleep?” His voice was small, as if he had to force it out of his mouth.

Taehyung twisted his head and stared at him in absolute amazement. He didn’t question his sudden change of heart and instead answered him. “Because I keep thinking about stuff.”

“About?”

“Life, I guess.”

“Then... don’t think.”

He held back a caustic remark about how he hadn’t thought of doing that before. “That’s why I want to distract myself. So I won’t have to think until I get sleepy enough.”

“Why don’t you wake up one of your friends? You know, since they like to talk so much.”

“I can’t do that. We came here to rest. They need their sleep.”

“Then I don’t know what else to say to you.”

Taehyung shifted to his side again, facing him. “You know, your mask makes you suspicious.”

Jungkook stiffened a tad, though with the darkness of the room he was sure the other didn’t notice. “What do you mean? It’s just a mask. Everyone wears one.”

“In their sleep? I don’t think so,” he chuckled quietly. “But seriously, why are you hiding your face?” A gasp spewed from his lungs at the possible reason that sprang into his head. “Are you a celebrity?”

A crooked smile cut across Jungkook’s face. “Why would a celebrity stay here?”

“Hmm, you’re right. Then... Did you come to South Korea illegally with a fake ID?”

“How would I have booked this place? They ask for a bunch of information.”

“You’re right again.” Taehyung contemplated about other possible reasons. “Did you cheat on your wife and she caught you and you’re hiding here?”

“That would be a reasonable explanation.”

“Yeah, but it’s not reasonable for the mask you’re wearing all the time,” Taehyung pouted. “Did you scam someone?” Another gasp left his mouth as his eyes widened. “What if you’re a criminal? That would be so much fun.”

With a frown of sheer confusion, Jungkook turned to look at him for the very first time. Only the table lamp illuminated the room, but he could still make out that man's gorgeous characteristics. Finally having a visual with that husky, rich voice felt fulfilling, although the baby face he encountered wasn't what he expected from the said deep voice of his.

He snapped his head away as he blinked on repeat. He strove to discard any shred of shock and awkwardness with a slight cough. "Why would that be fun? Are you crazy?"

Taehyung paid no mind to his once again bizarre behavior. "I don't know. My life is so boring. I've never met someone dangerous. I've never been in danger, never did anything illegal, never fought with anyone. I've done everything perfectly right in my life."

"That's boring indeed. So why did you do that?"

"Because I was raised this way. My father is a surgeon and well-known in Seoul. He taught me from a young age to always behave myself, so I won't embarrass him."

"And you never caused trouble? Really? Not even once?"

"No. Never."

"Did he force you to follow his profession?"

"No, thankfully. My mother tried at first, but I'm just not made to be a doctor. They fought about this a lot. My father knew I wouldn't be successful as a doctor because I didn't want to be one. So he let me do what I love. As long as I make my own money and I'm successful, he doesn't care."

"Are you?"

"What?"

"Successful."

Taehyung smiled bitterly to himself. "No, not yet. Maybe that's why I haven't seen him in a year now. He doesn't think I'm worthy of being his son."

Jungkook scoffed. "Why? Just because you're not successful yet?"

"That and... some other reason."

Jungkook rotated his head in his direction at the hesitant hue of his voice. "Which is?"

Taehyung wavered. "Don't be mean." He peeked at him multiple times, debating with himself if he should share something personal with someone he met just yesterday — with someone who hadn't even told him his name yet. "I'm gay."

Jungkook returned his eyes to the ceiling, as if he had heard the most common thing ever. "A gay, unsuccessful man isn't worthy of being a surgeon's son. Sounds about right in this messed-up society."

Under the bitter irony of his words, there was something soothing and encouraging that painted a warm smile over Taehyung's features.

"Anyway, are you sleepy yet?"

"You didn't answer me."

“What?”

“Why are you wearing a mask?”

“I’m ugly.”

“Yah, no one is ugly. Everyone is beautiful in their own way.”

“Really, I’m so ugly people can’t stand looking at me. So I’m practically doing you a favor that I wear this mask.”

“Come on,” Taehyung snorted. “There’s no way you’re ugly.”

“How do you know?”

“Because no one is ugly. Just let me see your face. I’m so curious.”

“If I was planning to do that, I wouldn’t be wearing a mask from the start. So no.”

“Tsk. You’re impossible.”

“I know. Now let me sleep.” Jungkook turned his back to him and squeezed his hand between his head and his pillow.

Taehyung’s only response was a sigh. Thinking he had already annoyed him enough for the night, he drew his limbs closer to his body and closed his eyes.

Although he still wasn’t sleepy enough, he had the conversation he just had with that stranger to keep him company and occupy his mind instead of his self-deprecating and dark thoughts that often tortured him.

And for some reason, it felt more soothing than he could ever imagine.



Chapter End Notes

So many exciting things are coming! It feels so good to update again. I missed it so much

I decided to update every second day until I finish writing, and then you'll get daily updates

You're Delusional

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The three friends started their day early as they had planned, and thankfully, they didn't wake up the stranger this time.

They were amazed to see how Jimin completely ignored Yoongi this morning when they walked past the reception and a bit baffled as well.

"How come you didn't greet him?" Taehyung asked as they strolled along the sidewalk. "Don't tell me you gave up."

"Of course not," Jimin scoffed. "I opened my cards to him. He obviously knows I like him. Now I'll act like he doesn't exist, he'll be confused and curious about my behavior, and he'll come to me on his own."

"Wow, that's a very thorough plan," Hoseok chuckled. "But what if it doesn't work and he just, you know, ignores you like you do?"

A contemplative frown budded on Jimin's features. "I haven't thought about that, so I hope my plan works."

The three men chuckled and off they went to enjoy their morning with diving.

For their first try, they did pretty well and were left mesmerized by the extraordinary beauty of the sea. Taehyung took a ton of inspiration for his upcoming drawings and truly couldn't wait to return so he could start.

They headed back around noon as they chatted about their experience. Taehyung noticed a young man's presence that wandered near the hostel, and his brows pulled together in cogitation. He had the impression he had been seeing that young man since day one, but he shrugged it off with the conclusion that he was imagining things.

They soon entered and bowed their head to Yoongi, except Jimin, who ignored his existence.

"Hi," Taehyung smiled.

"Welcome back." Yoongi's expression remained steely as usual, though his eyes tracked Jimin's figure until he was out of his sight. He huffed as he sank back in his seat. *He's ignoring me, huh? So childish.*

Yes, Jimin was indeed childish, but the problem was it *bothered* Yoongi when it shouldn't. And that meant something he didn't really want to admit.

"I'm impressed, Chim," Taehyung said as they trod towards the elevator. "You didn't even glance at him."

"Yes, and Yoongi had his eyes glued to you."

Jimin grasped Hoseok's forearm, gaping at him with hopeful surprise. "Really? Are you sure?"

“Yes, I saw him too,” Taehyung chimed in.

“Oh my God, my plan is working!” Jimin shrilled in a whisper on repeat as he clapped his hands in tiny.

His two friends erupted into giggles at his overly cute demeanor, and they resumed their way with an exhilarated Jimin who couldn’t stop smiling.

They stood in front of their room, and Taehyung searched for the card key. A muffled voice from the other side of the door silenced their casual banter and ceased Taehyung’s movements in curiosity. He drew nearer to the door and pressed his ear against it.

“No! We can’t wait for something to magically happen. You have to send more men to speed up the process.”

More men? What the hell does this mean? Taehyung thought at the brief silence that followed.

“Every day that passes by with no results is a risk. And especially for me. It’s been four fucking months already. My sanity is reaching its limits.”

Another wave of silence crawled by.

“Never mind, I’ll do it on my own. I’ll risk my fucking life—”

Jimin pulled Taehyung away from the door gently, a disapproving frown adorning his traits. “That’s enough, Tae. It’s not right to eavesdrop.”

Although he was dying to hear more, he knew Jimin was right. He continued the search for the card key and located it in his bag’s pocket. He unlocked the door, and they stepped into the room with an awkward atmosphere surrounding them.

Taehyung examined the unnamed man, who was sitting sideways in his bed. His eyes slid down his form, and then narrowed on his hand that was clutching something. “What’s... that?”

Jungkook’s body was on the brink of shaking by his infuriated nerves — so infuriated indeed he forgot to hide his big button type phone beneath the mattress. “It’s a phone.”

“That’s ancient,” Taehyung snorted.

“I like simplicity.”

“That’s not simplicity, it’s *garbage*.”

Jungkook’s menacing eyes slashed through him in a scowl Taehyung had never seen before. “Do I seem like I’m in the mood for your jokes?”

It was the first time Taehyung saw the stranger’s eyes clearly and from an averagely close distance. He thought he would be magnetized at the sight of them, but they exuded such viciousness at that moment he couldn’t maintain eye contact for more than a second. “Sorry.”

Jungkook flopped down into his bed and threw his forearm over his forehead.

Taehyung slouched towards the table and sank down into the chair. He took his folder and pencil case out of his bag and set them on the table with a slight pout dancing around his countenance. The stranger’s behavior was overall curt, but seeing him this enraged because of his joke brought an itching gloom within his chest.

Jimin didn't have to glance at his friend to understand he was sulking. He could perceive it just by the darkened aura that oozed from him. "Tae, what do you want to do? Should we go for a walk?"

"No. I want to draw everything we saw in the sea."

Jimin settled a delicate hand on his shoulder and smiled down at him. "Okay. Don't be sad, though. He doesn't deserve it," he whispered close to his ear.

Taehyung mirrored his smile. "I'm okay, don't worry."

"Should we cook lunch here today?" Hoseok suggested.

"Yeah, we've already spent too much money," Jimin sighed.

"I prefer spending our money touring the whole island than eating," Taehyung said, then giggled, tossing aside whatever happened with the unnamed man.

No wonder he's skinny. Puzzlement cracked through the impassive facade on Jungkook's face at his nonsensical thoughts. *Why do I even care?*

"Okay then, let's go shopping," Hoseok said.

"You guys can go."

Jimin tilted to Taehyung's ear again. "You sure you want to stay alone with him?"

Taehyung laughed his inquiry off. "Yes. I'll be fine."

"Okay. What should we cook?"

"Noodles. Easy and cheap." Hoseok shrugged.

"Noodles it is, then. Let's go!" Jimin chirped, and the two said their goodbyes to Taehyung before heading off.

Taehyung turned sideways to aim his eyes at the stranger. He craved, for some damn reason, to call his name, and it frustrated him immensely that he couldn't. "I still don't know how to call you."

Oh? He's not sulky anymore? Jungkook corked up a snort and instead gave his words a thought. He wouldn't be able to bear having that guy asking for his name every single day until he would leave. "Call me Jay."

"Jay," Taehyung uttered through gently smiling lips. He knew, of course, it wasn't his real name, but it was enough for now. "So Jay, what do you eat around here? Do you cook?"

"Why do you care?"

"Just curious."

A low groan bubbled at Jungkook's throat. "I order."

"With your ancient phone?"

Jungkook tsked at his pointed scorn and reciprocated it. "Yes, with my ancient phone."

Taehyung shot a moue of pure mockery at him, even though Jungkook couldn't see it, since he still had his arm over his forehead. *At least he doesn't seem so angry anymore.*

Taehyung focused on the blank paper in front of him and began drawing; from their diving suits to the enthralling seashells and rocks, he drew them all.

He admired the results with a satisfied smile on his lips and brought one more blank paper in front of him. He braced his elbow on the table and dug his chin into his palm as he absently drew the outline of a face with smooth brushes of his pencil. A pair of hazel eyes followed that had a notion of viciousness and messy, ebony forelocks.

The haze he had fallen under dispersed on its own with the halt of his hand, and he scrutinized the sketch he made. He breathed a subdued chuckle at the recognition of Jay's characteristics. *I'm crazy. I'm daydreaming about a man who hasn't even shown me his face.*

He shook his head subtly, and with a sigh, he drew the black mask Jay always wore to complete the sketch. He placed his pencil down and set his other elbow on the table to support his chin in both palms. *I'm so curious to see his face...*

"What the fuck?"

Taehyung jumped in his seat as a booming sound of shock thrust out of his mouth. He stared at Jay's wrathful expression as his chest fluctuated with jerky breaths. "Um—"

"Why the fuck did you draw me?"

"I—I didn't... I mean—"

Jungkook snatched the paper and crushed it in his fist. He shoved it in his pocket, then grabbed Taehyung by his collar to corner him against the desk. "Why did you draw me?"

Terrified, Taehyung opened and closed his mouth dumbly. "It—It was... I didn't realize I was drawing your face. Really. I just... I started drawing and then I saw what I actually drew." The grip on him seemed to loosen, and his traits saddened, discarding every dreg of fear. "I think it happened because I really want to see your face. I'm so curious," he uttered, raising his eyes to his, "to see what you look like."

At the merging of their eyes, each one of Jungkook's muscles went rigid, as if his breath got caught in his lungs for a moment. The enraged harshness in his gaze fizzled into mind-bending enthrallment, and he fought against it with a vengeance.

Taehyung watched the change in his view fixedly and was left throughout rapturous at the ray of emotion he found in his cool eyes. They didn't embody even the tiniest amount of viciousness like before, and his stomach fluttered at his instant yearning to draw him again.

Another desire, even more consuming that even blurred his mind from any rational thought, was to finally complete the image of his face, and his hand ventured closer to that damn mask of its own will.

Jungkook caught the ascending hand with the corner of his eye and seized it at warp speed as his brows curved into two high bows of shock. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Only then the realization of what he was about to do slapped Taehyung across his existence, and he frantically wriggled away from him. "Oh God, sorry. I'm so, so sorry. I'm fucking crazy," he spluttered while he surged towards the exit, then he shut the door without giving Jungkook a

chance to comment on his delirium.

Jungkook gazed at the closed door as a frown carved vertical lines on his forehead. He stuffed his hand into his pocket and slithered out the crushed sketch of him. He flattened it with his palm against the table and let his eyes analyze it. *He's good at drawing, though. Crazy indeed, but good at drawing.*

And so effortlessly, without even realizing it, admiration raised the corner of his lips that always hid behind that damn mask he was forced to wear.

Taehyung hurried down the stairs, still in a frantic state, and thankfully encountered his two best friends when he needed them the most at the entrance.

Worry rapidly took over Jimin's face as he examined his condition. "What happened?"

"Guys, I almost pulled his fucking mask down. Without his permission. I've gone crazy!"

Hoseok scoped the place to check who was around and listening to them, and only found Yoongi behind the counter, who stared at them through squinted eyes. "Let's go upstairs to the lounge."

They took off right away, not bothering to wait for the elevator.

"Tae, why did you do that? You know you don't have the right to remove his mask if he doesn't want to," Jimin said.

"I know, of course I know. What I don't know is what the hell got into me. He was just so close and staring at me with his hazel eyes, and I wanted so much to at least glimpse at his face. I didn't realize what I was doing until he grabbed my hand to stop me."

Creases of bafflement spread across Hoseok's face. "Why were you two so close?"

"I... I drew him. His face with the mask. But I did it unconsciously," he rushed to defend himself. "He saw it and got mad and... pushed me against the desk."

"What? Did he hit you?" Jimin asked as his brows clumped together in a scowl.

"No! No, he didn't do anything. When our eyes met, we both kind of froze, you know. His anger seemed to melt. And my damn brain broke down."

Jimin's worried gaze lingered on Taehyung as they arrived at the lounge. "Tae. He sounds dangerous. I mean, we don't know anything about him. Maybe we should keep our distance."

A shivery sigh cartwheeled from Taehyung's mouth. "Maybe that's why I'm so drawn to him. He is dangerous. And I never had anything dangerous in my life."

"Tae," Hoseok said with a thread of light scolding. "You sound as if you like the guy and you haven't even seen his face yet."

"I don't know if I *like*, like him. I'm just... drawn to him. I'm curious about him."

"It's because he's a mystery guy," Jimin said. "I'm sure it'll pass. You should keep your distance either way."

The saddest of smiles emerged on Taehyung's features as he laid his eyes on his friends. "That's the thing. I can't. I can't keep my distance. I want to know more. And I will."

Jungkook and his three friends gathered as every day at their usual spot and fixed time. They had a bottle of soju each in their hands and enjoyed each other's company, even if silence prevailed over them here and there.

Yoongi supported his forearm on the table and locked his eyes on Jungkook. "What's going on between you and that Taehyung guy?"

The unexpected inquiry clenched at his muscles, though he concealed it as he shifted in his seat. "What do you mean?"

"I heard him talk to his friends. He said he almost pulled your mask down without your permission. And that he has gone crazy."

"What?" Seokjin let out as he jerked forward, alarmed. "How did that happen?"

Jungkook released a nasal sigh, looking away from them. "Nothing happened, guys. Don't worry."

"Jungkook, they can't see your face," Namjoon warned. "They're looking for you. And not only in Seoul. If someone shows them your picture—"

"Joon. They won't see my face. Listen, we need to find Ji Hoo. And we need to do it now." Jungkook leaned on the table and sent a grave glance at them in turn. "I'll go look for him."

"Yah. I just said they're looking for you—"

"You think I don't know that?" Jungkook snapped. "I just can't wait anymore. I need answers."

"We said we'll handle it, Kook," Yoongi sighed. "You don't trust us?"

"Of course I trust you."

"Then why do you want to endanger yourself?" Seokjin's downcast eyes rested on him. "Let us find him. You can't go outside, and you know it."

Although displeased by the situation, Jungkook nodded. "I talked to my father on the phone today. I asked him to send more men, but he said it's better not to because they may suspect something."

"Who? Ji Hoo?" Yoongi scoffed. "Because we haven't found even one of his men."

"He has to have someone with him. His father would never leave him alone in this fucked-up situation," Namjoon said.

"Where will you be searching tonight?" Jungkook asked, then sipped his soju.

"Gapa Island. Someone will wait for us at three to take us there," Seokjin said. "Hyeon Min will work the night shift for me, so I can go."

"I have to work the morning shift, though, so I won't go with them," Yoongi informed.

"Okay. Do you think you'll find him there?"

"I don't know," Yoongi said. "I mean, we've been searching for four months, and we haven't found anything. Maybe he isn't here."

“You know my father said after what happened he fled to Jeju Island. He has to be here.”

“Shouldn’t we be looking for Kang Soo, though?” Seokjin questioned. “He’s probably the one who did this. Not his son.”

“Yeah, I know. But we still have no information about where Kang Soo could be. Please bring me something tonight. I can’t do this for long.”

Namjoon gave a comforting squeeze on Jungkook’s shoulder, along with a slight smile. “Don’t worry, Kook. We’ll get through this.”

“Of course.” Seokjin raised his bottle to the center of the table, and the other three followed, clinking their bottles together.

Jungkook returned to his room a while later, and to his dismay, the three chirpy friends had stayed inside tonight. He found them in their beds chatting and laughing without caring about his entrance, and likewise, he climbed up to his bed silently and lay down, facing the wall.

He endured their bubbly banter for about an hour, playing games on his phone, but there was something that baffled him when they said their goodnights to each other. Throughout their chat, they didn’t mention Yoongi, and they didn’t talk to him at all. Not even Taehyung, who usually tossed off some questions here and there out of curiosity.

And there was Jungkook, staring at Taehyung’s back while lying in his bed in the dimly lit prison-like room. He considered that newly found urge, which coursed through his system, to talk to him, and he truly couldn’t pinpoint its origin. It was just unexplained, unprecedented, and... so, *so* annoying, he concluded.

Jungkook dipped his face into his pillow as it screwed into a frown of pure frustration. Clutching the said pillow, he expelled a groan and twisted his head to glance at the opposing bed. “Yah.” The lack of Taehyung’s response only puzzled him more. “I know you’re not sleeping. You didn’t go for drinks tonight.”

Taehyung swallowed, unsure about what to do. To be honest, he told his friends he would try to ignore Jay, despite him saying he wanted to know more about him. He was kind of forced to say it since he didn’t want to worry them, but now Jay talked to him first and even insisted on a reply. “Well, I’m about to sleep, so...”

Jungkook snorted. “No depressing thoughts about life tonight?”

Taehyung tried. He tried to keep his word. But it appeared he didn’t have that much self-control when it came to Jay, and it was simply insane how much he longed to chat with him. “No. Because I keep thinking about... what happened.”

“What happened?”

Taehyung rolled on his back and risked a peek. “You know. Between us.”

“Nothing happened between us.”

“I almost pulled your mask down, Jay.”

“When? I don’t remember anything,” he responded nonchalantly, then his eyes glinted with a spark

of strictness. “And you better forget it too and never do it again.”

Taehyung turned his head an inch away to dissemble his deep pout, as if he were a little child who received the scolding of his life. “Sorry.”

Jungkook picked up on the pout in his voice, and any tittle of sternness vanished from his gaze, leaving a slight, just a tiny bit sheen of remorse. “It’s just better this way,” he uttered in the gentlest of ways, unconsciously wanting to eradicate his sulky state.

“If you don’t want anyone to see your face, why are you staying in a hostel with strangers?”

Jungkook maintained his silence as his throat suddenly felt too constricted. “I can’t answer that.”

Taehyung shifted to his side and sneaked a hand between his head and the pillow for support. “How old are you? You sound young.”

Jungkook cleared his throat in his attempt to diminish some of the constriction. “Twenty-six.”

Taehyung’s expression stretched into a mask of shock, a subdued gasp flying off his mouth. “You’re younger than me!”

“Yes. So?”

“Tsk. You shouldn’t be rude to your elders.”

“Age doesn’t matter. For example, you’re twenty-eight, but you never act like it. You talk too much, you don’t know about boundaries, you can’t control yourself. Immature, I would call it.”

“Yah,” Taehyung grunted. “Did you start this conversation to insult me? I’m just being friendly. As for the other things, I have lived with boundaries my whole life. I don’t want to control myself anymore. I’m tired. I want to do whatever I want, the moment I want it, and however I want it. Is it so wrong?”

Jungkook meditated on his words as he withdrew behind a wall of silence. It was so ironic how different their lives were. Jungkook had lived his life doing whatever he wanted and never cared about what his parents would say. Maybe because they let him do anything he wanted once he came of age, but still. He never had boundaries or restrictions.

And now, for the first time in his life, he was forced to stay in a room, hiding his face and existence, actually, from everyone. It was as if he were in prison, but even the prisoners knew when they would be released. He, on the other hand, had no idea. And that was what drove him insane the most every day.

“Never mind.”

Taehyung’s whispering words restored his lucidity, and only then he comprehended he took too long to respond. He caught him shifting, probably wanting to turn his back to him, and a hurried ‘um’ spewed from him. Detecting he had his full attention again, an askew smile lifted the corner of Jungkook’s lips. “It’s not wrong. It’s what you should have been doing for years now. So just do it.”

Taehyung heaved himself to a sitting position and crossed his legs. “Are you telling me to do whatever I want?”

“Yes. What do you want, Taehyung?”

His eyes wandered around the bed as everything he wanted to do for years now started springing up into his head. “There are so many things...” he breathed out, then his gaze crept up and zoned in on him. “Should I tell you what I want right now?”

Jungkook recognized a flame of eagerness meandering across his dimly illuminated face that triggered a bubble of muted anxiety in his belly. “What do you want right now?”

“To know you. To learn your story. Can you tell me your story? In eleven days, you’ll never see me again. And I promise. I won’t say anything to anyone. Not even to my two best friends.”

Jungkook expected him to ask to see his face, but what he actually wanted at that very moment was rather... bewitching. No one had ever asked to learn his story. He was in a type of business that relationships and feelings in general didn’t have a place. And especially now, creating a bond with someone was strictly prohibited. Not only from his father and hyungs. But from himself as well.

Jungkook perceived he had stretched his silence for too long again. He forced a half chuckle and rolled to the other side. “Goodnight.”

Taehyung’s shoulders sank with defeat, his mouth drooping at the sides. He inflated his lungs with air and blew out a long sigh as he lay down, facing his way. “Everything was so clear in my life until now. I only met kids of lawyers, doctors, businessmen. That’s the people I interacted with my whole life. It’s the first time I went on vacation with the two people I love the most. The first time I can really do whatever I want. I don’t want everything to be clear, determinate, or by the rules. All that is boring. Maybe that’s why I like you. Because you’re a mystery.”

The muscles in Jungkook’s face hardened by the flash of sheer bewilderment that crossed it. “What the fuck do you mean you like me?” he questioned in a harsh undertone. “You don’t even know what I look like.”

“It’s not about your face,” he said at once, as if he had reflected on the matter for hours. And he had, to be honest. “It’s about you. About what you’ve shown me until now.”

“You’re delusional,” Jungkook sneered with an edge of irritation. “I didn’t show you anything. Now shut up and let me sleep.”

Taehyung smiled sadly to himself. Even if Jay hadn’t realized it, he had changed since the first time they met. He could see it and even feel it. Even if the change was faint, it was there. And Taehyung clung onto that with a vengeance.



Chapter End Notes

I'm so curious about your theories ☺ I hope it's interesting enough for you! Thank you for reading

Thank You

Taehyung had the memory of his conversation with Jay engraved in his head since the very moment he woke up. That damn itch to know his story gnawed at his chest and brought wave after wave of frustration within him.

It wasn't about just seeing his face anymore. He wanted to see him. His soul.

He was the only one who said goodbye to Jungkook before they left the room, and even though he received the coldest goodbye possible, he didn't regret it. If he wanted to get to know him, he had to talk to him in every chance, and maybe, *maybe* Jay's walls would soften sometime.

Yoongi's dull expression glistened with expectancy when the three familiar friends entered his vision, and he straightened his posture with a jerk.

"Good morning," Taehyung smiled.

"Good morning," Yoongi said, his eyes locked on a certain blonde who didn't bother to even glimpse at him. "You're going to the beach?"

The unexpected question brought the three to a stop. Jimin sucked his bottom lip between his teeth to contain his wild, victorious smile, as the other two seemed rather surprised at the turn of events. They truly couldn't believe Jimin's plan had worked after all.

"Yes, we are," Hoseok said as he approached the counter. "We haven't met properly. I'm Hoseok."

Yoongi dipped his head, then his gaze shifted to the other two when they neared him as well.

"I'm Taehyung."

An awkward silence shrouded them as everyone stared at Jimin, and judging by the duration of the said silence, he wasn't planning to say something.

"Yah. Don't push it," Taehyung whispered to Jimin's ear and released a titter as he redirected his eyes to Yoongi. "He's Jimin. You know, the guy you treated like shit when he just wanted to talk to you."

Yoongi received the scathing quip resignedly. "Fair enough. I'm sorry for my shitty behavior, Jimin-ssi. It's just... Never mind. I can't really explain. I was a jerk. You're right. Let's make a new start."

The austere veneer on Jimin's face burned off at his words and instead, a flirty glint flared up in his eyes. "You're buying me a drink tonight."

"Okay," Yoongi agreed right away. The recognition of Jimin's suggestive gaze pulled the corner of his lips into a slight smirk. "I'll be waiting for you here at six."

"I'll doll myself up for you. I hope you'll appreciate it this time," Jimin said with such an innocent look it only inflamed Yoongi's oppressed desire for him.

"Trust me. I appreciate it every time."

Jimin's smile grew into a grin, unable to hide his elation. "See you at six."

The three headed out of the hostel with Jimin on the lead, and they could only gape at his friend in amazement. “Did that really just happen?” Hoseok asked.

Jimin’s response was an extended shrill of ultimate excitement as he held tiny fists in front of him.

Taehyung giggled at his overly adorable reaction. “You have a date, Chim! With Yoongi. You did it. You defrosted his icy persona. I can’t believe it.”

Jimin sighed in bliss as he draped his arms over his friends’ shoulders. “I’m so fucking happy, guys.”

“And we’re happy for you,” Hoseok said. “What will you do if he makes a move?”

“You mean to have sex?”

“Yes.”

“Of course I’ll have sex with him,” Jimin chirped. He perceived a few bizarre glances from the passersby and lowered his head, embarrassed. “You think I shouldn’t, right? Because it’s the first date. But I haven’t had sex in almost a year now. I need some action.”

Taehyung snorted. “That’s just a stupid rule. Why shouldn’t we have sex on the first date? Why shouldn’t we have sex just because we want to have fun? If it’s something you both want, do it.” He lifted a shoulder in a shrug and positioned his gaze ahead. His vision squinted on a certain man who stood at the corner of a large building. *It’s the same guy. Why is he here again?*

Taehyung scrutinized him as they strolled past him; he had black, curly hair, a set of brown eyes that seemed rather probing at that moment, and rough characteristics. He perceived he was about as tall as him, despite that his shoulders were hunched.

He overall appeared to be fidgety and in complete vigilance, as if he were waiting for something, but he was also awkward with a tinge of fear, as if he weren’t supposed to be here.

“Tae. Are you listening?” Jimin gently set his hand on his shoulder.

“Hmm? No.”

“What were you staring at so intently?” Hoseok asked, brows pulling together.

“Nothing, don’t worry.” Taehyung presented a faint smile, and he blotted out the stranger’s image for the time being to savor his time with his friends.

...

Jungkook couldn’t believe his ears when he found out from an exhilarated Jimin who couldn’t shut up that he had a date with Yoongi, one of his best friends since birth. He had never heard the words Yoongi and date in a sentence before.

That applied to Namjoon, Seokjin, and himself, of course, since they never had a normal life.

Jungkook’s life consisted of managing a nightclub, a casino, and an undercover drug manufacturing business. His family had more businesses, but these were solely on his name, and he managed them with the help of his hyungs. Yoongi worked at the nightclub, Namjoon at the casino, and Seokjin at the billiard center, which they used as a coverage to run the drug business in the basement.

It was a life that was given to them by their family. Their fathers were friends even before they were born, and they were raised together. But even if it weren't a family business, they couldn't picture themselves doing anything else.

They were at their peak, the best of the best. Each one of their businesses made excessive amounts of money, and their low-risk pills had the highest demand they could get. Everything was going so perfectly well.

Until that one night that led them to this prison-like hell.

Jungkook slid the door to the storage room open at eight sharp. As expected, one of his hyungs wasn't there yet, and a subdued snort burst out of him as he grabbed a can of beer and plopped down onto the chair. "Yoongi's still on his little date, huh?"

"Yes," Seokjin chuckled. "I don't think he's ever been on a date before."

"Being a drug dealer and having normal dates don't really go together," Namjoon said.

"We never were just drug dealers," Jungkook said, faint condemnation coating his words. "We were businessmen. The best in the industry."

"Why are you talking in past tense? We still are. We're just taking a break to sort this out." Seokjin nipped at his drink and reclined in his seat. "Our lives aren't over just because of a setback."

"That setback can end my life, though."

A sparkle of gloom shimmered in Namjoon's eyes as he fixed them on Jungkook. "It won't. I promise. We're close, Kook. We found a guy who had seen Ji Hoo a week ago. That means he's here."

"Where did he see him?"

"At Gapa Island. That guy saw him walk around."

"What?" Jungkook muttered as a frown of sheer mystification popped up onto his face. "Why was he walking around? He isn't hiding?"

"We don't know," Seokjin sighed. "Something just feels off."

Jungkook withdrew behind a veil of silence as he meditated on the strange situation. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't conceive of a possible reason why Ji Hoo would walk around freely while he was supposed to be in hiding.

They drank another beer, enjoying each other's company, until it was time for Seokjin to start his night shift.

Jungkook returned to his surprisingly empty room and settled down into his bed. As usual, he spent his time playing games on his phone, and that was what he was still doing when the door flew open about an hour later and the three friends hurried to sit in Jimin's bed.

"Spill everything," Taehyung said, then sniffled. His throat felt a little weird since the moment they returned from their fixed morning swim, but he was too eager to know how his friend's date was,

so he disregarded it.

“Guys,” Jimin sighed in utter content, dreamy eyes staring at an empty spot in the air. “It was amazing. He was so sweet and nice. We went for drinks to a bar. We flirted all~ the time. He paid for everything. One thing led to another, and we ended up in a hotel room.”

Hoseok’s eyes enlarged in pleasant shock. “You had sex?”

Jimin gave continuous tiny nods as a grin cut across his face.

“How was he?” Taehyung asked.

“I don’t even have words. Everything was so hot about him. From the way he cared for me and was worried about hurting me, to the way he grasped my hair and fucked me rough, like there was no tomorrow.”

Jungkook screwed his eyes shut in aggravation. No, he didn’t want to hear any details about his hyung’s sex life. That was one thing the four of them never shared with each other. “Don’t go into details.”

“Oh?” Jimin threw his eyes at the voice. “I forgot you were here.” He giggled with his friends, but as his smile faded, his concerns about a few things leaped into focus. “There was something weird, though.”

“What?” asked Taehyung.

“When we got to the hotel. He asked me to book the room, but he said he’ll pay for it.”

“And? He didn’t pay for it?” Hoseok frowned.

“He did. I just didn’t understand why I had to book the room since he would pay for it. He said he didn’t have his ID with him.”

“It happens, I guess.”

“No, not really,” Taehyung disagreed. “I never go anywhere without my ID, for example.”

“Yeah, same,” Jimin said. “You don’t think... he’s hiding something, right?”

“Chim. Don’t be suspicious just because he didn’t have his ID with him,” Hoseok said.

“It’s not just that. I think he doesn’t have a car. I mean, he owns this hostel, so obviously he has money. I suggested going to his house to be more comfortable, and he said it’s too far from here. He finishes his shift at five, and we met up at six. If his house is really that far, when did he have the time to go home, shower, get ready, and return?”

Although Taehyung reflected on his words, he couldn’t conceive what his friend was suspecting exactly. “I’m lost here. So what are you saying? That he didn’t take you to his house on purpose or that he doesn’t have one?”

“I’m just saying something isn’t right. Maybe I’m overthinking this because it’s my nature as a lawyer.”

A heavy hush rose in the room as the three sank into their thoughts.

“Aren’t you just looking for a good fuck?”

They snapped their heads at the sound of Jungkook's low voice. "Why are you joining our conversation?" Hoseok asked.

"I have nothing better to do. And I'm a little tired of listening to this bullshit. So Jimin-ssi, answer me. You're just looking for a good fuck, right? Just to enjoy your time until you leave. Right?"

Jimin expelled a long breath. "Yes. That's what... I had in mind."

"So, why do you care so much? You take all the fun away with your overthinking. Who cares if he's hiding something? We all do. Just enjoy it."

Taehyung glanced at his friend's contemplative countenance. "He's kinda right, actually. It's okay even if you don't know everything about him. He treated you perfectly, he was sweet, he was a gentleman in every way. That's all that matters. Don't pester him to tell you everything about his life. You'll only push him away."

"I agree." Hoseok nodded. "It's better to enjoy your limited time with him than interrogating him."

"Both of you are right," Jimin uttered.

"What about me?" Jungkook asked as he perked his head up.

"Tsk. You're right as well, masked man."

Jungkook smirked behind his mask and let his head fall back onto his pillow. "Jay."

"Jay?" Hoseok parroted in bafflement.

"You can call me Jay. You know, instead of masked man or stranger."

"I thought you didn't care how we called you," Jimin snickered.

"I changed my mind. Calling me masked man bothers me more."

"Okay, Jay. I'm Jimin—"

"Don't introduce yourselves. I know you already."

Jimin sent a reproachful grimace his way, even though the recipient couldn't see it. "Still rude. Jeez."

"That won't change so easily," Jungkook sneered. "Anyway. I want to sleep now, so stop talking."

"Yah. You can't tell us what to do in our own room," Hoseok spat out.

"It's late, anyway, hyung." Taehyung patted his back to assuage his riled nerves. "Let's sleep."

"Okay." Hoseok embraced both and retreated to his bed. "We're going hiking tomorrow to Hallasan, so sleep well. We'll need a lot of energy."

"I can't wait," Taehyung said, smiling. "Goodnight, guys."

The other two said their goodnights in turn and lay down in their bed.

Taehyung reached for his water bottle from beside him and took two big sips. There was a constant burning in his throat that pained him more every time he swallowed, and the water wasn't of any

help. *Please don't tell me I'm getting sick. Please, please, please not now.*

He coughed lightly and lay flat in his bed. The room felt scalding hot, but after patting his cheek with the back of his hand, he realized he was hot instead.

He fought with his need to turn on the air conditioner since he knew he shouldn't leave it on throughout the night and endeavored to sleep.

His consciousness ebbed away sooner than he expected. It probably was because of the sudden exhaustion that overtook him and that feeling of mild dizziness.

He was awakened a while later by an outbreak of coughs that spewed from him. He felt for his water bottle blindly, and once he got hold of it, he supported his weight on his elbow to swig it.

His eyes split open. Through the relentless pounding in his head, he took in Jay's empty bed. He swept the dark room with a hazy glance, but didn't find anything. He flopped back down and shut his eyes, groaning softly.

Although all he craved at that moment was to sleep, he couldn't. His head buzzed with a maddening headache and his mouth felt too dry again.

He didn't know how much time passed when the beep of the door unlocking rang in his groggy senses. An urge to inquire Jay about his absence climbed up his chest, but he was in no state to do so. He waited to hear him get into his bed, pretending to be asleep. At least a minute passed, though, and nothing else was heard after the sound of the door closing.

His stubborn curiosity forced him to crack an eye open to inspect. Through the darkness of the room and his increasing dizziness, he descried Jungkook's face right in front of him and flinched from his scare. "What the... What the fuck?"

Jungkook, being in a similar startled state, panted as he stared at him moon-eyed. "You—You're not sleeping?"

Taehyung mustered up any fraction of his strength and slowly pulled himself to a sitting position. "Were you staring at me?"

"No," he tossed off right away, avoiding his intense stare.

"Yeah, right. Do you know how creepy that was? It looked like you're a murderer who was thinking about how to kill me."

Jungkook scoffed. "I was just surprised because you weren't snoring this time. I was checking if you were dead or something."

Taehyung gasped in sheer offense, but then broke into coughs. "I don't snore," he croaked out.

Jungkook's narrowed vision examined him in depth, ignoring his remark. "Why do you sound like that, by the way?"

"I got sick."

"When? You were fine a few hours ago."

"I was feeling a bit weird when we came back from the beach, but I didn't pay attention to it. I

didn't think I would get sick in the summer. Who gets sick in the summer?" Taehyung sniffled twice, then cleared his throat.

"You, apparently."

Taehyung could only sigh because he was right. "Do you have an aspirin or something? My head is about to burst."

"No. Your friends don't have anything?"

"No, they rarely take pills. Anyway, I'll try to sleep through it." Taehyung lay back down, facing him. His eyes roamed around his figure, analyzing his outfit. "Why are you wearing shoes? Were you out?"

Jungkook avoided his stare. "Not your business."

"It's almost four in the morning. Why were you out so late?"

His repetitive question stopped Jungkook's movement of climbing up the ladder. "Not your business," he stressed on every word. He halted once again at the sound of Taehyung's coughs and an unconscious sigh poured from his mouth.

Without another word, he exited the room and went down to the reception.

"Yah. I told you—"

"Yeah, yeah," Jungkook grunted, cutting Seokjin off.

He had actually tried to sneak out earlier so he could look for clues about Ji Hoo, but the older was overly adamant and didn't allow him to go out.

"I'm not here to sneak out again. Do you have an aspirin?"

"Aspirin? Why? Do you have a headache?"

"Yes, you're giving me one right now," Jungkook quipped with prominent scorn. "Stop with the questions. Just give me any medicine you have."

Seokjin grimaced at his irony, though he shrugged it off and opened the last drawer from the left. He took out a medium-sized box and placed it on the counter. "Take whatever you want."

Jungkook slid the box closer and squeezed it against his arm and the side of his body. Then, he rotated and headed off.

"Yah, you can't take the whole box!"

Deaf to his protest, Jungkook took the elevator to go to the second floor. He soon reached his room and entered, his eyes immediately searching for Taehyung. He found him in the same position with his eyes closed and crawled nearer to his bed. "Are you sleeping?"

"I can't."

"Take this." He set the box on his bed and retreated to the other side.

Taehyung viewed the item through half-closed eyes, then sat up. Surprise lifted his brows when he removed the lid and analyzed the content of the box. "Where did you find this?"

“At the reception.”

Beside his surprise, fondness etched its way into his weary features, and he was left gazing at Jungkook’s back in awe. “Thank you.” He rummaged through the box until he found a pack of aspirin. He swallowed the pill with the little water he had left and placed the box on top of the closet, too tired to get off his bed. “You saved me, really. I wouldn’t be able to sleep with this headache.”

“Don’t worry about it. Just rest.”

Taehyung’s lips curved into a weak smile. “Goodnight, Jay. And sorry if I wake you up with my cough.”

“I can fall asleep in seconds again, so I don’t mind. Goodnight.”

Taehyung was a tiny bit thankful for his sudden illness at that very moment, despite that he was suffering because of it. Because he realized Jay cared enough to find medicine for him. And that simple fact brought a new type of warmth within him and a gentle smile on his face.



What Am I Doing?

The sound of an alarm clock booming across the room made Taehyung flinch awake. A hammering pain slopped through his head right away, his body feeling achingly hot and sore. He swallowed past his burning throat, which was more constricted than yesterday, and a series of hoarse coughs erupted from him.

“Tae?” Jimin sleepily called as he rose to his feet. The sight of his friend in that wrecked condition had his eyes swelling in consternation. “You got sick? When?”

“I was feeling a bit weird yesterday,” he said, voice overly low and croaky. “It got worse during the night.”

“Why didn’t you wake us?” Hoseok cut in as he approached his bed. “What do you feel? Should we go to a hospital?”

“No.” Taehyung wiped his sweaty forehead with his shirt, and he realized the said shirt was drenched in sweat as well. “My throat hurts. And I definitely have a fever.”

“I’ll go buy medicine,” Hoseok said, then hurried to slip into casual clothes.

“He has medicine.”

Taehyung glanced at the opposing bed through his hazy vision. “That’s the hostel’s medicine. And I need cough drops, anyway.”

“I’ll help you change your clothes. You’re covered in sweat.” Jimin headed to the closet and picked shorts and a shirt. He also grabbed a towel, then climbed up into the bed.

Hoseok scurried out of the room, as Jimin started wiping his wet face and collarbones. “Why did you have to get sick now?” Jimin sighed quietly.

“Sorry for ruining our trip.”

“Yah. I didn’t mean it like that. I said it for you. You were so excited about this trip. And I’m sad you’ll miss a few days staying in here because of your cold.” He delicately heaved him into a sitting position and helped him shed his shirt.

“I know... Me too. I hope it’ll pass quickly.” Taehyung changed his shorts as well and lay back down.

“Are you cold?”

“No. The room feels like an oven.”

“I’ll bring you a wet towel.” An extended beep rang in the room, and Jimin scowled at Jay at once. “Why did you turn on the air conditioner?”

“Because I’m sweating as well. It’s too hot.”

“He’ll get worse, Jay. Turn it off.”

“I’ll leave it on for ten minutes, okay?” Jungkook snarled. “Just for the room to cool a bit.”

Jimin nailed him with another glare, then turned to his friend. "I'll be right back." He descended the ladder and exited the room.

"Thanks."

Jungkook, still facing away from him, furrowed his brows. "For what?"

"For caring."

A huff cartwheeled from Jungkook's mouth. "I didn't do anything. Shut up."

"Don't be mean to me. I'm sick."

"You'll live."

Taehyung's weary features brightened a notch with the smile that shone over them. "Yes. And I'll finally get to see what you're doing all day in here."

"I won't be staying here that much since you'll be here as well. I want my peace and quiet."

"Tsk. You're so secretive. I hate it."

Jimin entered the room then with a wet towel in his hand. He got into Taehyung's bed and laid the towel over his forehead.

"It's so cooling," Taehyung whispered, closing his eyes at the palliative feeling.

Hoseok didn't take too long to return either, and he gave Taehyung the bag with the medicine, along with two water bottles.

"Guys. Don't stay in here for me. I want you to enjoy our vacation."

"Yah. There's no way we'll leave you alone," Hoseok said in a strict tone that didn't give Taehyung too much room for debate.

"We're your friends. We want to take care of you."

"But I'll really feel like shit if you stay in here until I get better. All I'll do is sleep, anyway. I don't want you to miss the hike today. Go have fun."

The two gazed at Taehyung with saddened eyes, and Jimin smoothed his hand down his shoulder in soothing caresses. "Still, it doesn't feel right."

"He won't be alone. Just go."

Hoseok glanced over his shoulder at Jay. "You'll take care of him?"

"No. I'll just make sure he doesn't die."

A condemnatory moue gleamed in Jimin's face. "I don't trust him, Tae."

"Go for a few hours at least. I want to sleep now."

"Chim, we should let him rest. Let's go hiking for two hours and then we'll buy ingredients for soup on our way back. And if he needs anything, he can call us right away. Okay, Tae?"

Taehyung nodded weakly. He removed the wet towel from his forehead since it grew warm and

passed it to Jimin. "I'll be fine. Have fun."

"We'll go hiking again when you get better, Tae." Jimin offered him a warm smile and another pat on his shoulder. He got off the bed, and the two got ready to leave.

After making sure Taehyung had everything he needed close to him, they took the box with the medicine and exited the room.

"Are we bad friends for leaving him alone?"

Hoseok snorted lightly. "You know how he is. He would really feel awful if we stayed all day in the room with him. I'm not that much in the mood to have fun while Taehyung is sick, but I didn't want him to feel guilty."

"You're right." Jimin's pout remained deep-rooted on his face even until they reached the reception.

Yoongi picked up on their sulky aura and rose from his seat, creases of puzzlement adorning his forehead. "Hey. What happened?"

"Hey," Jimin uttered. "Taehyung is sick. We wanted to stay and take care of him, but he didn't want us to miss out on our hiking."

"Oh. That's why you're sulking." Yoongi reached out to brush Jimin's locks back, bringing a glimmer of a smile over his pout. "And you'll leave him alone with a stranger?"

"Jay is a jerk, but I know he'll help Taehyung if he needs anything," Hoseok said as he set the box on the counter. "He brought him a whole box of medicine at four in the morning."

Yoongi's brows flicked upwards. Only a half-surprised chuckle could emit from him in his dumbfounded state as he stared at the box.

"What?" Jimin questioned when he perceived his surprise.

"Um, nothing. I just didn't think a stranger would do that."

"Oh. Yeah, me neither. Anyway, we have to go because we'll miss our bus."

"Bye, Yoongi-ssi," Hoseok smiled.

"Wait."

The two watched with curious eyes as Yoongi walked around the counter to near Jimin. He engulfed him in a hug and positioned his mouth to his ear. "After my shift, I'll take a quick shower here and wait for you. Sounds good?"

"Joining you in the shower sounds better."

Yoongi buried his face into the crook of his neck to obscure his smirk from Hoseok. "Okay then." He meshed his fingers into his hair and tugged him in a long, savory kiss. "See you later."

Jimin stole another peck and withdrew. "Bye."

...

Jungkook had been peering into Taehyung's sleeping face for a while now as he was seated in his

bed with his back propped against the wall. The sick man often shivered, and muted, pained hums spilled from him.

He had covered his lean body with the sheet that was thrown beside him during his sleep, as if he were cold, and that puzzled Jungkook. *The air conditioner is off. How can he be cold? He's sweating.* He tracked another bead of sweat that dribbled down his forehead, and a sigh thrust out of his mouth.

He got off his bed and took a towel from his closet. He stood still, viewing Taehyung in a moment of hesitation. He forced his legs to advance, and he halted in front of Taehyung's bed. He rolled to the tips of his feet and braced his forearm on the mattress. He dabbed delicately at his forehead with the cottony towel, drying off the dampness, as his eyes followed his ministrations.

What am I doing? A notion of a smile ghosted around his lips with the tacit snort that leaked from him. He successfully finished his task without waking him up and placed the towel close to him in case he needed it. He grabbed the edge of the sheet and carefully pulled it over his left leg that wasn't covered.

What was that thing Yoongi's mother made us when we were sick? His eyes slid to the top left corner in thought. *I'll ask him later.*

With a shrug, he returned to his previous position and continued watching the man across from him suffer with a twinkle of gloom in his eyes.

Jungkook hastened to lie down when the beep of the door unlocking reached his senses a couple of hours later.

Jimin and Hoseok entered with an anxious atmosphere surrounding them about their friend's condition.

"He's still sleeping," Jungkook whispered, indifferent. "Be quiet."

"I'll go make the soup," Jimin said, and Hoseok passed him the bag with the groceries before he took off.

"He didn't wake up at all?" Hoseok asked as he gazed at his friend.

"No."

Hoseok removed his backpack from his shoulders and sat on his bed with a sigh. A few minutes of pure silence and stillness later, he heard Taehyung shift in his bed and darted his eyes at him.

Taehyung supported himself on his forearm to gulp down another aspirin with big sips of water. His need to relieve himself prompt him to sit up and crawl towards the ladder.

"Tae. Where are you going?" Hoseok approached him, ready to help him.

"I need to go to the bathroom," he croaked out. The mild dizziness wandering around his head and his weakened body made his attempt to descend the ladder more difficult.

"Let me help." Hoseok signed him to lean his torso towards him, and he fastened his arms around him when he complied. A groan spewed from him as he took his whole weight on him, his legs almost giving in, but he managed to land his friend to the floor safely. "Do you want me to come

with you?”

Taehyung held onto Hoseok’s shoulder until he stabilized himself. “No. It’s okay.” He dragged his feet towards the door and soon disappeared.

“Just go with him,” Jungkook muttered, forehead puckered in a scowl. “What if he collapses?”

“He said no,” Hoseok fired back, irritated. “He hates it when we pressure him. So shut up. You don’t know him.”

Jungkook’s only response was a vexed sigh.

Although it took longer than usual, Taehyung made it back to the room. Hoseok opened the door since he didn’t take the card key and ushered him to his bed.

Taehyung attempted to climb up to his bed, but an unexpected flash of dizziness had him sagging against the ladder.

Jungkook jolted to a sitting position in alarm, as Hoseok rushed to steady him. “Lie down in my bed, Tae.”

“No, I can’t sleep under another bed. It feels suffocating. I’m okay,” Taehyung breathed out, then faced the ladder again. He was most certainly not okay, and he needed to lie down before that dizziness would steal his consciousness.

He put his foot on the first stair and held onto the bars. Light groans fell from his lips as he crept up a single step.

“Help him get in that bed,” Jungkook snarled, impatience oozing from his rumbling voice.

“Do I look strong enough to you?” Hoseok shot back, then spurted forward as he saw Taehyung fall back down, exhausted.

“I can’t... I can’t do it,” Taehyung murmured. He dropped his head as sweat trickled down his face, along with another type of liquid that burned his eyes.

Muted whimpers waved across the room, accompanied by sniffles, as Taehyung broke into frustrated tears. And Jungkook’s patience and self-restraint crumbled at once.

He hopped off his bed and landed in a deep squat to lessen the pressure on his knees. With two strides of his long legs, he was standing behind Hoseok, who held the crying man. “Move.”

Hoseok twisted his head to aim an inquiring stare at him. “What?”

“Move,” Jungkook repeated crossly, and shoved him aside himself. He crouched down behind Taehyung and tapped the inside of his left calf. “Open.”

“Uh?” Taehyung’s disoriented state didn’t help at all to the comprehension of his request.

Jungkook forced his leg to the side. “I’ll lift you.”

“Yah! What if you drop him?” Hoseok asked in disquiet.

“He’s what? Sixty kilos? I don’t even lift sixty for warm up because they’re that light for me.” He sneaked between his legs and looped his arms around his thighs, clutching them. His very naked, svelte thighs with a skin so smooth as a rose petal. “I’ll, um, lift you now.”

Taehyung's big doe eyes locked on the top of his head, which was between his legs. With no idea what to say, he gently settled on Jay's shoulders. The next moment, he lost the earth from beneath his feet, and the top bed came to the level of his knees.

Jungkook neared the bed as much as possible and released his hold on his thighs. His palms tingled — the feel of his tender thighs lingered on them. "Get off now."

Taehyung bended over the bed and supported his weight with the minimum strength he had left. A sharp breath escaped him as he sat on his butt. "Thanks."

The sound of his voice sounded rather distorted in Jungkook's ears. His mind couldn't function anymore. Because right in front of his eyes, just inches away from him, were Taehyung's bare thighs. Sure, he had seen them before, but only from afar. He hadn't touched them until today. And fuck, something utterly strange was happening inside him.

An absurd urge to run his tongue all over them and mark them hazed even more his blinded senses. Electricity surged down his limbs in an overriding torrent, warming his blood and sending heat in his groin.

He was lost — his brain fell out of touch with reality and raw desire conquered every single conscious thought.

And Taehyung saw it. Despite his exhaustion by his fever, he could easily discern where his gaze was so fixedly focused on.

He slid down the bed carefully, and his shorts rode up his thighs, revealing more of his skin. Yes, he did it on purpose. And he didn't regret it at all, not even when Jungkook jolted back and bolted out of the room.

Hoseok gaped at his friend, trying to let everything that had just happened sink in. "Did he... Did he eye-fuck your thighs, or am I delusional?"

Taehyung chuckled meekly as he lay on his side. "I don't even have the strength to be happy about it."

"Why would you be happy? You don't even know what he looks like."

"Doesn't matter." Taehyung curled into a ball and closed his eyes, a tiny smile embellishing his traits. *If I make him want to have sex with me, I'll see his face, right? He can't fuck me with his mask on. And I'll learn a bit more about him. How do I make him want me?*

With the nonsensical thoughts that spiraled in his head, his consciousness slowly withered, but Hoseok didn't let him fall asleep again.

"Chim is making soup for you. Eat first and then sleep if you want. We also bought fruits."

"Thank you, guys." Taehyung located the towel beside him and used it to wipe the drops of sweat that emerged on his forehead again.

"Whose towel is this?" Hoseok questioned.

"Isn't it yours?"

"No. And I'm sure it's not Jimin's either."

Taehyung eyed the unfamiliar towel through his squinted vision, but he felt too tired to mull over it more.

Jungkook gave light slaps on his cheeks as he strode towards the private bathroom, which only he used with his three hyungs, cursing himself internally. He unlocked it and shut the door, then bumped his head against it. His hand came to squeeze his aching erection, and his eyes fell closed with a throaty moan of bliss at the simple touch.

It had been months since the last time he had gotten hard because of someone, and even more months since the last time he had sex. During the past four months, he didn't even think about sex, and the only times he got hard was when he woke up with the usual morning wood.

Fuck, the image of Taehyung's mouthwatering thighs drove him insane. He imagined sliding his cock between them and cumming all over them, and his hand started rubbing his erection absently.

"Shit, I want to fuck him so bad," Jungkook released in a drunk murmur. He shed his clothes and mask on impulse and entered the shower. He let the warm water run beside him as he leaned against the cold wall with his back.

He wrapped his fingers around his veiny cock and gave it a few tight pumps. He smoothed his thumb over his slit, smearing the drops of precum around the bloated head. His stifled moans resounded through the shower as he imagined having Taehyung on his knees in front of him with his mouth wide open and his tongue lolling out, waiting to get stuffed.

Jungkook would praise him for taking his cock so well in his throat, and Taehyung would moan around him and leak a puddle at the praise.

The movement of his hand increased, just like the rhythm of his heartbeat. The next imaginary scene his brain invented was dragging his mouth all over his thighs and massaging them. He couldn't even envision how heavenly it would feel to fill him to the brim with his cock, but the fantasy of cumming on his smooth thighs and then licking them clean surged him over the edge.

His face screwed into a frown of utter rapture as he kept thrusting into his hand, his legs shaking by his looming release. That dream-like sensation soon crashed over him, and he moaned as cum spurted from his reddened cock, painting the wall across from him.

Jungkook grunted throughout his release, which seemed endless for a second, and squeezed the head, watching the last beads of cum drip down. His whole body burned at the ecstatic aftermath of his orgasm, heart still hammering in his ears.

He slid under the running water to cool his flared up state and brushed his now wet hair back. He took a hold of the shower head and aimed it at the wall to clean the sticky liquid. After he was sure it wasn't visible anymore, he put the shower head back in its place and reached for the shampoo.

The only thing in his mind throughout his shower and even when he headed to the reception was how the hell could he fuck that gorgeous man without revealing his face? Because at that very moment, he craved to bury his cock balls-deep in his mouth and hole more than he craved anything else.

Forcefully pushing back his lewd thoughts, he stood in front of the counter and greeted his hyung with a nod. "What was that thing your mother made us when we were sick?"

Yoongi raised a brow at his bizarre question. "Why?" His eyes gleamed in understanding a second

later, and a loaded smirk dangled on his lips. “So you can make it for your precious Taehyung?”

Jungkook’s dour expression registered his discontent at his crisp mockery. “Shut up. I just can’t hear him cough anymore. It’s so annoying.”

Yoongi snickered, shaking his head. “It was a medicinal herb. Remember the taste, right? Disgusting, but at least it worked miracles.”

“Do you have it?”

“Of course not,” Yoongi scoffed.

“Go buy it.”

“Yah. I won’t leave my post just to go buy that for a stranger.”

“Should I go then?”

Yoongi pressed his lips into a thin line, his gaze filling with opprobrium. “Don’t you dare.”

“Then go.”

Yoongi muttered a curse as he snatched his wallet and phone and shot a piercing glare at Jungkook before leaving.

It only took him about eight minutes since the pharmacy was close, and he was soon entering the hostel again. He shoved the bag into Jungkook’s chest, and the other grinned teasingly.

“Thanks,” he said in a feigned sweet tone and bundled off.

“You’re acting weird, and you know it!”

Jungkook paid no mind to his hyung’s whisper and resumed his way to the elevator. Upon reaching the second floor, he walked along the hallway, but he slowed to a stop at the recognition of Jimin’s voice that came from the kitchen.

“He really did that?”

“I don’t know,” Taehyung sighed. “Now that I think about it, I had the notion that someone wiped my forehead while I was sleeping. You know, that moment when you’re partly conscious but not enough to open your eyes and you just fall asleep in seconds.”

“It sounds too good to be true,” Hoseok sneered. “I mean, he’s a jerk to us. Even the box thing was too hard to believe. And when he helped you get to your bed? I couldn’t believe my eyes.”

“He probably doesn’t want us to know he cares. He doesn’t want to seem soft.” Taehyung stuffed his mouth with the delicious soup Jimin made for him and cleared his sore throat.

Their attention swung to the presence that swept in from nowhere, and they all watched intently as Jay threw the bag he was holding onto the table.

“Drink this. Twice a day until you feel better.” Jungkook detected the fondness that bloomed in Taehyung’s eyes and obliterated it a second later. “And before you start with your delusional thoughts again, I only gave you this because your cough is annoying as fuck.” He then vanished

before anyone could make a sound.

He was unreasonably uncouth to him, and he was well aware of that. Minutes ago, he was fantasizing about all possible ways he could fuck Taehyung, and now he was fortifying the wall he had built between them with his behavior.

It was because there wasn't a way to gain what he craved without revealing his face. So the only thing he could do was be harsh to him and pray that his sudden want for him was temporal.



Unless If You're Offering

Taehyung's condition was just a fraction better, he perceived, as he stretched his sore body. His throat still burned, but its constriction wasn't that severe. His head ached and his cheeks bore a warmth that indicated his low fever. The vertiginous coil around his senses had worn off enough to allow him to climb down from his bed without help.

His friends prepared for him a fruit salad yesterday after his lunch and also made him the medicinal herb Jay bought for him. It was one of the most disgusting things Taehyung had ever tasted, but the soreness in his throat soothed a notch right after.

Taehyung thanked Jay for bringing him that icky green thing, as he had called it, but his frigid response wasn't what he hoped for. He couldn't comprehend what had happened so suddenly. They had started talking here and there, even if Jay was still a bit curt, and now he didn't even acknowledge his existence anymore.

After Jay had helped him get to his bed and then stormed out of the room in a daze, he had returned a totally different person. And it bothered Taehyung a ton.

...

Taehyung strolled into the room with a cup of the magic remedy and sat at the table. His two friends had gone for their usual swim after he pestered them to enjoy their time again, and he was left alone with Jay. Although it felt like he was completely alone since Jay didn't bother to turn around and face him, let alone talk to him.

He slid a blank paper in front of him and picked his favorite pencil. His fever had dissolved after the aspirin he took, and only that annoying burning in his throat remained, so he felt strong and focused enough to begin drawing again.

"Can you turn on the air conditioner?" Taehyung asked.

"Your friends took the controller."

Taehyung searched around the room and located the wanted item on Hoseok's bed. He bended forward between the two beds and reached it with a groan. As he drew back, his head slammed against the upper bed, and he crumbled in pain as he whined continuously.

Jungkook sat bolt upright and glanced down with frantic eyes. He found the man on his knees, rubbing the back of his head and spilling muted profanities. "Yah. Are you okay?"

"I have to almost die to make you talk to me?" Taehyung muttered with obvious scorn. He heaved himself to his feet and laid his watery eyes on Jay, his features still slightly contracted in pain.

"Stop overreacting."

Taehyung registered he was about to lie down again and made haste to hold on to his wrist.

"Seriously, what's wrong? Did I do something? Because after gawking at my thighs, you became a completely different person."

Jungkook yanked his arm out of his grip, his dour eyes piercing through him. "You don't know what you're talking about."

“Trust me, I know. What I don’t know is what happened to you. Did you realize you’re gay and freaked out? Did I make you gay?” Taehyung asked with taunting joy, and a string of hoarse giggles dripped from his lips at Jay’s unamused countenance.

“You’re so full of yourself, really,” he snarled. “I was gay even before I met you, just so you know. So stop being delusional.”

“Hmm. Was I delusional when I saw you gawk at my thighs?”

“Yes. Now fuck off.”

Taehyung huffed as he watched him lie down with his back facing him. A devilish glint sparked off in his weary eyes, and his lips tilted into a sly smile with the words his brain conceived. “You know, it’s been over a year since the last time I had sex. If you want to see my thighs from up close, just say the word. Maybe touch them as well. And kiss them.”

His connotative words went straight to Jungkook’s cock, pumping blazing blood through it. “You’re willing to let a stranger fuck you? You don’t even know what I look like.”

“You have a hot body, and you’re strong. It’s enough for me. I bet you like manhandling your partner in sex. And I love being manhandled.”

“Shut up! Just go away,” Jungkook roared. His muscles strained with his exertion to blot out his bawdy words and calm his raging erection.

Taehyung released hushed chuckles and returned to the table. “Relax. I’m messing with you.”

No, he wasn’t, actually. But he had to laugh it off, since Jay didn’t seem like he wanted to fuck him.

Jay’s stiff stance betrayed his discomfort, though Taehyung wasn’t sure what was its origin. Did he go over the line? Did his words offend him? Whatever it was, he gazed at him with genuine remorse, even though Jay couldn’t see it. “I’m sorry, really. I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

Minutes crawled by, and only the sound of the air conditioner vibrated in the atmosphere. Until Jungkook hurried down from his bed and stormed off.

He sneaked into the private bathroom and palmed his cock, shutting his eyes at the contact. He did his utmost to constrain his erection, but his want to cum reigned over anything else.

And there he was once again in the shower, thrusting his aching cock into his hand while dreaming about Taehyung’s bewitching thighs.

The three friends spent their evening in their room, watching a movie on Taehyung’s tablet seated at the table. Jimin and Hoseok drank beers and ate chips, as Taehyung had his medicinal herb and fruit salad.

Jay hopped off his bed at some point and disappeared without a word. They redirected their attention to the movie, not caring about his strange behavior anymore.

About thirty minutes later, the movie ended, and they shared their impressions, which were mostly good.

“Should we watch another one?” Taehyung suggested.

“Or Jimin can tell us how is it going with Yoongi now that Jay isn’t here.”

“That’s better!” Taehyung grinned in excitement and locked his focus on Jimin, who had a similar smile on his lips.

“We fucked so good, guys,” Jimin sighed in content. “He took me to the private bathroom on the second floor at the end of the hallway. He said only the owners use it, so that means Namjoon, Seokjin, and Yoongi. I had the most amazing shower sex I ever had. After that, we went to the rooftop and talked. I asked him if he lives alone, and he said yes, but he spends most of his nights here with the other owners and some employees because he hates waking up early in the morning and driving for forty minutes.”

“So he stays here in a way,” Taehyung said. “That’s why he got ready so fast on your first date. And he has a car. See? You were worried about nothing.”

“Yeah, thankfully,” Jimin chuckled. “Because I really like him.”

“You like him as in you like the sex or... you want more?” Hoseok’s gaze dug for the answer Jimin hesitated to give.

“I... I’m not sure. I think... I’m in love.”

Two pairs of eyes bulged simultaneously at Jimin’s hushed words. “Chim,” Taehyung breathed out in a daze. “You haven’t been in love in three years. Are you sure? Maybe you’re just excited.”

Jimin buried his face in his hands as frustration cut across it. “Everything just feels different with him. I can’t explain it.” He flopped back into his chair and let his head hang back. “What do I do?”

“For now, just see how it goes,” Hoseok uttered, giving him an encouraging smile. “Learn more about him. And go with the flow.”

“Every time I ask him something personal, he changes the subject. He hasn’t even told me where he’s from.”

“Maybe he’s not ready to open up. Don’t pressure him. Get to know each other naturally,” Taehyung said.

Jimin nodded. “You’re right. Thanks, guys.” He rose from his seat and enclosed the two into his embrace.

...

Jungkook joined his group of friends at eight sharp. They had a bottle of soju each in their hands, and he took one as well as he seated himself on the empty chair. “You know, Yoon, ditching us to fuck that blonde is unacceptable, and you already did it twice.”

Yoongi’s brows tilted in two dull bows of surprise. “What’s up with the uncalled-for tantrum? What got into you?” he snickered.

“I can only hang out with you guys for two hours every day. And you don’t give two shits about me. You prefer fucking your new toy.”

Seokjin’s eyes seesawed between Yoongi’s rowdy scowl and Jungkook’s stubborn one. “Yah. Cut

it out, Kook. It's not funny."

"I wasn't trying to be funny. I'm serious."

Yoongi set his soju on the table and lowered his head. He gathered every tittle of his fragile composure and positioned his eyes on Jungkook again. "I know we're friends. But I'm still your hyung. You don't get to talk to me like that, in that tone, and with that gaze."

A disdain-filled sound exploded out of Jungkook's mouth as he rolled his head in exasperation. "Don't play the hyung card. You don't deserve it when you act like that."

At once Yoongi leaped up, as though someone had yanked him from his seat, and grasped Jungkook's shirt. "You ungrateful piece of shit." The words spewed from his lungs in a tight murmur, like a roll of thunder. "I know you since you were a baby. I was always next to you. Did you forget everything I did for you?"

Namjoon approached the two and attempted to pull Yoongi away. "Stop it, guys."

Jungkook surged to his feet, shoving his two hyungs away. Creases of fury marked his forehead, an overwhelming intensity clenching at his muscles. "And you threw everything away to fuck that guy! We're here for a reason. We agreed to meet here for two hours every day to share the information you collect and keep me company so I won't go fucking insane."

"You were the one who told me to go for it and have fun. What's your fucking problem now?"

"That you're not here the two hours I can see you!"

"Kook. Lower your voice," Seokjin uttered in disquiet.

"Alright," Yoongi spat out. "Fair enough. You're right. Why are you attacking me about it? Just say it nicely."

Jungkook's clenched fists trembled at his sides in his endeavor to tame his ranting nerves. The reason for his hostile behavior was none other than Taehyung. He wanted to have fun, too. He wanted to touch him in every way and devour him. But he couldn't, and his frustration kept piling up inside him. There wasn't a way he could explain this to his hyungs, so he chose to flee instead.

The three stared at the door after it banged closed. "What the hell is happening to him?" Yoongi expelled a gruff sigh as he sank down into his seat.

"I don't know," Seokjin muttered. "Maybe he reached his limits? He's been staying in that room for four months with nothing to do all day."

"I don't feel like that's the reason," Namjoon reflected. "He would just say it if that was the case. Didn't you see how hard he tried to control himself before he stormed off? The reason is something he can't tell us."

Seokjin truly hated seeing the younger in that condition, whatever the reason, and he couldn't suppress the turbulent worry that coiled in his gut. "Yoon, don't be mad at him. He'll want to apologize tomorrow for sure. Listen to him. And try to make him talk."

Another long sigh slipped from Yoongi's mouth, then he sipped his soju. "Okay."

Jungkook stamped into the room and immediately climbed up into his bed. All he wanted was his peace and quiet, but he couldn't lock himself in the private bathroom, and of course, he couldn't go outside. So he lay in his bed and faced the wall, hoping the other three would ignore his presence.

Jay's vehement movements hinted at Taehyung his furious state, though he didn't dare to comment on it. His mind drifted away from the conversation he had with his friends and dove into an intense contemplation of how he could attenuate Jay's rage.

"Yoongi texted me. He said to meet him on the rooftop." Jimin celebrated, holding tiny fists in the air, then hurried to take his toothbrush before heading off to the bathroom.

Hoseok giggled at his behavior even after he left the room. "He's so in love."

Taehyung snorted gently. "I know, right?"

The words entered Jungkook's brain, and it took him a while to process them. Jimin was in love with Yoongi? When and how did that happen? Just yesterday, Jimin had said he wanted a good fuck. Now he was in love? Jungkook shook his head absently.

Feelings. He could never understand them.

Jimin soon returned, changed his clothes, and disappeared again with an exhilarated smile engraved on his face.

Taehyung swung his mind back to the search for a way to lift up Jay's mood. He turned in his seat to glance at him. "Jay. Do you want to watch a movie with us?"

"No."

Hoseok tugged at his sleeve to attract his attention. He gave him a what-are-you-doing grimace in sheer bafflement, but Taehyung dismissed him with a wave of his hand.

"Are you hungry? We have noodles we can make together."

A sigh shuddered out of Jungkook's chest. "No."

"Come on. Let's do something together. All you do is lie in your bed. Aren't you bored?"

"Right now I'm annoyed because you keep talking to me."

Taehyung's lips sank at the corners. "You were annoyed since the moment you walked into the room. I'm just trying to cheer you up," he admitted in a murmur.

"Don't bother."

Unlike before, Taehyung didn't detect that vexed hue in his voice this time. "Hyung, can you make noodles for me? My appetite is back."

"Of course, Tae." Hoseok ruffled his hair, smiling, and exited the room.

Taehyung nibbled his bottom lip as he sent a row of tentative glances at Jay. He cleared his throat to disperse some of the hoarseness it bore and lifted from his seat. "Do you want to see something?"

Jungkook's brows clumped together. "What?"

“An elephant.”

His bewilderment only surged at his words. “What are you talking about?”

“Just look.”

Jungkook slowly rolled over and propped his left forearm against the bed. He watched as Taehyung pinched a spot on his upper arm that had two moles above it, creating the face of an elephant.

Taehyung met his eyes, and a grin exploded on his face. “See?”

Jungkook dropped his head with a sudden half chuckle that escaped him. “Yeah. I have one too.”

Taehyung gasped. “Really? Where? Show me.”

“It’s on my thigh.”

“Oh.” Taehyung’s elation cartwheeled as fast as it skyrocketed. “I’m guessing you don’t want to show me then.”

Jungkook tore his gaze away and fell into a contemplative silence. After a moment’s internal struggle, he descended the ladder and sat on Hoseok’s bed. He held onto the hem of his sweatpants and pulled it up, revealing his thigh. He pinched his skin under his two moles and raised his eyes to Taehyung.

A fog of stupefaction veiled Taehyung’s gaze as he absorbed his muscular thigh. The face of the elephant was invisible to his view because all he could see was *muscles*.

Jungkook picked up on his trance and reveled in it. He braced his palms on the mattress and leaned back, a mischievous smirk dancing on his lips. “Who’s gawking at *my* thighs now?”

His saucy voice cleared the smog of Taehyung’s captivation and restored his complete clarity. He fidgeted, striving to come up with something to say, but he gave up rather quickly, accepting his doom. Honesty was better, anyway. “Okay, fine. I was gawking at your thigh. It’s so muscular,” he uttered, his lucidity threatening to surrender under his wild thoughts again, but he resisted with a vengeance. “And I like muscles.”

Jungkook’s gaze passed over his face, then dropped to the right corner. “Can I ask something?”

“Yes.”

“How many one-night stands have you had until now?”

“Um... None.”

Jungkook’s brows flicked upwards. “You’re not a virgin, right?”

“No, of course I’m not!” he retorted peevishly.

Jungkook threw his head back with the outbreak of chuckles that pushed out of his throat. “Okay, okay, chill. My point is, why did you imply you want to have sex with me when you never had a one-night stand before?”

Taehyung sank down into the bed beside him, sighing softly. “I want to have lots of firsts from now on. Just do whatever I held myself back from doing in the past, or try things I was scared to do.”

“You held yourself back from having a one-night stand before?”

“No, I was actually scared to do it.”

“Why?”

“Because you don’t know the other at all. What if they like things I don’t like? I’ll feel uncomfortable. What if they don’t like the things I like? I won’t enjoy it.”

The tip of Jungkook’s lips tilted a half inch upwards. “You can discuss these things beforehand, you know, for example, when you head to the hotel. The key is to talk freely about the stuff you like in sex. Some people don’t like to talk about it. I find it hot.”

Taehyung’s eyes locked on his profile. “And say what, exactly?”

Jungkook shot him a sidelong glance. “You know. Things like what you said before.”

“What did I say before?”

Jungkook realized what he was trying to do, and his eyes automatically rolled skywards. “You’re a dork.”

Unable to keep a straight face any longer, Taehyung giggled. “I’m messing with you. I know how to talk about the things I like in sex. Do you want to hear them?”

“Why would I want that?” Jungkook scoffed in his attempt to hide his flaming interest at his words.

“Maybe... you like them too.”

Jungkook stiffened. No, there was no way he would sit there and listen to the things the guy he wanted to fuck liked in sex. His self-restraint wasn’t that strong, and he would probably devour him before he even finished talking.

He fixed his forgotten sweatpants and rose from his seat. “I don’t think so. You probably like mellow stuff. I like it rough.”

“Is choking on a cock mellow?” Taehyung *swore* the words rolled off his tongue of their own will — his brain never allowed them to come out. But they were already out there before he could try to stop them and floated through the galvanic silence that poured into the room.

Jungkook’s whole body grew as solid as a rock, and he stood there, repeating the unholy words in his head. Fuck, he loved cute little men like Taehyung choking on his cock. And at that very moment, the fantasy of Taehyung on his knees with his mouth stuffed with his cock dominated every inch of his mind.

Taehyung couldn’t stand the suffocating awkwardness between them anymore. “Forget what I said. I just wanted to say I like it rough as well. Let’s leave it at that.”

Jungkook forced his body to continue the movement of creeping up the ladder. “If you want to have sex so bad, why don’t you find someone at the bar or something?”

“I will. When I get better.”

His remark sounded vile in his ears. He wanted to be the one fucking Taehyung in every way he desired and doing all the things he liked. And it frustrated him more than anything that he couldn’t.

“Unless if you’re offering.”

Taehyung’s additional statement, on the other hand, sounded like music to his ears. The words ‘fuck yes’ itched his throat, begging him to vocalize them, but he swallowed them. “I can’t. So don’t mention it again.”

“Your body seems like it wants to say yes, though,” Taehyung chirped as he stared at his prominent bulge.

“Go away,” Jungkook grumbled, hurrying to face the wall. “I just haven’t had sex in a while. Don’t get the wrong idea.”

“Okay. But seriously, why can’t you? Because you have to hide your face? Or am I really that awful to you?”

“Awful?” Jungkook repeated in a whisper. A myriad of praises flickered in his head about that ravishing man, but none of them dared to jump out of his mouth. “It just can’t happen. Drop it.”

“Okay.” Taehyung shrugged off his failed attempt to receive a proper response. “But remember. You have seven days to change your mind.” He stepped out of the room when he comprehended Jay wouldn’t say anything more and went to his friend in the kitchen.

Jungkook vacated his lungs with a long, heavy breath. *Seven days. Taehyung will disappear in seven days. And it’ll be like I never met him. I just need to hold out until then.*

The lies he fed himself with assuaged his nerves, though they did little to his uncontrolled hormones. His self-restraint wouldn’t survive a day if Taehyung continued tossing off those inflaming remarks with that obscene mouth of his, and he was sure of that.



I Hate It More

Despite the faint feeling of hoarseness that persisted in his throat, Taehyung joined his friends at the beach. He didn't go for a swim since he was afraid his condition would worsen and instead enjoyed the scenery while drawing sketches of random people.

"Tae," Jimin uttered as he tilted towards him. "That guy has been glancing at you nonstop."

Taehyung followed his friend's eyes and located a young-looking man, who was reclined in the sunbed close to them. He had mellow characteristics, short black hair, and a lean figure. He was cute — he couldn't deny that, but nothing sparked inside him at the sight of him. "He's okay."

Hoseok tossed his head in Taehyung's direction as his eyes popped. "Okay? *Just* okay? He's hot. Go for it."

Taehyung laughed his suggestion off. "He seems... too nice. I'm tired of nice. I want a challenge."

"Oh, so you're hung up on Jay. That's why you don't want to make a move on that guy."

Jimin's face distorted with a baffled frown at Hoseok's words. "What does this mean? Do you seriously like Jay?"

Taehyung lowered his gaze to the drawing in his hands. "I'm having weird thoughts, guys. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"What thoughts?" Jimin asked.

"Highly inappropriate thoughts. Not to say horny."

The two exchanged a surprised look, and Hoseok was the first to register the meaning of his words. "You want to have sex with him? You still haven't—"

"Yeah, yeah, I haven't seen his face yet, whatever," Taehyung snarled. "I don't care. Looks aren't everything in life. All I know is he has muscles and I want to lick them."

Jimin choked on a laugh. "You're so lewd, Tae," he teased. "What are you going to do about it?"

"What do you mean, Chim?" Hoseok asked, brows drawn together. "Nothing. He will do nothing. We don't know anything about him. He's been an ass since day one. Don't get involved with him."

"It's too late for that," Taehyung breathed out as his eyes saddened. "I want him. And he's not that bad. He took care of me in his own way. We've gotten a bit close, even if he doesn't want to admit it."

A long nasal sigh sounded from Hoseok, intense disapproval written all over his face. "I told you what I think. Do whatever you want. Just be careful."

Taehyung nodded. He brought a blank paper in front of him and browsed the place for the next face he could draw. His eyes caught that guy he had been seeing since day one around the hostel and rested on him. He began drawing the outline of his face as his two friends bantered about something he didn't pay attention to.

He soon finished the sketch and observed it, sighing. *Why is he keep coming here?*

They headed back to the hostel a while later. After a brief stop at the reception to chat with Yoongi, they resumed their way to their room.

“Oh?” Jimin eyed the empty room with slight surprise. “Jay isn’t here.”

Taehyung shrugged his absence off and took out the sketches he made earlier to analyze them. A faint smile pulled at the corner of his lips with a glimmer of pride.

“Let’s go shower,” Hoseok said, already holding a casual outfit in his hands and his towel.

“Wait for me,” Taehyung said in a sing-song tone. He placed his drawings on the nightstand and grabbed his towel and clean clothes before he exited the room with the other two.

...

Jungkook strolled back to his room after refilling his bottle of water. Confusion swept across his traits at the scattered papers he found all over the floor. *What happened?* He sensed a gust of air strike his form that blew the papers further away, and his eyes flew to the open French doors.

With a disgruntled sigh, he threw the bottle of water on his bed and picked up the papers. He glimpsed at the sketches of faces, items, and drawings of the sea, low key feeling amazed by his skills.

The next drawing he collected had his eyes bulging and his blood freezing in his veins. The rest of the papers slipped through his hold unconsciously, and he brought that drawing closer to his face.

He spurted towards the exit and hurried down the stairs to get to Yoongi, who was at the reception. He slapped the drawing on the counter, panting, his eyes still rounder than normal.

Although perplexed by his frantic behavior, Yoongi maintained a stern expression at his presence. “Do you have something to say?”

The little fight he caused yesterday between them was lost somewhere in the agitation that consumed him, and he was reminded of it by his hyung’s steely eyes. “Later. Look at this.”

Yoongi wordlessly glanced at the paper and his brows shot up at once. “What... the fuck?”

“That’s him, right? I’m not delusional. Right?”

Yoongi reached for the drawing and inspected it from up close. “Yes. That’s definitely him. Where the hell did you find this?”

“Taehyung drew this.”

“Why? Does he know him?”

“How would an innocent little boy, who’s never broken any rules, know a scumbag like him?”

“Wait, how do you know that? Are you guys talking?”

“That’s not important.” Jungkook took the drawing and gazed at it as a wicked, contented smile sprawled on his face. “I’ve been looking for you all over, Ji Hoo-yah. You came to me and I had no idea.”

“Yah. Stop with this crazy look. What are going to do?”

“I’ll go ask Taehyung about it.” A tinge of hesitation crept into Jungkook’s eyes as he glanced away. “Let’s talk later about... everything. Okay?”

Yoongi gave two little nods as his chest fluttered to a slow drop. “Okay.”

Jungkook aimed a tight-lipped smile at his hyung and shuffled upstairs. He found Taehyung in the room, though he didn’t expect the dour stare he pierced him with the moment he opened the door.

“Yah. Did you mess up my sketches?” Taehyung growled with an undertone that highlighted his enraged state.

Jungkook scanned the papers in his grip; a few of them seemed rumpled, so his fuming anger was justifiable, he concluded. “The wind blew them away. Now, question time. Who is this?” He presented the drawing he was holding, an eager glint dancing in his eyes.

Taehyung’s gaze crisscrossed between the sketch and his face. “Why do you ask?”

“He’s pretty. Now, who is it?”

Taehyung huffed, as if he had just heard the most ridiculous thing ever. “Just a guy I’ve been seeing since the day I came here.”

“What do you mean? Where do you see him?”

“He’s just wandering around the hostel. It’s so weird, you know. He looks like he’s waiting for someone. Or like he’s monitoring someone.” He investigated Jungkook’s cogitative look, and a shallow crease formed between his brows. “Why are you asking, though? Do you know him?”

“Can you tell me one more thing without asking anything?”

“Hmm, no,” Taehyung chirped with feigned sweetness.

Jungkook tsked. “Do you see him every day at the same time?”

Taehyung decided to give him the information he asked for, although his persistent questions about that guy baffled him more and more. “Yes. He comes around noon. I’ve also seen him a few times around eleven at night, when we come back with my friends.”

Jungkook nodded slowly, as if realization sank in. “I’m keeping this.”

“Why?”

“I told you he’s pretty.” He made a step towards his bed, but Taehyung’s voice caused him to stutter into stillness.

“Prettier than me?”

A twinkle of amusement reinvigorated Jungkook’s cool eyes as he locked them on him. “Do you want me to say no to praise you? Are you really asking for praises?”

Taehyung’s face cut wide open with a playful grin. “Yes. I love praises.” A sultry notion seeped into his fixed gaze on him as his smile reshaped into a sly smirk. “So tell me. Is he prettier than me?”

Those flirty, innocent-looking eyes of his did things to Jungkook he couldn't control. While he knew he shouldn't play along and instead he should cut any intimacy between them, his mouth tossed off the words his brain crafted before he could stop them. "I want to say yes, but... that would be the biggest lie I've ever said."

Taehyung threw a hand over his chest as his face brightened with a spark of blissful fondness. "That feels so good," he released on a breath. "Thank you for the praise. I'll do anything you want to get more from you."

Jungkook snorted, rolling his eyes. It was the only thing he could do. Scoff at his words. Because if he took them seriously, he would push him down to his knees right then and there and feed him his cock in no time. "You're impossible."

The beep of the door unlocking interrupted Taehyung's answer before he could let it out.

Jungkook jolted away from him at once and shoved the drawing into his pocket. He ascended the ladder and slipped into his bed, facing the ceiling.

"Tae." Jimin glanced between the stranger and his friend as he walked inside with Hoseok. "How about we go out for lunch?"

"I don't know. I'm a little tired."

"Come on," Hoseok said, smiling. "We can't go for drinks yet since your throat still hurts, so let's go for lunch at least. Maybe you can meet a guy who's your type this time."

Jungkook's consideration about Ji Hoo ceased abruptly as Hoseok's mystifying words entered his brain. *What guy? Where? When? Fuck.* His fingers dug into his palm absently with the suffocating surge of frustration that tumbled over him.

"I don't feel like I want to meet someone."

Jungkook's clenched muscles mellowed a fraction.

"You know, because I'm still a little sick."

And with Taehyung's additional remark, his boisterous reproach about the matter boiled over so much it smothered him. He rolled on his side to face the wall, his brows set low over his incensed eyes.

Taehyung espied his movement and inspected it, though he didn't comment on it. "But you're right, hyung. Let's go for lunch. I can sleep later."

"Yay," Jimin cheered. "We can go to the restaurant down the street, so you won't have to walk a lot."

"Okay."

With Taehyung's smiling response, the three friends only needed to wear their shoes since they were already dressed in casual clothes after their shower, and they were ready to go.

Taehyung cast a glance at Jay as he trailed behind his friends, who trudged towards the exit. "Bye, Jay." He slowed to a stop at the absence of any kind of response to his goodbye. He stood there, holding the door open, as his eyes remained focused on his back. *What happened now again?* A gruff outflow of breath leaked out of his throat as he dropped his head and left the room with

sunken features.

Jungkook sauntered along the hallway with his hands buried in his pockets and his eyes monitoring his heavy steps.

Although he wouldn't admit it even to himself, he was still salty about the thought of Taehyung meeting another guy, talking to him, touching him, taking his cock in his holes instead of his. It was so fucking unfair, he thought. He could be having at that moment that svelte, sexy body of his underneath him, devouring it, giving it ultimate pleasure, but he was instead heading to the storage room while Taehyung was at a small event at the beach with his friends.

Jungkook stepped into the room and shed his mask, then reached for a can of beer before he sank into his seat.

"Yah." Seokjin pitched forward, owlish eyes staring at him. "Did you really find Ji Hoo?"

"Yes. He's been under our nose for a week now, if not longer. Taehyung said he looked like he was waiting for someone or monitoring someone. And I'm confused as fuck." He raised his gaze to his friends, showing them the said confusion that was inscribed in his traits. "He's supposed to be hiding. And especially from me. Why is he wandering around the hostel I'm staying at? And how does he know I'm here? Because he has to know. It can't be a coincidence."

Namjoon meditated on the situation for possible reasons. "There's definitely something we don't know. We have to talk to him."

"Exactly. We have to catch him."

"We?" Yoongi scoffed at Jungkook's statement. "Not you. You're not going outside."

"Then bring him here, I don't care," Jungkook flung back with a thread of exasperation. The pending apology he owed to his hyung dispersed any dreg of his hostility and gloomed his eyes. "I have to talk to him, hyung."

"Oh, so now I'm your hyung again."

"Yoon," Seokjin uttered, faint disapproval cloaking his tone.

"No, it's fine," Jungkook said. "He's right to be mad. I crossed the line. I shouldn't have talked to you like this, Yoongi hyung. I'm sorry."

Yoongi's harsh features didn't soften and his arms stayed folded over his chest. "I'm waiting for an explanation. Because no matter how mad and frustrated you were about this situation, you never talked to us like that. I want to know what's wrong. So talk. Now."

Jungkook's gaze plummeted on the table. He knew he was cornered and had to confess his unholy, suffocating thoughts to his hyungs because they wouldn't stop asking about his behavior. He took a swig of his beer and vacated his lungs with a long sigh. "Can I be completely honest?" He paused, gazing at their attentive eyes on him. "I want to fuck Taehyung. Like, really. Like, so much I get hard just by thinking about him. And it's driving me crazy."

The air in the room grew taut with a deafening silence. His confession was surely something they didn't expect, but the desperation they detected in his eyes was what left them throughout speechless.

Seokjin swept the other two with a swift view and easily concluded they wouldn't talk anytime soon. "Kook," he breathed out, a fog of sorrow wandering in his gaze. "You know you can't show your face to anyone."

"I know. And that's why it's driving me crazy. But I really, *really* want to fuck him, guys." His face wrung with a moue of whiny frustration, and he bent forward to rest his forehead on the table.

Yoongi's cheeks bloated with the chortle he suppressed. He palmed his mouth in his exertion to stifle the waves of snickers that bubbled in his throat, hoping no one would notice him.

But Namjoon did, and he punched his shoulder in sheer disapproval. "Yah. How can you be laughing? This is serious!"

And the outbreak of laughter Yoongi strove to conceal exploded out of him at once.

Jungkook huffed at his hyung's reaction and straightened his stance to peer at him, shaking his head.

"It's ridiculous, Joon, not serious," Yoongi said through his now diminished chuckles. "Kook, you're not fifteen. You're a grown ass man. Just control your hormones."

"I'm trying, okay? The point is, it's the first time I can't get what I want, and I took it out on you. Sorry about that."

"It's okay. I get it," Yoongi said. "Jokes aside, be careful. If you show him your face, he'll be in danger. We may even have to kill him, Kook. And Jimin loves him too much. I don't want to do that to him."

"But what if he doesn't talk?" Jungkook voiced out in a tentative tone that hid a hopeful whisper behind it. "He doesn't know anything, so he won't suspect anything. Maybe I can fuck him just once?"

"No," Yoongi stated.

"Maybe I can fuck him without showing him my face?"

"That's just not right," Seokjin said. "He has to know what you look like. He can't have sex with a guy who wears a mask."

"Then maybe I—"

"Kook."

Jungkook took in Seokjin's condemnatory look through droopy eyes, and he could only sigh. "Fine."

"Let's get back to the main issue," Namjoon said, bracing his forearms on the table. "What are we going to do about Ji Hoo?"

"Do we know what time he comes here?" Yoongi aimed the question at the still sulky Jungkook.

"Um, Taehyung said he has seen him around noon and sometimes around eleven at night."

"Okay. I'll keep an eye outside tonight," Yoongi offered. "If I see him, I'll take him to the garage and call you."

As the two of them nodded, Jungkook's mind floated in clouds of bitter exasperation about the simple fact that there was no way he could have Taehyung underneath him and fuck him deep and good.

The three cheerful friends traipsed back to the hostel after the dance event that took place at the beach.

As they approached the building, Taehyung perceived the dark figure of that familiar stranger he had been seeing. He just stood at the side of the hostel, partly hiding and glancing at the entrance.

Jimin and Hoseok shot perplexed looks at Taehyung as he walked past the entrance.

Taehyung drew nearer to the stranger on impulse. He plastered an affable smile on his face and halted in front of him. "Hi. Is everything okay? I saw you here earlier as well."

The unnamed man twisted around and took off without a word. His jerky steps slowed seconds later until he stilled. He crept closer to Taehyung again, keeping his eyes on the ground. "Um, actually... can I ask something?"

Taehyung nodded hesitantly.

He slipped his phone out of his pocket and tapped a few things before he turned the screen to him. "Have you seen this man?"

Taehyung analyzed the full-body picture of an extremely gorgeous man who was dressed in a black suit. "No."

"Are you sure he doesn't stay here?"

Taehyung gave another scrutiny to the man's face in the picture. "Yes." He recognized the glimmer of disappointment that sparked in the stranger's eyes, but he didn't dare to question him about it.

"Okay. Thanks."

Taehyung's gaze lingered on the unnamed man as he shuffled off, and he trod back to his friends.

"Who was that?" Jimin asked.

"A guy I've been seeing around here often."

Yoongi burst out of the hostel, causing the three friends to flinch.

He had been keeping an eye outside in case Ji Hoo would appear, but the moment he spotted the three, he hid inside so they wouldn't suspect anything. At the sound of Taehyung's words, though, he couldn't stay hidden any longer, afraid he would lose his only chance to catch Ji Hoo.

Yoongi's eyes roamed around in search of his target. "Where did that guy go?"

"He left," Taehyung muttered with obvious bewilderment at his anxious behavior. "Why?" Another realization that brought him even more confusion thundered down on him a second later. "How do you know about him? I only talked to Jay about it."

"I've seen him around here as well," he lied casually. "I didn't manage to question him before, and

I want to do it now. Where did he go?"

"He went towards there." Taehyung pointed to his right, and Yoongi hurried away. "I'm so confused."

"Me too," Jimin sighed. "What did that guy say?"

"At first he took off. Then he turned around and showed me someone's picture, asking if I knew him. I said no, and he left."

"Weird," Hoseok said with a suspicious grimace. "Let's just stay away from him."

The two nodded, and they continued their way to their room after greeting Seokjin, who was at the reception.

Seokjin stared at his phone with frantic eyes, waiting for Yoongi's call. But instead, a few minutes later, Yoongi stepped into the hostel with intense defeat adorning his features.

"I didn't find him."

Seokjin released a heavy sigh. "It's okay. Namjoon will keep an eye outside tomorrow at noon."

"Okay." Yoongi presented a slight smile and retreated to his room.

Taehyung and his two friends entered the room, and he instantly looked towards Jay's bed. He found him lying there, facing the wall as usual. "Hi, Jay." The silence he received in response again tugged at his lips, dragging them down in a pout. "Why aren't you talking to me again?"

"Just fuck off. Don't talk to me."

"Yah!" Hoseok snarled. "Don't talk to *him* like that, asshole."

"Hyung," Taehyung whispered as he held on to his forearm. "Just let him. It's my fault for being nice. I won't waste my time with him anymore."

His words bothered Jungkook more than he thought, even though he obviously deserved them. They sat heavy on his chest, along with his forbidden yearning for him, crushing it more and more until he felt like he couldn't breathe.

Despite the stranglehold around his form, he didn't say a word to him, not even after his friends fell asleep. He heard him roll from side to side often, which could only mean he had trouble sleeping again.

"Jay."

His eyes split open at the whispering call of his name a while later.

"I wish you would stop being a jackass for no reason. I don't know why, but it makes me sad. And I hate it."

Jungkook's chest bloated with a deep inhalation, and he emptied his lungs with a silent, controlled sigh. *I hate it more.*



But I'm So Much More

A brume of dark melancholy dangled around Taehyung's existence since the moment he opened his eyes, and it grew thicker and thicker throughout the day as Jay didn't make a single effort to talk to him.

They didn't exchange a word, not even a glance, although Taehyung's eyes lingered on him often.

Jungkook was in a similar state; he felt a new type of dejection grip him that robbed him of his ability to focus on anything else. Even Ji Hoo seemed to be secondary in his mangled thoughts. He had no shred of agony about if Yoongi found him yesterday, or if Namjoon did at noon.

The protagonist of the mess that was his thoughts was Taehyung, his sulky mood, which bothered Jungkook more than he believed, and his absurd longing for him.

It shouldn't be this way. Jungkook was supposed to push him away by being a jerk and not give a shit about him anymore. He never thought that glancing at Taehyung's tenacious pout would awaken a newfound urge to wipe it away and replace it with his boxy smile.

What the hell was happening to him, seriously? Jungkook, who slept with another guy every other day, barely exchanging their names first, was now so hung up on the same man he was on the threshold of going berserk.

It didn't make sense, no matter how much he reflected on it.

After returning from their lunch and sightseeing, the three friends gathered in Jimin's bed to relax for a few hours before their night out. They had their backs propped against the wall and their phones close to them to answer to the spontaneous messages they received from their family.

"Ugh, I swear my father doesn't want me to have a good time. Ever." Jimin slapped his phone on the mattress, his jaw clenched tight.

Taehyung aimed a tight-lipped, sympathetic smile at him. "He's pestering you about work, huh?"

"Yes. Like, I'm on vacation. Don't talk to me about work, old man!"

The two giggled at Jimin's gripe, and Hoseok gave a squeeze on his shoulder. "I feel you. My father keeps telling me how busy he is and that he needs me back."

"I think I'm lucky that I don't work under my father," Taehyung said. "He hasn't contacted me at all since I left. He was kind of against this trip. He had said I don't need a vacation. I could be dead, and he would have no idea."

"Don't say this," Jimin uttered. "I bet he asks your mother about you. Maybe there's a gap between you two, but he cares for you. He's your father."

Taehyung sucked in a chest-swelling breath and smiled sadly to himself as he released the air with a deep sigh. "He never acted like one. But I guess it's my fault as well. I couldn't be the son he wanted."

A flutter of rage spiraled up Jungkook's form at the sound of his words. Oh, how much he wanted to tell him he was an idiot for believing something like that. But he could only hope his friends would do that for him.

"You shouldn't feel guilty for being yourself," Hoseok let out in a soft tune. "What your father wants you to be is nothing like what you want to be."

Well said, Jungkook thought, sighing mildly.

"You're right. It just saddens me sometimes when I think about it."

"We know," Jimin smiled, offering him an encouraging look. "By the way, did you see that creepy guy again, Tae? I forgot to ask."

"No. Do you think I scared him off?"

"Why? Because you talked to him?" Hoseok snickered. "I don't think so. He probably realized whoever he was looking for wasn't here."

With hard creases imprinted on his forehead, Jungkook heaved himself to a sitting position and slashed Taehyung with a dour stare. "You talked... to that guy?"

Taehyung glanced away from the viciousness of his eyes. "Um, yeah."

"Are you fucking stupid?" he snarled, his sharp face conveying his fury. "That guy has been coming here every day, obviously looking for someone, and you thought it was a good idea to talk to him? What if he had hurt you because you noticed his presence?"

A sulky heaviness clutched at Taehyung's features at the infuriated scolding he received. "But he didn't seem dangerous..."

An exasperation-filled snort burst out of Jungkook as he shook his head in sheer condemnation. If he knew all the things Ji Hoo and his father had done, he would run away from him as if he had seen the devil. "He is dangerous. Even more than you think. So if you see him again, pretend you didn't for your own good."

"How do you know that?" Hoseok asked with apparent mystification.

"That's not important," he flung back at once. That damn tide of dread about Taehyung's safety that rose within his chest compelled him to open his mouth and warn him against his will. They could make the connection that Jungkook knew that guy easily, but only at the thought of Taehyung getting hurt, he didn't care one bit about it. "Just stay away from him," he uttered with no grain of hostility this time, and lay on his back.

A beep rang in the room that broke the simmering silence, and Jimin took his phone in his hands to read the new message. "Yoongi wants to meet, but he says only for a couple of hours. Weird," he muttered and texted him back, asking what did he have to do later.

"I hope you're not interrogating him." Hoseok raised a knowing brow at him.

"I'm not," he responded with a slightly affronted frown and turned his attention to his phone as another message appeared. "He says he has to be somewhere at eight. I'll seem nosy if I ask something more, right? Since he didn't tell me about it on his own."

"Yes, Chim." Taehyung nodded. "Let him have his privacy."

Jimin smiled his curiosity off and hopped off the bed to get ready.

“You want to watch a movie, Tae?” Hoseok suggested.

“Yes, but can we go to the lounge?”

“Why?” Hoseok tracked his eyes that seesawed between Jay and him, and realization soon settled in. “Oh, okay. Let’s go.”

Taehyung grabbed his tablet from his bag and exited the room, leaving Jimin behind, who was still fixing his hair.

“Are you still sad about the way Jay talked to you yesterday?” Hoseok questioned as they perched on the large couch.

“Yeah, kind of. I thought we were getting somewhere. And now he doesn’t even look at me again.”

“You thought you were getting where, Taehyung?” The faint frustration his voice carried punctuated his displeasure about the matter. “You shouldn’t get anywhere with him.”

“I mean... Never mind.” He gave up on explaining his convoluted thoughts with a heavy exhalation. “Let’s watch a comedy.”

Hoseok ruffled his hair and scooted closer to scan their options for a movie on the tablet.

...

Jungkook, seated at the storage room with his hyungs, was already at his second beer just fifteen minutes after they gathered there. The grim aura he radiated was highly legible to the other three, and Yoongi, specifically, couldn’t stand it a minute longer.

“Are you still sulky because you can’t fuck Taehyung?”

Discontent spewed from his glare as he nailed it on Yoongi, though not a single word escaped his mouth. He gulped more sips of his beer instead, seeking for a solace he couldn’t find anywhere else.

“You haven’t even asked if we found Ji Hoo,” Namjoon pointed out.

“Well, did you?”

“No.” Namjoon dropped his eyes to his beer. “He didn’t appear at all.”

“I know.”

“How?”

“Jimin asked... that guy if he saw him, and he said no.”

“That guy?” Yoongi scoffed, eyes flaring with mockery. “Taehyung? You can’t even say his name because you’re scared you’ll get depressed or something?”

“Yoon,” Seokjin released in a reprimanding grunt. “Stop making fun of him. It’s serious. Try being in his place. Would you be able to end whatever you have with Jimin and never talk to him again?”

The devilish gleam in Yoongi’s gaze darkened until it dispersed, leaving uncertainty and a touch of

remorse in it. "Fair enough."

"What do you feel about Jimin, anyway?" Jungkook asked as he braced his forearms on the table, tapping his can of beer rhythmically.

"I don't know." A half shrug of his shoulder accompanied his hurried response. "Haven't really thought about it."

"From what I hear, he's in love with you."

Yoongi's breath froze in his lungs, as if his heart paused for a split second. He projected none of his overwhelming shock on his face, though his body seemed stiffer than normal. "No, he's not. We're just messing around."

"That's what his friends said," Jungkook snickered weakly as that bitter wistfulness girdling his figure didn't feel like it would subside anytime soon.

A chuckle, highlighted by awkwardness, poured from Yoongi's mouth. "That's just bullshit. We only know each other for eight days, and I was a jerk at first. He'll leave in six days, anyway."

"You haven't thought about going with him?"

Yoongi regarded Jungkook as if he had just said the most absurd thing ever. "We're here for a reason, Kook. I would never leave you to go with some random guy."

"If you didn't have to stay here... If we weren't in this situation, would you go with him?"

Yoongi dragged his eyes to the table as he meditated on his question. "No, I don't think so. We do have fun together. But I don't really know him that well."

The faintest and saddest of smiles surfaced on Jungkook's face as he kept gazing at his beer through a wisp of bitter blankness. "I would go with Taehyung, though. If he asked me. And if I weren't in this situation. I would go anywhere with him."

The unforeseen confession glaciated the other three and rendered them speechless. It was the least dreadful to realize that Jungkook, who got bored of his partners in a single day, was willing to follow someone anywhere just to be with him.

Seokjin cleared his throat, forcing away some of the sudden constriction. "Kook. You... You don't know him. How can you say that? Once you get what you want, you'll get bored of him. You're just obsessed with him because you can't have him."

Jungkook wished it was just that. He truly did. And that was what he thought it was at first. Just his selfish desires that couldn't get fulfilled. But it wasn't. And that fact struck him with a typhoon of new emotions that terrified him, confounded him, and filled him with frustration all at the same time.

He guzzled the rest of his beer, then an attempt of a smile shone over his traits. "You're probably right."

The same detestable wistfulness weighed down upon Jungkook's shoulders as he trudged back to his room. He found it empty as he had expected, but the sense of loneliness the walls exuded was a surprise for him he didn't enjoy. He couldn't bear being in that room alone, for some reason.

He searched for a towel in the closet, grabbed clean clothes, and headed off to the private bathroom. He took a long, soothing shower without paying attention to the chaos that dominated his mind.

After brushing his teeth as well, he reluctantly returned to his room. He pushed the door open but got stuck in his spot a second later. Taehyung was standing right in front of him with a gloomy look of awkwardness, holding a towel and his pajamas in his hug.

“I was about... to take a shower,” Taehyung explained in a murmur, then nibbled his lower lip as he risked a peek.

Jungkook’s eyes remained locked on him as he neared him with two slow-paced steps. He stood for a moment so close their chests touched before he brushed past him to get to his bed.

A frisson of something unfamiliar crept up Taehyung’s spine, and he let his eyes fall shut at the tingling aftermath of their light touch.

Jungkook hung his towel over the chair to dry, put his clothes in the small laundry basket, and swiveled to his bed. But he froze again as he found Taehyung still standing in front of the open door. “You’re not leaving?”

His mellow voice acted as a wake-up call, not only to his reverie, but to his bottled-up longing for him as well. “Jay—” Determination empowered the call of his name and the step he took towards him, but Jungkook’s presence a few inches behind him stole his words as he collided with his chest.

Jungkook grasped his svelte waist on instinct to steady him. His eyes, which were rounder than usual, instantly took in all the astonishing beauty of Taehyung’s face from such a proximity it numbed his brain.

Taehyung melted at the warmth that poured from him, and his stomach lurched with anxious excitement. The same feeling brisked the tempo of his heart enough to hear it thump in his ears.

Through the blur of his enthrallment, Jungkook picked up on the approaching chatter that came from Taehyung’s friends, and he constrained himself to draw away with a jolt.

He hastened to climb up to his bed, and he had just enough time to lie down before the two chirpy men entered.

“Tae?” Jimin called, bewildered at his stock-still state.

“Um, I’ll go take a shower.” Taehyung presented a feigned smile and scuttled out of the room.

Hoseok placed his toothbrush in its case and cast a suspicious glare at Jay’s back. “You better didn’t say anything mean to him again.”

Jungkook comprehended right away that the stern remark was directed at him. “I didn’t.”

The two friends crawled into their beds and scrolled on their phones, chatting here and there.

It wasn’t long until Taehyung knocked on the door since he forgot to take the card key with everything that happened, and Jimin rolled off his seat to let him enter.

Taehyung dried his hair with his towel as much as possible and threw it over a chair. “We haven’t planned anything for tomorrow,” he observed as he slipped into his bed.

“Right. We can go for some more sightseeing,” Hoseok said.

“So we don’t have to wake up early, right?”

“No, Tae. We can sleep as much as we want. Let’s go in the afternoon again.”

“Okay,” Taehyung smiled. “Goodnight.”

His friends parroted him, and Jimin turned off the lights as the light switch was the closest to him.

With only the table lamp illuminating the room now, Taehyung shifted to his side and rested his eyes on Jay’s back. The scene when their bodies crushed against each other swirled in his head on repeat, making little flutters scatter across his stomach.

He was pining to feel him so close again and touch him, something he forgot to do before, as his trance by the simple contact of their bodies had prevailed over every fraction of his clarity.

Somewhere between his wandering thoughts, his friends’ muted snores finally seeped into his senses. Jay hadn’t moved an inch this whole time, he perceived, and he could only hope he wasn’t sleeping. He had so much to say to him. He would go truly insane if he didn’t give vent to the thoughts oppressing his existence.

He cleared the hesitation from his throat with a subdued cough. “Jay.”

Jungkook maintained his stillness and silence at the whispering call of his name. The feeling of his slim waist lingered in his palms, itching him to touch him again, but he repressed it by clenching his fists. He had to keep his distance. He had to lease his craving for six more days until Taehyung would disappear. He could do it. He had to...

“I don’t know what happened again and you’re not talking to me,” Taehyung’s doleful voice released, eyes still riveted on him. “I don’t know why you’re being an ass. And I don’t know why despite all that I keep wanting to talk to you. Why the more you push me away, the closer I want to get to you. It doesn’t make sense. It’s scary sometimes. How much I want to know you. How much I want to... touch you. Feel you close. Even with your mask on. I’m crazy, right?”

Jungkook listened to his sadly spoken words with ultimate focus. They instigated a sense of gloom within his chest — such gloom he hadn’t felt before. It drove him to a point where the chains around his desires got obliterated, and the said desires sprang out, conquering every inch of him. “Yes. You’re crazy.” His voice came across as fragile as his sanity. “But I’m so much more.”

Taehyung pushed himself to a sitting position as he observed Jay climbing down from his bed through squinted eyes. He stood in front of him, giving him a look Taehyung couldn’t quite decipher. He saw him nod gently towards the door, then shuffle out of the room.

Taehyung made haste to get off his bed and sloppily wore his slippers before he followed him outside. A rush of exhilaration blended messily with anxiety coursed through his body as he found him standing outside of the door.

Jungkook advanced without a word again. They plodded along the silent hallway until they reached a closed door on the other side of the building. Jungkook slid the door open and turned on the lights. He waited for Taehyung to enter as well before he shut the door and *locked* it.

Taehyung absorbed the spacious room with the lined-up shelves and the round table with four chairs at the front. Then, his gaze slithered back to Jungkook. Each one of his heartbeats grew harsher and louder as he considered his complete standstill and his lowered head.

There was a thick sort of tension in the surrounding air, palpable and daunting by the promises it hid. It raised the hair at Taehyung's nape and sliced his back with goosebumps of restless anticipation. He didn't dare to speak, nor do anything about it. He waited, tensely waited for Jungkook to say something.

Jungkook's brutal battle with his rationality kept raging within his chest. The said chest waved speedily by his increased pulse, and his throat tightened with dryness, holding the words he wanted to let out hostage.

But it soon dawned on him. He had already lost the battle with his rationality the moment he led him into this room. The muscles at the back of his throat softened with the realization. The fluctuations of his chest calmed, though his heart preserved its pounding against his ribcage. And with a steadying breath, he lifted his head.

"You said you didn't mind touching me and feeling me close, even with my mask on." His low voice, gentle as a rain breeze, seemed to echo at the silence he allowed to overrule them. He twisted to face him and lost his line of thought at the interlocking of their eyes. He could see so much in them it daunted him. Attention, gloom, surprise, confusion, desperation. He focused on the desperation the most. Because he felt it to the bone as well for him.

"I want to make you feel good. But I can't do that with my mask on. So, will you let me make you feel good with your eyes closed?"

There was a lull in Taehyung's mind as his dream-like words reached his senses. Although his wish to see his face hammered his chest aching, it was enough for some messed-up reason he didn't know to have a taste of him even with his eyes closed. Maybe he had indeed gone insane. Maybe he was just stupid. But he craved this. Like he hadn't craved anything for years.

"Turn off the lights."

Jungkook didn't expect his immediate agreement without questions or without trying to persuade him to shed his mask, to be honest. His surprise mitigated the longer he gazed at the gleam of eagerness in his eyes. "I want to see your body, though."

"I don't even get to see your face. You can't have everything."

Jungkook's mouth tilted with the askew smile that pulled at the corner. "Just let me blindfold you. I'll show you my body too when I'm done with you."

Taehyung didn't have to think about it. He wouldn't miss the heavenly chance to gawk at Jay's body in no event. "Deal. But what do you mean when you're done with me?"

Something saucy twinkled in Jungkook's eyes that hinted at the lewd words he was about to spew. He dragged his feet closer to him, impelling him to move backwards until he reached the wall. "I mean, when I make you cum in my mouth so hard you'll have tears in your eyes."

A sharp breath fell from Taehyung's lips as his stomach knotted in cock-twitching excitement. "You'll only make me cum once? Boring."

Jungkook huffed, amusement radiating from his hooded gaze. "You'll take what I give you. Trust me, it'll be more than enough."

"I love how dominant you are," he expelled in a breathy undertone. He gripped his waist and pressed their crotches together, his mouth falling open around a mute moan at the hardness of his cock. "I want to kiss you so bad." He brought his mouth to his neck and planted a row of kisses

towards his ear. "Everywhere. Want to suck your abs. Want to suck your cock. I want it to fill me to the brim."

Jungkook smacked his palm on the wall as his head lolled to the side, giving room for Taehyung's wet kisses. The grinding of their lower bodies carried on, steadily becoming more intense. "We won't spend our whole night here. We'll just get each other off and that's it. There will be no fucking, got it?"

Taehyung whined against his neck and gave him a particularly harsh suck before he drew back. "Why? We already started this. Let's go all the way." He dipped for another round of kisses on his neck.

But Jungkook twined his fingers around his neck and pushed his head against the wall, immobilizing him. "You'll take what I give you. Don't forget this. So either let me suck you off or get the hell out."

Taehyung's want for him only amplified at his rough treatment. Especially his long fingers gently holding him in place brimmed his mind with the bawdiest of thoughts, which spilled from his mouth before he could stop them. "I wish you could fuck me while you hold me by my neck like this. I would cum so hard for you."

If only he knew how much Jungkook longed to do that as well. But he couldn't explain anything at that moment, even if he wanted to, because Taehyung's sultry words stole every part of his coherence. He grabbed the hem of Taehyung's shirt and flung it off his head, an urge of stimulation hurrying his moves. "I'll wrap this around your eyes, okay?"

"Okay."

Jungkook used the baggy shirt as a blindfold and tied it around his head tight enough to secure it without hurting him. "It's not too tight, right?"

"Yes, it's fine."

Jungkook peered at his half-covered face as searing doubt flooded his chest. *This is crazy. And so wrong. I can't do this to him.*

"Why aren't you doing anything?"

At Taehyung's question, he perceived he had stretched his silence more than he intended to. "Are you sure about this? Do you really want it, even like this?"

Taehyung placed his hands on each side of his neck. "I want it more than anything right now. Of course it would be perfect if I could see your face, but I'll take what you give me. Because I want it that much. I want *you* that much."

Doubts now muted by his reassuring words, Jungkook removed the mask from his face and slipped it in his pocket. He cradled his nape and brought his mouth to his jaw. He stroked it with light kisses until he reached his chin and slid his mouth to his lips.

He wished he could see his eyes as he let their breaths tangle and their lips barely graze against each other. The eyes always spoke louder than words and conveyed the things the mouth couldn't let out. He would love to see the desperation in his gaze again and his whiny frustration when Jungkook would tease him and edge him.

But maybe it was better this way. Because he could hide how much he thirsted for him in a way he

hadn't felt before. He couldn't show that vulnerability to him.

Taehyung mewed at his stillness and sneaked his hands under his shirt, leading them to his back to press him against his body. "Kiss me," he breathed out against his mouth.

Jungkook withdrew only to toss his shirt over his head and united their naked chests again. The first caress of their mouths was short, just for testing, and maybe with the intent to tease him.

Taehyung still moaned at the faint touch. His hands waltzed all over his stout back, feeling the hard muscles with pleasurable pressure and little squeezes. Unable to handle his teasing any longer, he mouthed at his lower lip and sucked it roughly before releasing it with a wet pop.

As much as his action titillated Jungkook in ways that had his cock jolting, he gripped his chin and pinned his head to the wall. "Be patient." He dabbed his mouth at the corner of his lips. "And behave for me, hmm?"

"Yes," Taehyung whispered at once. His dominant behavior truly flared him up so much the distention of his cock became dizzying.

"Good boy," Jungkook rasped through faintly smirking lips. He smoothed his hands down his sides as he merged their mouths in another slow but brief kiss. The said hands dared to go lower and cup his ass, his palms delightfully filling with the juicy muscles.

He kissed him again and licked along his bottom lip to savor the softness it held. He felt Taehyung widen his mouth, then his tongue prod his. He could scold him for his impatience again, but he hankered for more as well. So he tilted his head and shoved his tongue in the warmth of his mouth while groping his asscheeks harder.

The room echoed with their wet sounds and muffled moans, their heads spinning at the intensity. A desperate urgency guided their moves, as if they had to take as much as they could right then and there because they wouldn't see each other again.

Their hands were everywhere, caressing, squeezing, pulling each other closer, their puckered mouths brushing harshly and opening to let their tongues swirl with numbing pressure in turn. The air from their lungs kept lessening and their moans for each other increasing in volume. The grinding shift of their hips grew more demanding, their cocks drenched on the head by spurts of precum.

Breathless, Jungkook ended the kiss and attacked his neck, as if he were a starved lion. His ministrations were rough, though careful enough not to paint any mark on his skin. His hungry mouth lowered to his collarbones and carved a row of slick kisses along them.

He luxuriated in the meek gasps that burst out of Taehyung's throat as he took his hardened bud in his mouth and toyed with the other with his fingers. He could sense the thumping of his heart beneath his palm while he rubbed his chest, and a notion of amazement came about him at the comprehension of his own similar pounding.

He yearned to take his cock in his mouth, taste him, pleasure him, bring him to his limits. And so he shifted downwards as he sank into a squat, leaving open-mouth kisses on his stomach and gentle nips. He dropped to his knees and hooked his fingers on his shorts. His eyes rolled up his lean figure and set on his face as he nuzzled his bloated erection.

God, his urge to rip the clothing off his eyes drove him into a frenzy. He craved to see his expressions, the pleasure in his gaze, and any other emotion they could project. But he contented

himself with giving him ultimate rapture and finally having a taste of him.

He dragged his shorts along with his boxers down to his ankles, and a shiver of excitement crawled down his spine at the wetness he detected on the head of his angry-looking cock. "Fuck, so wet and I haven't even touched you yet."

Taehyung moaned at the rasping words, his head falling against the wall behind him. His blind state made his body more sensitive to Jungkook's touch as each one of his moves was a surprise he didn't know where it would strike him.

He jolted at the sudden feel of tender fingers wrapping around his length and broke out whining at the attention he finally received down there. "Mouth," he babbled and strove to gather his inebriated mind to articulate what he wanted to say coherently. "Take me in your mouth. I'll cum too fast if you keep playing with me."

Jungkook smirked as he squeezed his cock, watching more precum pool on the head. "Who said I'll let you cum that easily?" He stretched his mouth wide to accommodate the girth of the swollen head, and he sucked the bittersweet substance with a drawn-out moan. He twirled his tongue, then pressed it on the slit, tightening his grip around the base.

Taehyung's hands flew to his hair and held onto it as his stomach clenched with pure delectation. Persistent whines for more escaped him, though he didn't show his desperation with actions; he waited for Jungkook to give him anything he wanted.

His mouth drew away with a suck, and Taehyung's body tensed in stimulating anxiousness. Another spasm slashed through his fragile body as his warm mouth engulfed his balls in turn.

Jungkook flattened his tongue and trailed it along his cock to the tip. He allowed his length to pierce past his lips in a slow glide until the head nudged his throat, and he suctioned his mouth as he pulled off him. He mouthed over the throbbing cock, smirking at how often it twitched.

He enclosed his lips snugly around him and sank down, then started a steady, slow rhythm of bobbing his head. His hands clutched his ass on repeat, mildly shoving his cock deeper in his throat.

Taehyung's pathetic sounds waxed at the hot, strong slide of his tongue over his rock-hard length. He could feel Jungkook's avidity to pleasure him in his fierce ministrations, and he desperately wished he could have a glimpse of the heavenly sight. "Fuck, you're good. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

Jungkook notched up his speed, guzzling his cock harsher and savoring its smooth feel and extreme hardness. It was so wet and messy he sensed a string of drool trickle from his lips, and he brought his fingers to rub the excessive wetness over his balls.

He breathed heavily through his nose, disregarding the burning in his lungs, and he forced his legs to widen a bit more with a demanding tug on his calf. He clutched his asscheek again without stopping the bobbing of his head and dragged his wet fingers to his rim.

He was aching hard for a while now, but the breathy, ecstasy-filled moan that exploded out of Taehyung at the brush of his fingers made his cock leak dumbly. With an animalistic groan, he kept the length in his mouth and nudged it further in his throat as he pulled on his asscheek fiercer and dipped the tip of his finger into his hole just barely.

"Yes, fuck, fuck me with your fingers, I'm so close," Taehyung mewled, as his face screwed into a

frown of overwhelming relish.

Jungkook withdrew with a breathless moan. His mouth, that held a numbing sensation, hung open in deep pants, his lips reddened and saturated with spit, just like his chin. “Yeah? You want my fingers inside you?” he asked as he circled his finger over his rim.

“Fuck yes, please, please. And why the hell did you stop?”

“I told you,” he uttered against the head and cracked a smirk as he saw it twitch a second later. “I won’t let you cum that easily.” He gave gently sucks on the tip, his finger still tinkering with his hole.

“Please let me cum, Jay,” he begged shamelessly. His muscles were so strained by the delay of his orgasm they could snap at any moment.

Jungkook sensed the desperation in his voice to his bones. He believed he was on the verge of crying, but he couldn’t verify it with the clothing that covered his eyes. “How do you want to cum? Only by my mouth or by my fingers too?”

“By your cock would be so much better,” he let out in a weak attempt of teasing. “But I’ll take mouth and fingers for now.”

“You’re dreaming about my cock splitting you open, hmm?” Jungkook purred, then cloaked his cock with ravenous kisses.

“Been dreaming about it for a while now,” Taehyung confessed on a shaky breath.

“Keep dreaming about it. Because it won’t happen.”

Before Taehyung could question his adamant stance about that matter, Jungkook swallowed his cock to the root and forced the tight muscles of his hole open with a slick finger. He moved the digit in sharp jabs, his head matching the brisk rhythm.

“Yes, fuck, so good,” Taehyung murmured between his gasping moans. “Wish it was your cock so bad.”

And fuck did Jungkook wish that too. His hole was extremely warm and tight, making him wonder for a moment how the hell he had taken a cock in it before. He couldn’t fit a second finger in him — just the tip slipped in and the resistance grew impossibly.

He groaned his frustration about the prohibition to fuck him around the cock thrusting against his throat. His cheeks ached as he kept sucking his length avidly, and the more Taehyung’s sinful sounds increased in volume, the more desperate he became to have his cum fill his mouth.

“So close, so fucking close,” Taehyung released in a drunk mutter, and just seconds later, the burning heat in his stomach exploded. His body rolled through the waves of rapture as ropes of cum spurted from his twitching cock, and he carried on grunting while Jungkook ground his finger in tight circles.

Jungkook swallowed everything he gave him with a bit of struggle, as the amount of his hot cum was bigger than he expected. He slowly drew his mouth and finger away and wiped the spit from his chin with his hand. He could descry Taehyung’s thighs trembling at the aftermath of his release as he panted for breath.

He was so lost in his urge to pleasure him he forgot to give any attention to his thighs as he so

much thirsted to do. He laid his hands on the back of his legs and etched sweet kisses on his left thigh, as if he wanted to ease its shivering. He repeated his ministrations to his other leg, mouthing along the tender flesh of his thigh as his hands brushed up and down rhythmically.

“You were gawking at my thighs then and you lied about it.”

Jungkook’s lips formed a little smile against his skin. “Yes. I love your thighs. I wish I could fuck them.”

Taehyung’s stomach fluttered at the bawdy words. “Do it. Fuck my thighs, my mouth, me. Do anything you want. Please.”

Jungkook paused, then heaved himself to his feet. Something somber carpeted the intense exhilaration he previously felt, though he didn’t let it obliterate it throughout. He cradled his cheeks in two tender palms and strung their mouths together. The clashing of their tongues was softer this time, and no crazed urgency underlay the brush of their lips.

The taste of Taehyung’s mouth was addicting, and he would probably keep kissing him until all the air from his lungs would disappear if his still ridiculously hard cock didn’t jump in his pants.

He broke the kiss and leaned their foreheads together. “Make me cum now like the good boy you are. It won’t take long.”

Taehyung nodded instantly. “Wear your mask. I want to see your body.”

Jungkook pressed another long kiss on his plush lips and stepped back. He put his mask on and wore only the right sleeve of his shirt to conceal his tattooed arm. He untied Taehyung’s blindfold and rested his back against the wall.

Taehyung blinked to adjust his sight to the light of the room. He drew his boxers and shorts up, then turned to Jungkook. He had seen a glimpse of his body before, but having his hard muscles right in front of him to marvel at them as much as he wanted was a whole other level of bliss.

He didn’t comment on the concealment of his right arm and dove right away to devour him. Continuous moans spilled from him as he feasted on his robust chest and then his abs. He truly took his time to suck on each muscle, savoring the moment as much as possible.

“Hurry,” Jungkook groaned. He was so hard and for so long he was a minute away from bursting into flames.

Taehyung obeyed at once, despite his consuming want to kiss every inch of him some more. He yanked his pants down and fastened his fingers around the mouthwatering cock. “You’re so fucking big,” he uttered, unholy thoughts of having that cock inside him raging in his head.

“Suck me or I’ll fuck your mouth.”

A twinkle of eagerness sparked in Taehyung’s gaze. “Please do.” He looked up at him with his desperate, innocent eyes and opened his mouth, sticking his tongue out.

Only the sight had Jungkook choking on a moan. The sight he had dreamed of so many times before was now right in front of him, toying with his sanity. And it razed it to the ground rather effortlessly.

Jungkook gripped his cock and plunged into his waiting heat. His mind floated in ecstasy as that magical mouth tightened right away around him, creating the perfectly narrow hole to fuck. He

held the sides of his head with both hands and fed him his cock in quick, sharp thrusts, grunting in ultimate pleasure.

Taehyung relaxed his jaw, craving to take him further down his throat, as his choking sounds blasted through the room. He maintained his tongue flat and steady to rub against the delicious length that fucked his mouth with such fervency it made his soft cock twitch alive again.

Jungkook was true to his words; he reached his limits only minutes later by the pent-up hardness of his cock, and his groans spewed harsher from his mouth as his whole body got engulfed in flames at his oncoming release.

“You have the best mouth, fuck. Are you ready for my cum? Will you be a good boy for me and drink it all up?”

Taehyung could only moan pathetically with a mouth full of cock.

“Take it then. Choke on my cock, angel.” The movement of Jungkook’s hips became jerky as cum squirted from his spurting length into his warm mouth.

Taehyung flinched as a certain string of cum landed right in his throat, threatening to indeed choke him, but he swallowed it speedily. He sucked on his cock as Jungkook slowed to a stop and kept mouthing at the head in search of another drop of his cum.

Jungkook marveled at the sight, hoping he could engrave it in his head forever. Having Taehyung on his knees with a blissful expression adorning his messy face and his reddened lips suckling his cock, as if he wanted more... It was truly an image he wouldn’t be able to forget.

He dipped to grip his shoulders, and he pulled him to his feet, bringing him face to face. He tilted with the intent to kiss him, but the remembrance that he was wearing his mask ceased his movements. His chest fell with a sharp exhalation, and disappointment glimmered in his eyes as he leaned his head against the wall again.

Taehyung found the left sleeve of Jungkook’s shirt hanging between their bodies and used it to cover his eyes. “Kiss me.”

The gentlest of smiles bloomed on Jungkook’s features as he admired him through a fondness he never thought he had inside him. He lowered his mask and held onto his nape as he joined their lips in a slow, savory kiss. The knowledge that this kiss had to be the last awoke a gloomy desperation within his chest to take as much as he could.

And so he did. He kissed him hard and long enough to feel his heart batter against his ribcage by the lack of oxygen. Enough to feel a reinvigorated spark of want pump through his cock. Enough to feel his lips get numb and for his mind to wander away from reality. But definitely not hard and long enough to satiate the unreasonably immense longing for him.

He didn’t think there was a way to achieve that. And it terrified him more than anything else.



Get Out

As soon as Taehyung's consciousness rushed back to him from the best sleep he had in years, it sought Jay automatically.

He rolled over with a faint smile tugging at his lips, but the said smile froze on his face as he took in Jay's empty bed. A quick scan of the room told him he wasn't there, and his bafflement only amplified.

"Good morning, Tae," Hoseok chirped from his lying position.

Taehyung forced his confusion away and smiled at his hyung. "Good morning." He dipped his head to glance at Jimin's bed, but didn't find him there. "Where's Chim?"

"In the bathroom."

"Oh. And... Jay?"

"I don't know. He wasn't in his bed when I woke up."

A contemplative brume cloaked Taehyung's features. After the longest and most passionate kiss he ever had yesterday, Jay dressed himself, reminded him that whatever happened was a onetime thing, and left the room before Taehyung could object or question him more.

He returned to the room and found him lying in his bed. He told him how much fun he had and that he would love to repeat that night if Jay changed his mind. Jay told him he had fun as well and then turned his back to him and slept.

Why he wasn't in his bed the next morning was a mystery to Taehyung, and it filled him with a churning of emotions he loathed. He wanted to see him, talk to him, make sure they were okay, maybe even tantalize him enough to make him want another round with him.

But Jay wasn't in his bed even after Taehyung came back from his usual morning swim with his friends and their lunch.

Taehyung was seething with unease. He couldn't understand where he could have gone so suddenly and for so many hours. He knew he barely left his room, so the possibility of him going outside was null. Then a thought burst upon him like thunder. The storage room. He had to be there.

Taehyung descended the ladder of his bed in haste. "Um, I'm going to grab something to drink from the store," he lied as he wore his shoes. "Do you guys want anything?"

"No. I think I'll sleep for a couple of hours," Hoseok said.

"Me neither. Thanks, Tae." Jimin aimed a smile at him and continued watching the random movie he had picked on his phone.

Taehyung shoved his wallet in his pocket and stepped out of the room. He scuttled down the hallway until he reached the desired location. He brought his fist to the closed door and knocked gently. In the absence of any response, he pulled the handle down, only to find the door locked.

What the hell? He thought as frustration edged into his gaze. He knocked once more and waited in vain. His shoulders slumped with defeat and his anxiousness went through the roof. *Where are you? Fuck.*

He slouched back towards his room, but Jimin's words sprang up into his head, ceasing his steps. *"He took me to the private bathroom at the end of the hallway." Maybe he's there?*

Taehyung swiveled and walked further down the hallway. He located a door as he had hoped and gazed at it, nibbling his lower lip. *It'll probably be locked.*

With little expectations, he pushed the handle down. He glaciated at the click of the door opening, owlsh eyes staring at his hand. His heart thumbed against his chest so hard it dizzied his senses. He crept into the bathroom, and his gaze met with Jungkook's. But it was only for a moment because Jungkook snapped his head away in panic.

Jungkook wasn't fazed when he heard the door open since he thought only his three hyungs knew about the bathroom's existence. But the moment Taehyung slid into his view, an all-consuming terror punched his chest repeatedly. Because he was standing in front of the sink shirtless and *without* his mask, his wet forelocks sticking to his forehead.

Taehyung managed to glimpse at his face. He finally glimpsed at his face. And he was left speechless — his brain was unable to form words and his throat was too closed off with shock to vocalize anything.

He assimilated his beautiful tattoos that covered his right arm and the few scars that marked his back as Taehyung stood there with his muscles frozen stiff. A gnawing impulse to near him exhorted him to take an unconscious step forward, but Jungkook's menacing voice got him stuck on his spot again.

"Get out."

Taehyung's eyes wandered in a circle of contemplation of what was the right thing to say or do at that moment. He probably had to respect his boundaries and secrecy and leave. Yes, that was the right thing to do. But fuck, something seemed to pull him closer and closer to that astonishing man, as though he had unwittingly tossed a hook that snagged on Taehyung's heart and dragged him towards him always.

"I've already seen your face." Taehyung's voice traveled through the narrow room in a gentle wave. "Your tattoos. Your scars. It's useless to keep hiding your face from me. Because I know what you look like. That second I saw your face was enough to etch your characteristics in my head. And there's nothing you can do about it."

Jungkook felt his frustration fester within his gut because he was right. Taehyung had seen his face, and there was nothing he could do about it. He raised his head slowly and gazed at his reflection in the mirror. "You wanted to see my face so bad. Here you go. See it. See *me*." He rotated to face him, giving him the clearest view of him.

Taehyung's eyes caressed every inch of his ravishing face without wasting a second. They crawled down his neck and broad shoulders, then explored his sculpted chest. He gulped hard as they feasted on his solid abs and his V line that was visible because of the lowered waistband of his sweatpants. The lust-filled, spellbound examination concluded its journey with tangling with Jungkook's thoroughly focused gaze on him.

God, he was gorgeous. He had seen his body just the night before, but having the complete image

of him right in front of his eyes was different. Everything on him screamed sexy, and Taehyung was left drooling over him at the extended silence that ensued.

The stare Jungkook received was like no other. Pure hunger prickled beneath his skin, and his lucidity threatened to abandon him at its beguilement. The forgotten fact that Taehyung could get in danger because of him breached the fog of his trance and restored a part of his rationality.

“There. You saw me. You can even draw me now. But know it won’t be my fault if you end up dead.”

Taehyung’s glazed gaze by his extreme entrancement became focused at his mystifying words.

“Why would I end up dead?”

“Because if you open that pretty mouth of yours about this to anyone, you’ll get yourself killed in minutes. And this is not one of my macabre remarks, as you had said. I’m serious. If my location is found, you’re the first person I’ll think of. And my friends won’t let you live for long.”

Right there, hearing his lowly spoken speech, it dawned on Taehyung. The guy who had been wandering around the hostel had showed him Jay’s picture. He was too out of it to make the connection sooner, but his eyes enlarged in realization when it settled in.

Jungkook huffed a bitter sound at the recognition of his surprise. “Scared, huh? I told you—”

“No,” Taehyung breathed out with an increasing edge of panic. “You—You’re in danger. That guy who was wandering around here showed me a picture of you. They have already found you.”

A crooked smile raised the corner of Jungkook’s lips as he examined the agony in his chocolate eyes. “I’ll handle that.”

“How? Will you... kill him?”

Jungkook broke into light chuckles, then drew in a deep breath. “I really could be a murderer, and you’re still talking to me. There isn’t even a fraction of fear in your eyes. I’m telling you you can end up dead for seeing my face, and you’re still here. You even told me I’m in danger, as if you wanted to help me. What’s wrong with you?”

Taehyung let his head hang as his chest deflated with a long exhalation. “I really don’t know,” he whispered. “Whatever you are... you took care of me when I was sick. You kissed me so gently. You made me cum so hard. Even if you are dangerous, I feel like you won’t hurt me.”

A sudden severity fell like a curtain over Jungkook’s features, eradicating any glimmer of a smile. “I wasn’t planning to do that. You’re so curious to know my story you wouldn’t tell anyone about me because then I would be forced to leave. But don’t worry. I’m not a murderer.”

An unconscious smile blossomed on Taehyung’s face. “I knew it.” At the silence that stirred in the room, a sudden awakening reached a coherent part of his mind that still reeled by Jungkook’s beauty and flooded his forehead with creases. “This bathroom is used by the owners of the hostel. That’s what Yoongi-ssi had said to Chim. So how can you be here?”

“Don’t ask things you shouldn’t know, Taehyung. And leave. How long are you going to stand there talking to me while I’m half naked?”

Taehyung pushed aside his curiosity to know more and allowed a smirk to surface on his lips. “I can do more than talking while you’re half naked, if you want.”

Instant interest flared in Jungkook’s eyes. “Like?”

“Run my hands all over you,” Taehyung’s husky voice released in a sultry undertone. “Or maybe my pretty mouth as well.”

Jungkook’s focus dropped to the said mouth that looked more kissable than ever. “You don’t know when to give up, huh?”

“Why would I give up a fight I know I can win?”

Jungkook’s smirk intensified, and he dragged his tongue over his lower lip, his eyes merging with his again. “You think I want to fuck you?”

“Yes.” Although Taehyung’s response was immediate and exuded abundant confidence, his heart hammered against his chest in apprehension. “Wasn’t it obvious from what you did yesterday? And how loudly you moaned for me when I choked on your cock? I can tell you don’t have that much self-control. With a few words, I can have you pinning me against the wall and taking me right there.”

A light huff dripped from his lips as he darted his head down. He approached him with dragging steps and tilted closer to his ear, letting his mouth hover above it. “Don’t be so sure. I never said I wanted to fuck you.”

His hot breath fanning against him made Taehyung’s knees feel weak and his cock swell at its limits. “You want to. You can’t *not* want to.” Unable to resist the temptation any longer, he set his hands on each side of his neck and smoothed them down his robust chest. The heavenly feeling didn’t last long, though, as Jungkook’s fingers fastened around his wrists seconds later.

“I didn’t give you permission to touch me.” A slightly taunting tune underlay Jungkook’s low, breathy voice.

Taehyung’s face wrung into a frustrated frown. “Why are you torturing me? Just let me touch you. Kiss you. Like you did last night to me. And finally let me take your cock however I want it.”

Jungkook clamped his teeth into his lower lip, truly striving to contain himself. He released his hold around his wrists and drew back, his smirk now replaced by a set expression. “It was fun playing with you. But you need to understand no means no. We can’t fuck.”

“We can. We just shouldn’t. And I can’t understand why. What’s stopping you?”

My fucked-up life. Jungkook lowered his gaze to the floor. “Whatever it is, respect it. And leave.”

“Then what about what happened yesterday? What did it mean? Why did you take me to the storage room?”

“Obviously, it didn’t mean anything,” he snickered. “I just felt like it. That’s why I did it. I got what I wanted. And now we move on.”

“I can’t move on. I want more.”

“I don’t.” He made a step towards his shirt that was hung on the hook beside the sink, but Taehyung seized his hand.

“Why are you lying? You want more too. You want to fuck me.”

Jungkook held his chin and guided him back with slow, steady steps until his back collided with the wall. His eyes devoured his parted lips, then crept up to meet his. It took every single dreg of

his self-restraint to yank the door open and shove him outside forcefully, since Taehyung didn't take no for an answer. If he stayed just a minute longer with him, he would truly yield and fuck him in every way Taehyung wanted.

He couldn't let Taehyung get more involved with him than he already was. What he did yesterday was stupid enough. And he regretted it. He regretted it so much. Because now that he got a small taste of the perfection that was Taehyung in every aspect, his yearning for more only festered.

That was why he had locked himself in the storage room since early in the morning. He couldn't face him again so soon. His forbidden, outrageous feelings were still simmering on the surface of his rationality, and he needed to bury them as deep as possible to be able to see Taehyung again without fearing that they would pour out and overtake every inch of him.

Taehyung stared at the door that shut in his face through puppy-like eyes and hunched shoulders. Even if he wanted to resist when Jungkook threw him out, he didn't have the physical strength to do so. He manhandled him so effortlessly. He would be so turned on if he manhandled him to get him underneath him. But he instead threw him out, and his saddened exasperation smothered him.

With the click of the door locking came the realization that Jay was serious and wouldn't let him enter again. So he trudged back to his room with an aching boner which, thankfully, his baggy shirt concealed.

Taehyung did his utmost to secrete his sullen state so his friends wouldn't question him. His eyes jumped to the door a while later as it opened and tracked Jay's figure like a hawk. His pout deepened as Jay lay in his bed without even glancing his way.

His thoughts meandered and flickered like the smoke of a lit cigarette as his eyes remained at a standstill on his back. He was avoiding him. That was why he didn't come to the room at all. And when he found him, Jay didn't have a reason to avoid him anymore. He couldn't conceive of a reason Jay would want to avoid him.

Okay, Taehyung was a little pushy and pathetically desperate when he begged him for his cock, but it wasn't like he would do anything about it if Jay didn't want to. He just needed to know the reason they couldn't fuck. Was that too much to ask? Didn't he deserve an explanation after the fiery night they had, which, by the way, Jay initiated?

How could Jay want to suck him off but not fuck him? It made absolutely no sense, and the longer Taehyung mulled over it, the more his chest itched with maddening aggravation.

It was a little while later when Hoseok woke up from his early afternoon sleep. Taehyung sat up on his bed, and with a quick look, he verified that Jimin wasn't sleeping either. "Guys, let's go sightseeing and then for drinks. I want to find a guy who will want to fuck me so good I won't remember my name."

Jungkook's eyes popped open. The *nasty* sound of these words drove into his senses like a spike, clawing at his chest and bringing a harsh scowl over his traits.

"Wow, Tae," Jimin chuckled. "Didn't expect it, but finally! Let's find a hot guy for you to have fun with."

The three friends got off their beds to doll themselves up for their night out. Of course, what Taehyung said was on purpose. Just for Jay to hear and hopefully show any kind of reaction, or

even get a little jealous about it. But he maintained his stillness and silence as if he didn't hear him.

And yes, it made Taehyung stew in a bubble of bitter annoyance.

When the three exited the room, Jungkook rolled onto his back with a throaty groan. His lips were tightened in a thin line and his jaw was as rigid as a rock in hole-drilling displeasure.

He pictured Taehyung at the bar flirting with random guys, who bought him drink after drink. As his imagination stretched to Taehyung moaning for someone else, he sucked in a nasal, jumpy breath and released it sharply.

He wants me to fuck him. I want to fuck him. He has already seen my face. So we should just fuck.

He jerked to an upright stance at his logical, as he believed, thoughts. It would be just a fuck, anyway. No strings attached — they would simply have fun until Taehyung would leave and no one would know about it. He wouldn't get him involved in his fucked-up life. He would just give him a few nights of fun, Taehyung would leave, and then he would continue living his prison-like life until he could fix the mess he was plunged into.

The worst had already happened; Taehyung had seen his face. So there was nothing that actually impeded him from surrendering to his desires. He believed.

...

It was the first time Jungkook was so dismayed about when the three friends would return.

As usual, he spent two hours with his hyungs and got back to his room. He exercised to distract himself, took a shower, asked Seokjin to order noodles for him, ate his dinner, and still the three hadn't come back around eleven as they used to.

His fear that Taehyung indeed found a guy who wanted to fuck him so good he wouldn't remember his name, as he had said, mounted more and more until it suffocated him.

He glanced at the time every two minutes, sighing here and there, his foot jiggling. The thought of sleeping didn't exist in his head; he couldn't sleep without knowing Taehyung was back, even if he wanted to.

It was after midnight, he observed, when the beep of the door unlocking waved across the room. Unlike the other times, he remained seated in his bed and stared at the three through squinted eyes as they entered. Hoseok held the door open as Jimin supported Taehyung with a secure arm around his waist to help him walk.

"Okay, careful, careful," Jimin uttered as he led the drunk man to his bed. "Can you climb up?"

"Hmm, yeah," Taehyung slurred and gripped the bars of the ladder.

His two friends stood behind him, ready to catch him in case he fell, but thankfully, he managed to roll into his bed.

"Is he drunk?"

Jimin tossed his head in Jay's direction to fix him with a scornful view. "What do you think?"

"I think you did a rather shitty job on keeping an eye on him."

"He's a grown man, and we're not his parents," Hoseok snapped back. "He wanted to drink and he

did. And why the hell do you care?"

Jungkook's gaze focused on Taehyung, who just pushed his shorts down blindly. "Get him his pajamas."

"Don't look, pervert," Jimin hissed and hurried to drape the sheet over Taehyung's body.

But Taehyung hummed a whiny sound in expostulation and flung the sheet off him. "Too hot."

"Here." Hoseok passed Taehyung's pajamas to him.

Taehyung slipped the shorts on, then the shirt, and he flopped back down, his eyes already closed.

As the other two changed their clothes in turn behind the screen, Jungkook lay down facing the drunk boy. His need to ask him if he found someone rose dangerously within his chest again, but he knew he wouldn't get a coherent answer in his state.

Taehyung fell asleep in minutes, he perceived, and he spent a couple more hours gazing at his unconscious figure while his stomach gnarled with anxious curiosity until his eyes closed on their own.



You Had Your Chance

The dryness at the back of Taehyung's throat caused him to grimace as he swallowed. A pounding ache girdled his head, as if a spike were being driven into his skull. He blindly reached for his bottle of water that was squeezed between the bed and the wall beside him and lifted his torso to gulp it down.

His eyes split open, and he blinked on repeat as he took in the brightness of the room. The next thing his eyes absorbed was Jay, who was sitting in his bed cross-legged and staring at him with a notion of concern.

Too disoriented from his headache to analyze his view, Taehyung glanced down at his friends' beds in turn. "Guys. What time is it?"

"It's after eleven, Tae," Jimin uttered, smiling softly, as he stood up. "How are you feeling?"

"Like shit," he sighed. "We missed our morning swim because of me. Sorry."

"It's okay," Hoseok chirped. "We can go now if you want."

"No, I feel too tired and everything hurts. You guys can go, though. I want to take a shower."

"Are you sure?" Jimin asked.

"Yes."

"Okay, let's go out for lunch later, at least. I have a date with Yoongi in the afternoon."

"Have fun," Taehyung said with a knowing smile and lay down again, as his two friends got ready for the beach.

Jungkook nipped at the inside of his lower lip as his agitated eyes remained at a standstill on the opposing bed. The five minutes Jimin and Hoseok took to change their clothes and head towards the exit felt like an eternity by his bottled-up apprehension.

"Bye, Tae," Jimin smiled.

"See you later."

"Bye, guys." Taehyung followed them with his gaze until they stepped out of the room. He absently looked ahead and caught Jay in the same stance and still peering into him. "What?"

"Why did you drink so much yesterday?"

Taehyung's face wrinkled in bafflement at the unexpected question. "I just felt like it. Why do you ask?"

"Because. Did you do it?"

"What?"

"Did you find a guy to fuck?"

Taehyung heaved himself to a sitting position, questioning eyes lingering on him. “Why do you care?”

“Just tell me,” Jungkook snarled.

Taehyung could recognize his annoyance even with his mask on, and he gazed at it long and intently before his lips slanted in a faint smirk. “Yes, I did. It was the best fuck I ever had.”

A riptide of bitter rage crashed over Jungkook’s form at once. The blood in his veins felt like lava searing his skin and his stomach lurched with ultimate exasperation.

He shouldn’t feel like this. He brought it to himself. Taehyung practically begged him yesterday, and he threw him out of the room without another word. Himself was the one to blame. But it still drove him outrageously mad.

“Why are you so pissed?” Taehyung questioned as his vision narrowed on his seething eyes. “You had your chance.”

“I’m glad I missed it, seeing how easy it was for you to find a replacement. Just any cock is good enough for you, huh?”

Taehyung scoffed. “Don’t be an ass just because your ego is hurt.”

Jungkook’s menacing gaze spoke louder than any comeback. He jumped off his bed in a spurt of fuming fury and bolted out of the room before Taehyung could try to stop him.

As the door slammed shut, Taehyung’s features drooped in overwhelming gloom. Maybe lying to him wasn’t a good idea, judging by his reaction. He just wanted to make him a little jealous. He never thought he would infuriate him so much.

He didn’t make an effort to talk to him after he returned from his lunch with his friends. He was only able to spend about an hour in the same room as him before his urge to tell him the truth toppled over him hard enough to smother him. But with Hoseok in the room, he couldn’t. So he asked his friend to go for a walk instead, as Jimin was with Yoongi.

The two boys strolled along the beach with the palliative sound of the sea waves accompanying them.

Hoseok observed the persistent fog of sullenness that meandered around Taehyung’s features with slight worry. “Tae. I can tell something is wrong. What is it?”

Taehyung’s eyes didn’t lift from the sand. A deep nasal exhalation sank his shoulders a little lower as he chewed on his bottom lip. He couldn’t tell him the real reason for his melancholic mood, and it bothered him. “Jay is just being an ass without a reason. I don’t understand why.”

“What I don’t understand is why it’s affecting you that much. Did something happen between you two?”

“No,” he muttered, lips barely splitting to release the word.

“He seemed rather worried about you yesterday, though.” He cast a glance at him to check his

reaction and detected only a minimal tightness in his jaw. “And this morning, he was just sitting in his bed staring at you.”

“I don’t know why he did that.”

“I think you know. You just can’t tell me.”

Taehyung twisted his head slowly and gave him a tight-lipped, saddened smile. “Sorry. I hate this. But I really can’t.”

Hoseok cracked a smile and tapped his back. “It’s okay. I’ve told you my opinion about him. His secretiveness means only trouble. But if you want to go for it, no one can stop you.”

Taehyung’s immense need to discuss this with someone soared up in his gut and his tongue itched so much it couldn’t stay still any longer. “I saw his face. He’s ridiculously gorgeous, hyung.”

Hoseok’s steps stuttered to a stop by the surprise that clenched at his muscles. “How did that happen?”

“When I said I’ll go buy something to drink yesterday, I actually went to find him. He was in the private bathroom. Don’t tell Jimin. I hate doing this, but I think Jay is friends with Yoongi, Namjoon, and Seokjin. How else would he know about the bathroom?”

Hoseok continued walking as he reflected on his words. “You’re right. So that means Yoongi is hiding a lot more than we thought.”

“Yeah, probably,” Taehyung said.

Hoseok’s eyes passed over his form in a dance of hesitation. “Did you have sex with him?”

“No.” Taehyung received a light push on his shoulder and regarded the loaded look his friend sent him. “Really! We didn’t. We just... We sucked each other off.”

A gasp spewed out of Hoseok, then he chuckled. “I hope you didn’t do that in our room when we were sleeping.”

“No!” Taehyung exclaimed and joined Hoseok’s outbreak of giggles a second later. “We went to the storage room.”

“Wait, was he wearing his mask while... You know?”

“Actually, he asked to blindfold me.”

“Yah,” Hoseok snarled, disapproval oozing from his gaze. “You sucked someone off without seeing his face first?”

“Yes. I was that desperate, okay?” Taehyung admitted with a small pout. “I wanted to feel him close, touch him, kiss him. It wasn’t about his face. It was about how he made me feel. And trust me, if you had seen his body, you would have done the same.”

Hoseok snorted, shaking his head. “He’s that muscular?”

“Yes. You know I’m weak for muscles. But still, the mystery he has around him just draws me to him. I want to know him so bad.”

“And what have you found out so far?”

“That he’s gorgeous and has a big dick.”

Hoseok erupted into another round of chuckles. “You’re good then. You know the important stuff.”

Taehyung huffed a laugh at his friend’s obvious mocking, though he didn’t reply.

“Why is he acting like that now? Yesterday, it looked like he was waiting for us.”

“I don’t know. Yesterday in the bathroom, I asked him to have sex with me and he said no. Later, I said I wanted to find a guy to fuck me just to see his reaction. And this morning when you went for a swim, he asked me if I found someone. I think he was a little jealous, right?”

“Yeah, that’s what it seems like.”

“But I went too far,” Taehyung uttered, bitterness cloaking his tone. “I lied to him that I found someone. And he got so pissed he stormed out of the room.”

“Yah, that means he was indeed jealous. But I don’t understand why he said no when he apparently wanted to have sex with you.”

“I don’t know that either. He wouldn’t tell me.”

A frown of thought sprawled on Hoseok’s traits. “So, what are you going to do now? Will you tell him the truth?”

“Yes, I wanted to. But I couldn’t with you in the room. That’s why I asked you to go for a walk instead.”

Hoseok glanced at the time. “Jimin will be with Yoongi for about twenty more minutes. Why don’t you go talk to him now?”

Taehyung set his anxious eyes on him. “You think? He’ll probably still be mad.”

“You’ll explain, and he won’t be mad anymore.”

Taehyung nodded at his reasoning and gathered any scrap of courage he had. “Let’s go back.”

And they did. They sauntered back to the hostel and soon reached the entrance. They used the elevator to go to the second floor, and once they got off, they resumed their way to their room.

Taehyung opened the door and scoped the empty room as his features sank yet again. “He’s not here.”

“Go find him.”

“No,” Taehyung said in complete defeat. “Maybe he’s with his friends. He disappears around eight, so I guess he goes to meet them. I’ll talk to him later when he comes back.”

Hoseok draped his arm over his shoulders and offered him a soothing smile. “It’s okay, Tae. Let’s watch a movie while we wait for Jimin.”

With a nod from Taehyung and a faint smile, they sat at the table to pick a movie to watch.

...

Jungkook trudged back to his room after his usual gathering with his friends. An oppression was lodged into his chest since the moment Taehyung told him he fucked someone else, and it only became heavier as time passed.

It's just four days. He'll disappear and I'll forget him. He's just another guy. Nothing special. I can have a bunch of other guys even hotter than him. Yeah. He's nothing special.

The lies he fed himself mollified the heaviness over his existence only by a fraction. Because somewhere in the depths of his heart, he knew he was special. He knew there wasn't anyone hotter than him. And a muted whisper at a corner of his mind told him he wouldn't be able to forget him that easily, if not at all.

Jungkook found the three cheerful friends sitting at the table, playing a game with cards while drinking beers. They ignored his presence, and he reciprocated their indifference by climbing up to his bed without a word.

He lay there, listening to their giggles and chatter for definitely over an hour, and it didn't seem like they would stop playing anytime soon.

The buzz of Jungkook's big button type phone had his forehead flooding with creases of dreadful mystification. If his father called him so late, it wouldn't be for good news. He squeezed the phone out of the bed's inner side, and his confusion only deepened as he read Namjoon's name on the screen.

"Hm?"

"We have Ji Hoo in the garage."

Jungkook lurched into a bolt upright position, eyes double their size. The information took a few seconds to settle in, but once it did, he hung up the phone and shoved it in his pocket. He hopped off his bed in haste and burst out of the room, leaving three completely baffled men behind.

Jungkook sprinted all the way down to the ground floor. He only slowed his pace when he reached the reception as a group of people walked into the hostel, and he shared a glance with Seokjin before he stepped outside.

He scuttled towards the right until he arrived at their private garage. He knocked on the large metallic door and a mechanical sound rang as it crawled upwards. He ducked under it to enter, too impatient to wait longer, and focused his frantic gaze on Namjoon, who just pressed the button to shut the door. "How?"

"I saw him outside of the hostel."

Jungkook walked further inside and halted behind their SUV as he located Ji Hoo tied up on a chair.

"Kook," Yoongi sighed. "He's saying some weird things."

Jungkook's skin flamed with pent-up rage as a deadly sinister glint simmered in his eyes. He surged towards him and seized the collar of his shirt with both hands. "Where is your father?"

Ji Hoo gulped, an instant alarm constricting his throat. His bottom lip trembled as he attempted to find words to say under Jungkook's wrathful gaze. "Jungkook, listen—" A crushing blow in his face convulsed his entire frame and strangled his remark in a stifled groan.

Jungkook yanked him closer as his breath flew out of him in quick, deep waves of consuming fury. “Where is your father?” he repeated, each word ground out through clenched teeth with vicious effort.

“I don’t know—”

Jungkook delivered another mind-reeling punch that was powerful enough to make his nose bleed. “I’ve been living in hell because of him. Tell me where the fuck he is.”

Ji Hoo whimpered on repeat as he blinked through the hammering dizziness in his head. “Fuck, it hurts,” he slurred. “I’m telling you, I don’t know where he is.”

“You’re his son,” he roared as he slammed him against the chair. “Where is he?” His wrath reached a danger point at the silence he received. “I’ll beat you until you die. So talk.”

“We only talked on the phone once in the last four months.”

Jungkook released a shivery breath and drove his fist into his face. His arm swung back for a consecutive punch, but Yoongi was fast enough to wrench him away from him. “Let him talk, Kook.”

Jungkook’s lungs ached by his rapid breathing as he strove to ease his turbulent nerves. “Talk.”

A string of pained groans spilled from Ji Hoo’s mouth, that was covered in blood. His eyes remained half closed as his disoriented state hindered his task of collecting his thoughts. “I really... I don’t know where he is. After what happened, he disappeared. I’m trying to find something to clear his name for four months now.”

“You won’t find shit because he did it,” Jungkook spat out.

“He didn’t do it! My father has done a lot of awful things, but he would never do something like this. Maybe I haven’t found anything that acquits him until now, but I haven’t found anything that incriminates him either. That’s why I wanted to talk to you.”

A glimmer of mystification etched into the hard creases on Jungkook’s forehead. “I thought you were hiding on Jeju Island after what happened. That’s why we came here. To find you.”

Ji Hoo wiped his mouth on his shoulder, staining his black shirt. “I came here three weeks ago because I found out you’re here. About a week later, my men located the hostel your friends opened, and I assumed you’d be with them. I was waiting to see you, but you never appeared. I asked a guy who stays at the hostel if he knows you, and he said no. I thought you weren’t here since I didn’t see you either, so I stopped coming. But then I learned from my men that someone had asked about me. And I realized you were searching for me like I was searching for you. That’s why I came back today.”

Jungkook’s puzzled gaze locked with Yoongi’s similar one, then he aimed it at Ji Hoo again. “So you came to Jeju Island just three weeks ago. And you came because you found out I’m here. You weren’t hiding this whole time.”

“No, I wasn’t hiding. I wanted to talk to you. My father really didn’t do this, Jungkook.”

“Kang Soo hates the Jeon family,” Namjoon jumped in the conversation with an undertone of hostility. “He hates them for years now. It has to be him.”

Ji Hoo rolled his head in muted exasperation. “You don’t believe me, fine. You guys are so sure

my father did this just because he's Hyun Joo's rival. Do you actually have proof? I'm telling you, I'm trying to find out the truth, just like you guys."

"What if you're lying?" Yoongi asked, dubious.

"If he had done this and I were on his side, I wouldn't have come to talk to Jungkook. The past four months have been like hell for me too. I want to return to my home with my family. It drives me crazy not knowing where my father is."

Jungkook scrutinized his beaten-up face for any shred of mendacity, but couldn't be sure if there was any. "So what now? That's what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes. And that you should stop wasting your time searching for my father. Start looking for the one who actually did this. I know my father. He won't appear until his name is cleared. Because he knows you will kill him."

Jungkook's enraged state melted into pure bewilderment as his chest dropped with a long exhalation. He dragged his feet closer and untied the rope from behind the chair. "Give your number to Yoongi. And leave for now."

Ji Hoo stretched his strained arms and rose to his feet. He tapped his number into Yoongi's contacts and silently shuffled out of the garage once Namjoon opened the door for him.

"Something doesn't feel right, Kook," Yoongi murmured, a contemplative frown embellishing his traits.

"Yeah. Why did my father say Ji Hoo was here and sent us to find him?"

"Maybe the information he got was wrong?" Namjoon guessed.

"I don't know... What the hell is going on?"

A fragile silence poured into the dark room that only broke when a throaty sigh was heard from Yoongi. They could conceive no answer to the torrent of questions that swirled in their heads, but one thing was certain; something was definitely not right.



That's The Only Thing I Can Give You

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung was lying in his bed with his eyes glued to the door and his unease soaring more and more within him. No matter the consuming sleepiness dragging his eyelids down, his brain couldn't stop its overthinking.

It had been two hours since Jay bolted out of the room. He had already checked the storage room and the private bathroom, but both doors were locked.

He didn't know how much more time rolled by until the cheerful beep of the door unlocking rippled across the room. He jolted out of his seat and hurried to climb down from his bed. He approached him, worried eyes scanning his masked face. "Where were you?"

Jungkook glimpsed at him and lowered his head. "Don't ask."

Taehyung analyzed his form and his gaze got stuck on his right hand. "Is that... blood?" He reached out and brought the bloody hand closer.

Jungkook wrenched his arm away with a fling. "Just ignore me." He took off towards the closet, grabbed clean clothes, and walked back to the exit.

Taehyung clawed at his forearm. "Jay. Can we talk?"

"It's late and I'm tired."

"Please." Taehyung slipped in front of him and smoothed his palm up his arm until it rested on his nape.

"I thought now that you got a cock, you would leave me alone."

The scathing remark spiked Taehyung's chest harsher than he thought, and his attempt to conceal it was futile. "I lied. I didn't find a guy."

Jungkook fixed his eyes on him with a notion of surprise. "You didn't?"

Taehyung shook his head slowly, a perpetual pout pulling his lips down. "I couldn't do it."

Jungkook suppressed his need to ask why and discarded any fraction of hesitation from his gaze. "And what do you want, Taehyung?"

"You," he stated with an aching determination. "I can't stop thinking about you. I'm really going insane here. Let me see you." He set his other hand on Jungkook's chest over his heart. "Let me see the realest side of you. Let me know you. I will take your secrets to my grave. Stop holding back. Stop pushing me away. Whatever the reason is I don't care. Just stop holding yourself back from wanting me."

The words seeped into Jungkook's head like a siren lullaby that gripped at his heart. His fingers drew up his arm and tangled into his hair. There was a gloomy sheen cloaking his gaze that was merged with his and a constant pressure on his chest that banged the floodgates of his immense

yearning for him.

Everything inside him felt messed up, and nothing made sense. The more he denied his longing for Taehyung, the more it grew. The weight became unbearable as he peered into his desperate, chocolate eyes. And it crushed his restraints entirely.

Jungkook pulled his mask to his chin and let his mouth ghost over his ear. “If you want a good fuck, I’ll be in the private shower. That’s the only thing you’ll get from me. Because that’s the only thing I can give you.”

The whispering offer imposed a stillness on Taehyung and sent his heart into a gallop, making it writhe against his ribcage. Jungkook’s body slithered out of his hold, and he only realized it when the click of the door closing pierced through the mist of his trance.

It wasn’t about just sleeping with him. He wasn’t looking for pleasure anymore — he craved the closeness with Jungkook. He craved to connect with him in a way no one else had. He knew what that feeling was. Even if Jungkook couldn’t return it, he needed to feel him close again. His heart needed it the most.

As if spellbound, Taehyung edged towards the exit, but staggered to a stop a few steps later. *Clothes. And a towel. Focus, Taehyung.* With the internal scolding, he pattered to his closet. He reached for his second pair of pajamas, even though he had already taken a shower earlier, clean boxers and a towel.

He scuttled out of the room and headed to the private bathroom at the same quick pace. He crept into the room and locked the door with the key that was in the keyhole, then shuffled closer to the shower.

He stood there with the sound of the running water ringing in his ears and his eyes fastened on the blurred outline of Jungkook’s body. He undressed and hung his clothes and towel on the second hook beside Jungkook’s clothes.

His hand drew nearer to the handle of the folding door. After a moment’s wavering, he slid it aside enough for him to enter and shut it behind him.

He marveled at Jungkook’s stout, wet back, soaking in the long scar that marked his right shoulder blade to his spine. His eyes then sloped to his right arm and delved into his beautiful tattoos. He was so mesmerized by them he wanted to draw them right then and there, but there was something else he longed to do more.

He inched closer to Jungkook, who was at a standstill, and laid his hands on his shoulders where the cool water trickled down. “That’s not the only thing you can give me.”

Jungkook closed his eyes at the delicate caresses down his biceps, an instant warmth exploding right in the center of his chest. “What?”

“A good fuck,” Taehyung whispered. His hands came to trace the muscles of his back as he followed the movement with his eyes. “That’s not the only thing you can give me. But I’ll take just that for now. You know why?”

Jungkook felt the other’s body press against his, along with his already hard cock. “Why?”

Taehyung peppered feathery kisses on the slope of his neck as he looped his arms around his form. “Because I want to choke on your cock again. Been thinking about it nonstop since the first time.”

Jungkook slapped a hand against the wall to steady himself at the rush of pure want that slashed across his stomach.

“I want to have your cock in the deepest parts of me. Feel it wreck me.” He slid his hands down his thighs and dragged them up again, his fingers grazing his balls. “I want you to pin me to the wall, wrap your fingers around my neck, and fuck me like I haven’t been fucked before.”

A moan bubbled in Jungkook’s throat as he tilted his head to the side to give more access to Taehyung’s sloppy kisses. His hands traveled all over his abs, fingertips brushing against his bloated cock as if he wanted to tease him — rile him up to his limits.

“I want to kiss you hard when you cum inside me and keep kissing you while your cum drips down my thighs.”

Another moan jumped out of Jungkook as he grabbed his one teasing hand. “I can do all that.” He guided it to his cock and forced his fingers to fold around it. “Right now. As many times as you want. As long as you want.”

Taehyung dug his teeth into the side of his neck, moaning at the feel of his big cock underneath his touch. He bobbed his hand slowly to savor every moment and often stroked the wet head with his thumb. “Then fuck me. Fuck me every time I ask you to. And fall for me. Like I have fallen for you.”

Jungkook’s eyes split open as each one of his muscles went rigid with shocked anxiousness. Taehyung’s hand continued toying with his erection, preventing his mind from processing his words clearly. “You don’t know anything about me. And you won’t like what you’ll see.”

“I saw your tattoos,” Taehyung uttered, sending a spine-tingling vibration across his neck. “They’re hot like you. I saw your scars. Probably you’re doing a dangerous job. You’re staying in a hostel, hiding your face from everyone. Someone’s looking for you. You’re here to hide.” He put more pressure on his cock as he pumped him, and a light smirk carved its shape against his tender skin at the twitch it gave.

“You haven’t told me anything. Not even your name. I’ve guessed all these things. You’re the complete opposite of me. You’re dangerous. But even though I know all this, here I am asking for your cock. Confessing my feelings. And asking you to let me get close to you. Closer than anyone else.”

Jungkook’s breath shuddered out of him faster than normal as his pulse quickened. He laced his fingers around his wrist and forcefully removed his hand. “Leave.” His voice spilled from him in a quivery breath, fluttering just like his heart. He couldn’t have anyone falling for him. And especially an angel like Taehyung.

Taehyung tugged his hand in his efforts to free it from his grip, but the other’s strength was effortlessly greater. “I won’t let you push me away again.”

“You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into. So leave while you have the chance. If you’re expecting love from me, you won’t be getting any. And stop being delusional. I’m not a guy you, out of all people, should fall in love with.”

Taehyung gave up on freeing himself and instead sneaked in front of his frame. At the electrifying meeting of their eyes, the grasp around his wrist loosened and his heart lunged into a full-out sprint. “I did everything right my whole life. I never had my heart broken. The two relationships I had were boring as fuck.”

“So you want me because you know you shouldn’t have me.”

Taehyung settled two tender palms on each side of his neck and delicately ushered him towards him, fusing their bodies. “If I just wanted to rebel, I would have picked any random guy from the bar to fuck me. I couldn’t do that. Because I kept thinking about you. I want you because I can’t *not* want you. Whether you’re a mistake or not, whether you’ll break my heart or not, whether you’ll fall for me or not. I want you regardless.” He decreased the gap between their mouths and halted just an inch away. “Be a mistake. Break my heart. Don’t fall for me. I’ll still want you.”

Every fragment of defense crumbled, and Jungkook found himself pushing that astonishing man against the wall, trapping him. “Let me fuck you for now, then. We’ll figure out the rest later.”

The tip of Taehyung’s lips slanted in a faint smirk. “I told you the moment I walked into the shower. That’s why I’m here. Remember? To choke on your cock. Have it in the deepest parts of me. So just give me what I want. And the rest will come on their own.”

Jungkook buried his hand into his hair and pressed him harder against the wall. *The rest are already here. Fuck.* With this terrifying realization, he captured his mouth with his own and let himself burn in the flames of their yearning for each other.

His hand instantly cruised Taehyung’s body, unsure about what he wanted to touch first. It smoothed down his side, clutched his waist to squeeze him against him, skimmed his pointy bud, trailed his tight stomach, and toyed with his erection. Again and again until he could inscribe the feel of his sinful body in his head and learn every inch of it.

Gruff moans burred in Taehyung’s throat at the zestful exploration his frame received and the hot tongue in his mouth that kept rolling against his own. His hips bucked each time Jungkook brushed the sensitive skin of his reddened cock, his knees close to caving in.

Strained breaths and choked whimpers flooded the narrow space, along with the pouring water behind them and the sucking noises of their demanding mouths. The feel of their wet bodies grinding together amplified the lust that enveloped them and rushed their excitement to the limits.

Jungkook nibbled on his lower lip and allowed his eyes to open in a sudden need to see him. He sucked harder as he pulled back and allotted a few moments to observe him. His wet, caramel locks were stuck on his hunger-filled face, his swollen lips that were shiny with spit hung open in deep pants, and his hooded eyes betrayed the entrancement of his mind.

“Why did you stop?”

Only at the breathy question Jungkook perceived he had gawked at his perfection longer than he should. “Sorry. You’re just so pretty.”

Taehyung cracked a smirk, tangling his fingers into his damp hair. “Thanks. But I’m also hard. And you need to do something about it right now.”

“You were the one asking to choke on my cock,” he purred and mouthed at the crook of his neck, leaving playful bites. “I still don’t see you on your knees.”

A pathetic whine spewed from Taehyung’s throat only at the thought, saliva pooling in his mouth for another taste of him. “You’ll still fuck me, right?”

Jungkook nosed around his cheek and traced his jawline with his lips until he reached his mouth. “I’ll fuck you like you haven’t been fucked before. That’s what you asked for. I’ll give you anything you ask for tonight.”

Each word pulsed through Taehyung's body, brimming him with blazing, eager emotions that made his cock jolt. He locked their mouths in an eruptive kiss, tongues clashing immediately, searching, desperate to feel more. His urge to finally have his cock down his throat spurred him to end the kiss soon and sink onto his knees, letting his palms grope his well-formed abs.

Now clutching his muscular thighs, he swirled his tongue around the sensitive tip and lapped at the drops of the heady, bittersweet precum. The hissing sounds that floated around his senses and the instant grip on his hair prodded him to slide his mouth down the thick cock in a pleasurable suction.

Jungkook thrust his hips lazily, his eyes fixated on his cock disappearing into his voluptuous heat. "Your mouth feels like heaven, fuck." His brows knitted together in flaring delectation as the subtle vibrations that rang from Taehyung only added to his high.

The bob of Taehyung's head intensified at the praise in need to hear more. He loved how his cock stretched his mouth so much his jaw ached, and he couldn't constrain his moans at the feel of it gliding over his tongue. His own erection throbbed, waves of heat pulsing through it that accumulated more and more precum on the head until it dripped down.

Jungkook's shallow breaths erupted harsher from him as the pleasure built like a pool of lava in his stomach. The flaming slide tingled his skin and the velvety suction drew such dumb moans from his throat he never thought he could produce.

"I want to fuck you so bad," he murmured — his voice left him in a desperate tone that even surprised himself, but he was too drunk on the rousing sensations to care. "I want to cum in your mouth as well, though. Watch you drink everything. Would you like that, baby?"

A sonorous moan broke out of Taehyung, followed by a series of voracious whines. His eyelids were wet with tears of ecstasy, his forgotten cock between his legs twitching and leaking a puddle beneath him. He paused with the throbbing erection deep in his mouth, breathing heavily through his nose, and dipped the cock further into his heat, larynx contracting around it.

"Fuck, fuck." Jungkook's whole body jolted at the heavenly feeling, back arching in bliss. "I love seeing you drool around my cock." He tightened the grasp on his hair and ground his hips just barely, wanting him to swallow around him again, and he fucking whimpered when Taehyung did. "Fuck, I'm cumming."

Taehyung bounced his head at once, moaning all the while, and kept sucking the delicious length as Jungkook's pants of relish peaked. Ropes of hot cum shot into his mouth seconds later, and he swallowed on repeat to drink everything just as Jungkook requested.

Jungkook grunted throughout his release, regarding that dream-like man taking everything he had to give him. Chest burning by his speedy breath, he slowly sneaked his cock out. It was so messy; his erection was dripping with drool and cum, strings of that mixture connecting it with Taehyung's crimson lips.

Taehyung sucked gently on the tip, guzzling the last beads of his orgasm. Now that his need to pleasure him died down, his painful erection conquered his senses. He wiped his wet jaw and brought his hand to his cock, a whine exploding out of him at the first touch.

"You want to cum on your own?" Jungkook asked, the drawl in his voice almost taunting. He held his chin between his knuckles and lifted his head, forcing their eyes to meet. He could espy Taehyung's desperation to cum easily, and he reveled in it. "I could do so much to you to make you cum, though."

Taehyung hurried to push himself to his feet, muted whines falling from his pouty lips. He stumbled by the numbing feel in his legs, but Jungkook was fast enough to fasten a secure arm around his waist. “Wanna cum please.”

Jungkook offered him a rather fond smile as he brushed his wet hair back. “Of course, angel. Just tell me how.”

“Mouth. I’ll cum too fast, anyway.”

“It’s okay. I’ll make you cum again. And again. And again,” he whispered against his mouth and kissed him delicately. He pulled on his lower lip with his teeth and lowered himself to his knees without delay.

Taehyung whimpered pathetically as his lips enclosed the cockhead snugly, and he jerked his head back at the brisk speed Jungkook set right off the start. He was so hard it truly took less than a minute for the pent-up stimulation in his belly to erupt.

Jungkook guzzled each spurt of cum, hands running up and down his thighs. His own cock stirred into hardness again at the obscene sounds Taehyung’s mouth released, and it amazed him, really, how eager he was to continue. To feel more of him, make him cum again, drill him with his cock. Fuck, he couldn’t wait.

Jungkook painted light kisses along the shuddering muscle of his thigh as he fondled the other. His sun-kissed skin felt utterly silky underneath his lips, and he was unable to resist sucking on it. “Could kiss your thighs forever,” escaped his mouth glibly from his punch-drunk mind.

Taehyung sensed the words creep up his form and clasp his heart. Sure, the context of his remark had a lewd hue, but the word ‘forever’ sounded so pleasant to his ears. Was it too soon to dream about ‘forever’ with him? Yes, obviously. He didn’t even know his real name yet. But did he care? No, not at all.

“Want to feel you, Jay, please.”

Jungkook rose to his full height, palms trailing the outline of his body until they cradled his cheeks. “Me too,” he uttered, and joined their lips in a short, avid kiss. “So bad.” He tilted his head into another merging of their mouths, deeper and even more passionate, tongues clashing like the waves of the sea.

He pushed his fingers into his hair and tugged it as their hungry mouths feasted on each other, delving harsher in need to feel as much as possible. His other hand slithered down his figure to wrap around his cock, and he relished the hardness he encountered already. Taehyung mewled and flinched at the unexpected touch, though Jungkook only kissed him harder, refusing to let him go.

Was kissing always that stimulating? Was it always so addicting? It really made Jungkook wonder as he explored his mouth with his thirsty tongue, puckered lips rolling roughly together.

The devout hankering that emitted from Jungkook in every single thing he did was blinding and messed with Taehyung’s heart in ways he hadn’t experienced before. He craved to feel more of it. He needed it.

He held his jaw in a firm hand and tore his mouth away from his. “Please fuck me. Now. Fuck me. Need to feel you,” he panted, almost on the verge of crying by the bottled-up titillation.

“Fuck, okay. I want that too. I need to prep you.” Jungkook glanced to his side at the shampoo rack and examined what he had in handy. “I only have baby oil.”

“Works just fine. I’m clean, by the way. I haven’t had sex since my last check-up.”

“I don’t have a condom, anyway. I’m clean too.” He pecked his lips, carding his fingers through his locks. “Turn around.”

Taehyung obeyed; he bent over, sticking his ass out, and pressed his palms against the wall.

Jungkook reached for the baby oil and fell to his knees once again. He clawed at his asscheeks and spread them to reveal his pink hole. He remembered how tight it felt around his single finger the last time, and he couldn’t wait to experience that tightness with his cock. “Can I eat you out?”

“Fuck, yes. Been keeping myself clean just for you since you took me to the storage room. In case you changed your mind. Just for this moment.”

“Yeah?” Jungkook smirked, bringing his face a breath away from his hole. “You want my tongue in you?” He intentionally let his lips graze the tight ring of muscles and planted a mild kiss there.

“Yes, yes, want everything,” Taehyung moaned as he propped his forearms on the wall for better support. A small kiss from Jungkook already had his bones melting in thrill. He didn’t think he was ready for what was awaiting him, but he longed for it like crazy.

Jungkook traced thick lines against his puckered entrance with his tongue, alternating between kneading and pulling on his asscheeks. The continuous whines that poured from Taehyung at the simple touch fueled the fire in his gut to fuck him stupid with his tongue, and he allowed it to consume him.

He drew circles along his hole and prodded it, the tip of his tongue barely fitting inside. “You’re so tight, baby. I’ll wreck your hole when I fuck you.” He squirted some oil over his rim and rubbed it with his fingers.

“Want it so bad,” Taehyung said between hushed gasps and throaty moans. His frame quaked at the slippery slide of Jungkook’s finger into him and his stomach fluttered and knotted in a mixture of pain and enjoyment.

Jungkook pumped the digit just thrice and replaced it with his tongue. He paved his way inside with forceful thrusts, feeling the tight walls squeeze the hot muscle. He wriggled his tongue as he sucked on his rim, then curled and flattened it against the velvety constriction skillfully enough to have Taehyung trembling for him.

“So good, Jay, fuck, more.”

Jungkook hummed with his tongue stuffed as deep as it could go inside him, transferring pulsations through his walls that short-circuited his brain. He drew two fingers closer and eased them into him as he resumed licking his rim. The resistance he encountered was great as he expected, and he pushed his fingers in and out in slow strokes to help him get used to the stretch.

“Fuck, I’m dripping,” Taehyung said and girdled the base of his cock with a hand, fighting with his immense urge to fuck into his fist and back at Jungkook’s fingers.

“You’ll cum again already?” Jungkook purred. He stilled his fingers and rubbed them tightly against the deepest parts of him, stretching and twisting them.

Taehyung choked on the next onslaught of stupid moans that bubbled in his throat. Every inch of his skin prickled with scorching excitement at the powerful nudges against his prostate, and the edge toppled over him like a tsunami. “Fuck me, please fuck me, wanna cum. Wanna cum for you

again.”

Jungkook grunted at that filthy mouth of his and heeded to his wish; he drilled him with his fingers roughly, his hand slamming against his ass in each shove. “Two fingers are enough to make you cum, hmm? Cum on my fingers then, baby. Cum for me.”

Taehyung’s whines increased in pitch with the ferocious jabs of his hand, and he fucked himself back onto his slender fingers, thrusting into his fist at the same time. Jolts of ultimate pleasure struck him as he finally exploded, cum splattering all over the wall in front of him.

Jungkook slowed the movement of his fingers to gentle caresses as he witnessed the convulsions of his frame, probably in oversensitivity. “I want to feel you writhe like that against me when you cum.” He retracted his fingers and kissed his reddened rim delicately, feeling it flutter at its emptiness. “To see you break apart,” he uttered between tender pecks. “To hear you cry out my name against my lips.”

Mind still buzzing by his overwhelming orgasm, Taehyung grappled for air as he drove his hand onto the wall at the sudden weakness that surrounded his form. “I can’t cry out your name because I don’t know it.”

Jungkook engulfed his hole with his mouth, his tongue already seeking its warmth again. He pulled back at the sharp hiss that spilled from Taehyung and instead fondled his asscheeks. “Sensitive?”

“Yeah, but fuck, don’t stop.”

The corner of Jungkook’s lips tipped up with a notion of fondness, and he dove back in to pepper kisses over his rim. “It’s Jungkook, by the way. Been wanting to tell you since the moment I kissed you.”

Taehyung’s shudder persisted as that silky mouth sucked on the somewhat stretched ring of his hole, but Jungkook’s confession kept him sober enough. “Jungkook...” he whispered and twisted his head in his need to see him, though he knew he couldn’t. “I like it.”

“You only get to call me that tonight, okay?”

“Okay. But why... did you tell me?”

“Because I want to hear it from your mouth when you cum on my cock.” Jungkook used a bit more oil and stroked his entrance with three fingers. “But I have to stretch you more for that. Your tight hole can’t handle my cock yet.”

“I enjoy it better with a little pain, so don’t worry.”

“Still. I don’t want to hurt you.” He left small bites on his plush asscheek as he trailed his hole with a digit. “Are you okay with continuing? I’ll want to cum if I keep eating your pretty hole.”

Taehyung chuckled sweetly. “Maybe you should, because if you cum too fast when you fuck me, you’ll have to fuck me again.”

A smirk peeped out on Jungkook’s features as he probed his hole with three fingers. “Trust me. You’ll be too sore for a second round. You’ll be barely able to walk when I’m done with you.”

“Hmm, can’t wait, Jungkook.” He clamped his teeth on his lower lip as his breath came faster and faster at the slow intrusion of his fingers. The fullness he instantly felt burned and clenched his

stomach, fingertips digging into the wall.

Jungkook sensed the tension that flooded him and swept a tender palm across the back of his thigh. “When was the last time you played with yourself?”

Taehyung breathed through the pain, telling himself it would ease in a bit. The unexpected question drew his focus away from the burning sensation and forced it to think of an answer. “Um, I’m not sure. Six months ago? I usually just jerk off. It’s not the same when I do it. And I’ve only used two fingers the few times I fingered myself.”

Jungkook hummed in response as he lightly curled his fingers and spread them. “How come you didn’t find someone to fuck for so long? You seem like you love sex. You’re so needy.”

“I didn’t have the chance. And I was too focused on my job. And the thought of having sex with a complete stranger scared me a bit, to be honest.”

“Yeah, I remember what you said. You don’t know the things I like, but here you are, bent over with my three fingers inside you.”

Taehyung huffed a laugh, which drowned into a hiss as Jungkook dragged his fingers back. “You’re not a random guy from the bar, though.”

“Yeah.” Jungkook brushed his quivery walls with his fingers slowly, eyes trained on the movement. “I’m worse.”

“Everyone has s-secrets, fuck.” Taehyung’s forehead plopped against the wall at the steady rhythm he fucked him, each plunge dragging and firm.

“Do you?”

“Well, no. I’m boring, remember?”

A muted snort tugged at his lips. “Your life might have been boring until now, but you certainly aren’t boring, Taehyung.” His speed soared then, fingers fiercely pounding into him, and he lunged to lick at the stretch of his rim.

A boost of heat stampeded to Taehyung’s core that flamed brightly, his cock already rock hard again and twitching between his legs. He had no time to process the other’s remark, and any trace of it was fucked out of him with the brutal smack that landed on his left asscheek, just like every conscious thought.

He reveled in Jungkook’s roughness — it exuded such hunger it frenzied him. It was truly so intense he could feel it suffuse his flesh, and he could only hope Jungkook felt his yearning for him as well.

Suddenly, Jungkook wrenched his fingers away, leaving him clenching into nothing and whimpering like a little kid who lost his lollipop. Before he could question him, he felt two rough hands force his legs closed and his slick cock glide between his thighs a moment later.

“Just the thought of my cock inside you makes me want to cum,” Jungkook said, a low growl coating his words, as he clutched his waist and fucked his lubricious thighs. “But your unchaste moans drive me fucking crazy.” The movement of his hips got erratic, and what urged him over the edge in seconds was another set of Taehyung’s sensuous sounds.

Jungkook rolled through the waves of his surprising second orgasm, feeling his thighs shake

around his cock. What the hell was happening to him? He couldn't control himself one bit. Wanting to cum so bad just by fucking someone with his fingers? Something was definitely wrong with him. But he didn't bother figuring it out at that moment.

Taehyung straightened his posture once the other withdrew and twisted around. He slipped his arms over his shoulders, eyes immediately taking in his flushed, gorgeous face. "That was hot."

Jungkook smiled weakly, ringing his waist with an arm. "*You* are hot."

"And also," he said, pressing his lower half against him, "I'm hard. So stretch me some more and fuck me finally."

"I need a few minutes, anyway. Let's stretch you real good."

And Jungkook did. He pushed him against the wall and raised his leg to wrap it around his form. He guided his three fingers, that were still slippery enough, to his entrance and penetrated him at once. Their foreheads remained connected, just like their hooded, sparking eyes, as he speared him open, shoving his fingers so hard into him he almost lifted him from the floor in every plunge.

Jungkook was hard again before he knew it and it wasn't by Taehyung's sounds this time. It wasn't by his fingers that scissored him. It wasn't by the jolts of his body against his own. It was solely by that chocolate pair of eyes that stared at him so fixedly, as if he wanted to glimpse into his soul and unearth each one of his secrets, share their burden, and cradle them until they would disappear.

They held him captive, just like all his senses on him. They screamed so many things at him, but he couldn't catch even one. They promised something... Something sweet and dreadful at the same time. Something he couldn't decipher — something he hadn't encountered before.

And no matter how terrified Jungkook was at that moment, he pitched to claim his mouth like a starving man.

He was so lost at the taste of his sweet mouth and the eruptive emotions it brought along he didn't comprehend when Taehyung fastened a hand around his erection and pumped himself. He only decreased the brutal pace of his fingers when a hot, sticky liquid spurted on his stomach, and he cracked his eyes open as he broke the kiss, panting against his lips.

The sight he faced was so ethereal; his glossy, heavy-lidded eyes swam in lust and bliss, his swollen, scarlet lips hanging open in quick puffs. He could never get bored gazing at Taehyung's prettiness, he thought.

Jungkook eased his fingers out of him and lowered his leg. "Again, huh?"

"Couldn't hold it," Taehyung murmured, nuzzling his face against his cheek. "Your kiss was too much."

Jungkook scooped up the cum from his stomach with two fingers and led them close to Taehyung's mouth. He watched with sheer amazement how that ravishing man dipped his head to engulf his fingers into his heat, and a guttural moan vibrated in his throat as he felt his tongue lick them clean, maintaining eye contact all the while. "Fuck, you're perfect."

Taehyung hummed around his fingers and suctioned his mouth as he drew back, releasing them with a wet pop. Wordlessly, he squatted and dragged the flat of his tongue over his abs, eating up the rest of his cum with swipes and sucks. The bloated head of his cock collided with his chin when he slid a bit more downwards, and he smirked against his skin.

He suckled at the tip, tasting the bitter precum, and sank his mouth down on his cock until it reached his throat. He swallowed easily around him and withdrew, loving the choked groan he evoked from Jungkook. He stood straighter as he let his hands roam all over him. “Give me your cock now.”

“You just came.”

“I don’t care. I’ll be hard in seconds again. You turn me on that much.”

Jungkook ran a delicate hand through his hair and gripped it, squeezing their bodies together. “I can’t wait to make you cum on my cock.” He strung their mouths together in a deep kiss and nibbled his lower lip before he pulled back. “Turn around.”

Taehyung stole another lewd kiss before he assumed his previous position; ass sticking out and forearms pressing against the wall. His anticipation built inside him like a consistent brewing that kept festering at the wait.

Jungkook made his firm cock slick with oil and rubbed the remains around his ass and over his stretched hole. He pressed the thick head onto his hole, and despite the abundant lubricant, he had to give a mild push of his hips to nest it inside.

Taehyung convulsed at the impossible extension of his sensitive hole and screwed his eyes shut, jaw set tight and growling whines buzzing in his throat. Fuck, he was big — he knew it — but just the head inside him felt like it tore him apart. He said he wanted to feel his cock wreck him. At that moment, with his hole flaming in pain, he kind of regretted it.

Jungkook’s eyes rolled to the back of his head at the extreme, pleasant tightness around his cock. He massaged palliative caresses over his lower back and round asscheeks, hoping to pacify a fraction of his pain. “Too much?”

“Yeah, fuck.” Taehyung blinked the wetness from his vision, his clenched fists pressing against the wall.

“You can handle it,” Jungkook uttered as his gaze stroked the curves of his form, tracking the soothing brushes of his palms. “You wanted this so much. You were begging for it. I know you can take it.”

“I can, I can,” Taehyung chanted in a whiny murmuring. His words embraced the aching in his ass and quietened it little by little until he dared to slide his body back, sheathing himself onto his cock completely.

A breathy moan rolled off Jungkook at the warmth that enveloped him, and his torso pitched forward in surprise as he grasped his waist to leash his itching urge to fuck into him.

Taehyung’s hole felt as if it were on fire, so sensitive and sore. His guts trembled at the fullness, a blazing trance threatening to overrule his mind. “You’re so fucking big,” he babbled as he dropped and arched his head in turn in his effort to endure the stark stretch.

Jungkook breathed a light chuckle. “You’ll get used to it. You’re so good for me. The best boy. Taking my cock so well, hmm? Wish I could kiss you right now.”

He often imagined getting praised by Jungkook like this, but actually hearing him praise him was another level of bliss he didn’t know it existed. “Me too. Give me a minute to get used to it and I’ll turn around.”

“Of course, angel. I’ll wait.”

Taehyung’s lips formed a smile with the same joyful fondness that sparked into his core. “I love it when you call me this.”

Jungkook resumed the exploration of his body with his hands in slow strokes as a similar smile broke out on his face. “Well, you are an angel. So pure and fragile.”

“Pure with your cock balls-deep in my ass? I don’t think so.”

Jungkook’s chest fluttered with the subdued laugh that escaped him. “Not in that way. Pure as in a good man with a decent life and job. The complete opposite of me.”

“Let’s talk about that later because I’m ready to have your cock wrecking me now.”

“You sure?”

“Yes. I don’t want to wait anymore.”

“Okay.” He anchored his hands on his waist and edged away a bit, then rolled his hips forward.

“Fuck, fuck,” he spat out, breathy groans dripping from his open mouth at the hot slide of his cock through his tender walls.

“Oh God.” Taehyung could feel every inch of his length dig into him and nudge at the deepest parts of him just like he so much craved. Scalding heat wove in patterns all around his skin and electricity shot up his spine at each unhurried, deep plunge. The pain was lost somewhere between the all-consuming pleasure that preponderated his existence, and all he cared about was to get torn apart on his cock.

“You good?” Jungkook managed through his ecstatic moans, pulling his asscheeks apart to watch his cock penetrate his reddened hole.

“Yes, harder. Need it rough, Jungkook. Please, Jungkook.”

He gave a fierce slap on his right cheek and grasped it again. His thrusts notched up until his balls smacked against his ass rhythmically by the speed, the sound of skin on skin tangling with their labored breaths and moans.

But after a few seconds of Jungkook fucking him with the desired speed and roughness, he slowed his movements again until he ceased. Dumb whines in baffled expostulation jumped from Taehyung’s throat, and he glanced above his shoulder, though he couldn’t meet his eyes. “Why did you stop?”

“Fuck yourself on my cock,” Jungkook said, voice deep and demanding around the edges. “You were begging for it. Now show me how much you want this.”

The enkindling words spiraled through the lust in the narrow space that only fired it up even more. He lifted his torso enough to rivet his palms on the wall and began rocking back to Jungkook’s firmly still body. “I’ll show you, Jungkook.” His voice came out broken by the relentless pounding of their bodies. “Need this so fucking bad. Love your cock. Want to feel it forever.”

Choked grunts slipped through Jungkook’s clenched jaw as he marveled at his ardent movements with creases of ultimate rapture on his forehead. His hands carried on clutching his waist, though he didn’t guide him; he let him pleasure himself on his cock, and Taehyung did so fucking fervently it enamored him.

Taehyung kept thrusting back, loving the occasional smacks he earned on his already sore ass, and felt the bulgy cockhead jab his prostate in every slam of his bodies. Utter pleasure slopped through him, turning his mind into a vacant mess that only knew Jungkook and his thick cock splitting him open.

“You’re doing so well. So well for me, angel.”

Despite finally taking his cock however he wanted, something was missing, and Taehyung didn’t have to think about it too long to realize what it was. He needed to feel his body against his own and his mouth to suck all the air from his lungs. And that necessity rose so suddenly and so high within him it stung his eyes with tears. “Want to kiss you. Please, Jungkook. Please.”

Jungkook instructed him to slow down and sneaked his cock out. He swiveled him delicately and cupped his sweaty face as he caught a tear trickling down. “What’s wrong?”

Taehyung claimed his mouth, whimpering softly, as his arms ringed his waist. “Everything is just... too much. And I needed to kiss you.”

“Do you want to stop?”

“No,” he rushed to say. “I love this. Wish you could fuck me all night.”

Jungkook smiled against his lips and planted a tender kiss on them. “I’ll break you if I do that.”

“I don’t mind. Fuck me again, please.”

Jungkook sensed his leg creep up to wrap around him and grabbed it to help him. “Such a good boy. Always saying please,” he uttered, his smirk evident in his voice, as he reached for his cock and aligned it to his hole.

He glided into him and set a rapid rhythm right away, one hand clawing at his thigh and the other at his waist. The penetration wasn’t that deep as in their previous position, but what both sought at that very moment was the closeness of their bodies, and they savored it to the hilt.

Taehyung, clasping his torso for dear life and nails digging into his skin, leaned to kiss him. He released his jerky moans into his mouth as the delicious cock struck into him hard enough to convulse his whole frame. Each sizzling clash of their tongues pummeled him deeper and deeper into the fog of intoxication that wafted through his mind, making the pool of heat in his stomach leap and thrash about.

Jungkook slammed into him harsher, groans buzzing in his throat. The friction of their chests combined with the heat of his velvety hole around his cock and that addicting mouth devouring him frenzied him — shredded every scintilla of his lucidity.

He wished for this moment to never end. For the first time in his life, he wished he could keep kissing and fucking someone forever, or at least do it every day. And as he shoved into him over and over again, molding his hole to the shape of his cock and with their mouths brushing harshly together, a tomorrow without Taehyung seemed so, *so* gruesome and cruel.

He ended the kiss with this realization and panted in shallow breaths against his mouth. His hand crawled up his figure and tenderly wrapped around his neck. He applied light pressure, peering into his eyes. The inebriation of Taehyung’s mind was well defined in his hazy gaze, along with the tremendous pleasure he experienced at that moment.

Seeing Taehyung so deeply immersed in contentment brought a strange, newfound tautness in his

stomach and unexampled jolts of warmth in his chest. No matter how much these new sensations horrified him, he couldn't ward them off. And maybe, *maybe* he didn't want to.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Taehyung," rolled off his mouth in a broken whisper, fingers still squeezing his neck barely, as he drove his cock into him in sharp, brisk dives. "And so good for me. Tell me how much you love this. I can see it in your eyes. But I want to hear it from you."

Taehyung felt a high he had never experienced before; his prostate was being ravished so heavenly, and Jungkook's long fingers were wrapped around his neck, keeping him in place, as he dominated him body and soul. "I love this so much. Love your cock, Jungkook. You fuck me so good." A new dampness beaded along the lower layer of his lids at the devouring feelings that rampaged inside him as he maintained his eyes locked on him.

"And I love your hole, baby. So tight and warm. I want to see how wrecked it'll be when I'm done with you." The rutting of Jungkook's hips grew rougher, just like his grip on the underside of his thigh, and they juddered together with each pounding of his cock against his ass.

"Fuck, don't stop. Please, please." Taehyung drove the back of his head harder against the wall, fighting to keep his eyes open so he wouldn't miss any of Jungkook's pleasure-filled expressions.

"Cum for me while you cry out my name. The name of the man who fucked you like you haven't been fucked before. Who fucking ruined you."

And Taehyung could only mewl pathetically and obey. He was already struggling to hinder his orgasm because he didn't want this to end, but Jungkook's words surged him towards that wondrous high. A mantle of dreaminess cradled his writhing frame as he came with Jungkook's name leaking out of his mouth in a drunk chant.

The heat in Jungkook's body boiled over at the stupefying sight of that angel-like man cumming with the prettiest moans coiled around his name. He impaled him on his cock speedily as the grunts in his throat got rougher, and goosebumps erupted all over his form at the first spurt of cum that spilled into his hole.

He crushed their mouths together and rolled against him, riding out his release with a current of muffled groans. The glide of their lips was fierce and the brush of their tongues slow and strong, still hungry to take and feel and relish every single second.

Jungkook lowered his probably sore leg, his scarlet cock slipping out of him. He buried a hand in his hair and clutched him against his body with the other as he tilted his head to kiss him deeper.

Taehyung luxuriated in the feel of his cum oozing out of his hole and dripping down the inside of his thighs in a hot trickle. He kissed him with equal fervor as his demanding hands insisted on pulling him closer and closer, as if wanting to enmesh their souls.

He did want that, actually. He wanted it more than anything. A tiny, buried part of him wished Jungkook would return his feelings. But even if he didn't want that connection, Taehyung was already so in love with him. And he could do nothing about it.

The torrid kiss broke in a joined decision. The euphoria of their orgasm remained, burning fiercely and cruising over their skin in muted tingles. They viewed each other through the same fondness, holding back mutually hidden feelings and confessions.

Jungkook passed his fingers through his hair in a delicate caress. "Let's shower, hmm?"

Taehyung nodded slowly, a small, constant smile engraved on his lips. His eyes were at a standstill

on him, absorbing every detail of his gorgeous face, as Jungkook mildly pulled him under the running water. “Have I told you how pretty you are?”

Jungkook’s lips stretched into a warm smile. “Hmm, no.”

“You are. So fucking gorgeous.”

Jungkook pressed a kiss on his mouth, letting it speak louder than any word. Once wet enough, he grabbed the shampoo from the rack and squirted a small amount on his palm before he passed it to him.

After rinsing off their hair, Taehyung wiped the water from his face, and his eyes zoned in on Jungkook’s surprisingly hard cock. “Why are you hard?”

Jungkook huffed a laugh. “Because you’re naked. And my dick won’t fall as long as I have *this* in front of me,” he said, smoothing his hands down his chest.

“Well, maybe you should fuck me until you can’t get hard anymore.”

“Should I?” Jungkook purred and pecked his lips. “You want it?”

“I want it, but I can’t. I’m too sore. And I haven’t had sex in a while, so I don’t think I can handle a second round right now.”

“It’s okay. Tomorrow then?”

Taehyung watched him intently and with a glimmer of disbelief mixed with amazement as he reached for the body wash. “How did we go from ‘we can’t fuck’ to you arranging our next fuck?”

Jungkook’s mouth twitched with the light snort that flew off him. He poured some body wash in his hand and gave it to Taehyung. “Things change.”

“What things?”

Jungkook stayed silent as he rubbed his body thoroughly. He couldn’t understand himself what really changed or how he felt after their intense moment, so how could he explain it to Taehyung? He chose to keep his convoluted emotions hidden and instead said whatever came to his head. “I just thought about it. You’ve already seen my face. So having a little fun won’t hurt.”

The movement of scrubbing his left arm slowed at the sound of his words by the tide of sullenness that tumbled over him. He forced his muscles to continue his task, though that vile feeling only festered the more he considered the matter. “That’s what it is for you? Just having a little fun?”

“What else can it be? You’re leaving in four days.”

Another wave of silence rolled by, longer and more fraught this time. “Right.”

Jungkook finished cleaning himself, glancing at the dark gloom that had engulfed Taehyung’s features. “I feel like you’re upset. I just don’t understand why.”

“Yeah, why would you...” Taehyung trailed off bitterly through pouty lips.

They took turns washing off the foam from their bodies in a fragile sort of tension, avoiding meeting each other’s eyes, although Jungkook didn’t seem able to stop peeking at him. Of course he knew the reason for his sulky mood. He wanted him to admit this wasn’t just having fun, but how could he? He would only give him false hopes because there wasn’t a way they could be

something.

They didn't have a future together. And it pained Jungkook a little more than he thought it would.

Jungkook turned off the water and focused his gaze on him. "What is it to you?"

Taehyung risked a glance, then dropped his head. "I don't know. But it feels more than just having a little fun."

Jungkook's chest swelled with a shivery inhalation at the expected, terrifying answer he gave him. "It shouldn't, Taehyung," he breathed out. "I told you. That's the only thing I can give you. A little fun."

Taehyung's lips attempted to pull up into a smile and barely succeeded. He ignored his heart that stung with a churning of nasty emotions and looped his arms around his body. "You're right. And I said I'll take just that. So we're good."

But they weren't. Jungkook could detect so easily his exertion to prevent his features from getting dragged down by that drilling gloom. The falseness of his smile. The perpetual glow of his eyes that was concealed. His droopy stance, as if he wanted to curl into himself and disappear from there. They were definitely not okay. And Jungkook could only comply with what his oppressed heart screamed at him to do.

He cupped his nape with a delicate palm, fusing their wet bodies. Their lips hovered a breath away, as his eyes dropped to them. *I don't want you to leave.* He connected their mouths softly to drown his urge to spill these words. It was such a tender kiss — just their lips slotting together and tongues merging sweetly.

Taehyung felt the change in the way he kissed him at once. It contained an undercurrent of such intimacy it knotted his stomach with a fluttering tautness. It felt like a promise meant to soothe him, although he was clueless about anything else.

What did it mean? What was he trying to soothe him about? What did Jungkook want to say that he kissed him so gently instead? So many questions and each one of them kept being swallowed by the mind-bending tenderness of his kiss and the hammering of their hearts.

Despite the tangled mayhem that was his mind, Taehyung focused on conveying his desperate feelings for him with the sweet rolling of their mouths, as the thought of getting rejected and having his heart broken by Jungkook seemed too agonizing to handle.



Chapter End Notes

It happened!!!! This is one of my favorite chapters of this book. And a lot more of my favorites are coming

Say It Again

Jungkook, lying in his bed, gazed at Taehyung's sleeping face with a ray of softness. His mind floated around yesterday's events — flashback after flashback sprang up, making his stomach lurch in blissfulness and his chest flutter.

Having sex with him wasn't just that. His attempt to deny it led him nowhere, because a shielded part within him knew it wasn't true. The emotions he experienced with him were ones he hadn't felt before at that level of intensity. Every moment, each touch and look, embodied an intimacy that tugged at his heart, as if wanting to merge with his.

But their separation was inextricable. Not only because Taehyung would leave, but also because Jungkook was who he was, leading a life that wasn't meant for Taehyung and currently being trapped in a messed-up situation.

So he had to pretend. Pretend that what happened between them was just for fun. That he didn't feel any connection. That he couldn't return his feelings. That his stomach didn't drop violently every time he thought about their separation.

He had to pretend he hadn't fallen for him. And it hurt more than he could ever imagine. He could easily see the sadness in Taehyung's eyes when he said they were just having a little fun. And maybe that was why it hurt so much.

"Why is Tae sleeping until this late again?"

Jungkook's spiraling thoughts ceased at the sound of Jimin's voice.

"Maybe he can't sleep at night."

"Should we go for a swim the two of us then? Or wake him up?"

"Don't," Jungkook cut in. "Let him sleep." He perceived the narrow-eyed look Jimin shot him and tsked. "He's on vacation. I'm sure he wakes up early every day because of his job. Let the man sleep now that he can."

"I hate to say this, but he's right," Hoseok uttered. "Let's go for a swim and let him sleep."

"Okay."

The two friends changed into their beachwear, took the necessary things, and soon were ready to go. "Jay, tell him where we are when he wakes up," Jimin said.

"Fine." Jungkook's eyes rested on Taehyung again when the door shut, and he released a soft sigh as he assimilated the serenity wandering on his stunning features.

Taehyung's eyes fluttered open a while later, and he blinked with a sleepy frown as he took in the brightness of the room. A delicate smile peeped out on his face at the sight of Jungkook across from him, who was already staring at him. "Hey," he croaked out glibly, but then the remembrance of his friends popped up into his head, and he glanced down at their beds with slight panic.

"Your friends are at the beach."

A rush of relief poured through his insides, carpeting any shred of tension. “Okay. I’ll go wash up.” He pushed himself to a sitting position, but a shooting pain in his bottom had his mouth flying open around a silent shrill and his eyes watering at once.

Jungkook’s brows raised in two bows of mischief, a smirk dancing on his lips. “Is something wrong?”

Taehyung darted him an angered glare at his prominent taunt, clearly unamused. “Mocking me isn’t helping, you know.”

“Okay, okay,” he snickered. “Do you need help?”

“No, I got it.” He crept down the ladder, whining and wincing at every movement, and dragged his feet to the table to grab his toothbrush from his bag. It would be such a long day for him...

After freshening up, he returned and got to his bed, facing Jungkook. The more he regarded him, the more vivid the memory of their tender kiss last night became, and it mounded a growing urge in his chest that escaped him of its own will. “Can I come lie down with you?”

“Why?”

The unexpected question dimmed his boldness and injected gloom into his eyes. “Never mind.”

Jungkook observed the pout that swept across his face in no time. He wasn’t sure why he asked for an explanation, as if he didn’t know it. Or as if he didn’t want to lie down with him as well.

Taehyung’s gaze flung to the opposing bed at the movement he caught with his peripheral vision. A timid smile curled the corner of his previously droopy lips as he monitored him approaching. He scooted over to make room for him, and Jungkook plopped down next to him with a subdued exhalation. “I hate your mask.”

“Me too,” Jungkook whispered, then removed it from his face and slipped it in his pocket.

They exchanged a chaste peck as their arms clutched each other to unite their bodies. A bubble of blissful tranquility caged them at the first touch of their lips, and they kissed again and again, getting drunk on the euphoric feeling.

Taehyung rolled his hips against him, the grip on his hair tightening as he sucked on his lower lip. He didn’t mean to turn the kiss into a fiery make-out session, but Jungkook’s existence did things to him he couldn’t control and flared his sensitive hormones so effortlessly.

Jungkook grunted deep in his throat at the next grinding of his hardened length against him and disconnected their mouths. “Stop rubbing yourself at me. You’ll get me hard.”

Taehyung smirked and mouthed at his lip, suckling it. “Maybe that’s what I want.”

“Yeah?” Jungkook mirrored his crooked smile. “What if your friends come back?”

“They won’t be back before twelve.”

“It’s already after twelve.”

“What?” Taehyung drew back, mildly appalled. “I slept so much again?”

“Yeah. They left like an hour ago.”

The surprise in his eyes converted into sly seducement as he pressed their crotches together. “So we have at least one hour to play a little.” Taehyung silenced his oncoming disagreement with his mouth. His hand traced down from gripping his hair to his nape and splayed wide over his back to knead the muscles in powerful circles.

Jungkook grunted with a mouth full of his tantalizing tongue at the fervency of his actions. The rolling of Taehyung’s hips was insistent, brushing his cock just right against his own now dripping hard length. He grasped the hair at the back of his head and pulled, breaking their mouths apart with a breathless moan. “Fuck, we can’t.”

Taehyung sought for his lips right away again with a pouty frown of sheer discontent, but the hold on his hair kept him immobile. “Come on,” he mewled. “I want your cock in my mouth.”

“Don’t say these things, fuck.” Jungkook squeezed his legs together at the shock of titillation that shot up his cock. “What if your friends return earlier and just barge inside? They have the key card with them.”

“But I’m horny,” he said with the deepest pouts he could muster, bucking his hips against him.

Jungkook chuckled at his cuteness but choked on a groan at the rub of their groins. “Me too. But it’s too risky to do this in here. Later in the storage room, hmm?”

Taehyung’s chest plummeted with a sharp sigh, lips still puckered in a pout. “Okay,” he reluctantly said, the flames of his enkindled state prickling beneath his skin.

Jungkook pecked his nose, smiling at the adorable pout on his face. “Yesterday wasn’t enough for you, hmm?”

“Of course not. I wish I could feel your cock in me all the time.”

“Your damn mouth,” he rasped as he held his chin between his fingers, “will be the death of me.”

Every ounce of slyness from Taehyung’s features was replaced with horror at the cheerful beep of the door that rang through the room.

Jungkook hastened to jump off the bed and landed in a deep squat. He was barely able to wear his mask and take two hurried steps towards the door before it flew open, and he saw the other two flinch at his sudden presence. He stared at them for a second and squeezed past them, scurrying out of the room.

“What was that?” Jimin asked with bafflement written all over his face.

“He got a call and left in a hurry,” Taehyung lied as he sat up, eyes flitting around the floor.

“Oh. Anyway. Come on, Tae, get ready.”

Taehyung squinted his vision on Jimin. “For what?”

“Did you forget? We have climbing today.”

Another flash of horror widened Taehyung’s eyes, as he had completely forgotten about their plans with everything that happened. *Fuck. How am I supposed to climb a damn mountain when I can barely walk?* “Um, sorry. I don’t think I can come.”

“Why?” Hoseok asked.

“My stomach feels a little weird. I think I ate something bad.”

“Do you need us to get you something?”

“No, hyung. It’ll pass. I just don’t feel strong enough. You should go, though.”

“You want to go, Chim?”

“Yeah. We only have three days left, so I want to see as many places as possible. We can go all together tomorrow.”

Taehyung nodded smilingly. “Yes.”

After taking their towels and clean clothes, the two headed out of the room, and Taehyung plopped down with a sigh. *That was so fucking close.*

It was a little while later when they returned freshly showered and dressed in casual clothes. They wore their shoes and grabbed their bags, then said their goodbyes to Taehyung before leaving once again.

Jungkook peeked at the two from the kitchen where he was hiding and trod back to his room when they disappeared from his sight. He opened the door with his card key and glanced at Taehyung’s bed as he shed his mask. “Where did they go?”

“For climbing. I forgot about it.”

A notion of devilry flared in Jungkook’s eyes as he smiled sweetly. “Why didn’t you go?”

“Why do you think?” he scoffed, irony pouring off his tone mixed with playful annoyance. “I can barely walk.”

“Oh right. I broke you.”

Taehyung snorted, shaking his head. “They’ll be late, so come up here to continue what we were doing.”

“No, it’s too dangerous in here.”

“Come on—”

“No,” he stated, eyes grave and warning. “I don’t want anyone to know about this.” He caught the instant avoidance of his gaze and the nibbling of his lip, and regarded him in the fraught silence that buzzed in the room. “Don’t tell me... you said something to your friends.”

“No! I—I mean... I only told Hoseok about the night in the storage room and that I saw your face. But only because I wanted to talk to someone about my feelings!”

A crippling feeling of doom squashed Jungkook’s being, numbing him. He buried his face in his hands and rubbed his forehead with infuriating pressure. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” His voice rose to a roar as he slammed his fist on his bed, and he let his head fall against it in pure frustration. “I’m so fucking stupid.”

A curtain of sorrowful remorse veiled Taehyung’s features as he kept glancing at his enraged state. “Why do you say that?”

“I shouldn’t have started anything with you.” He pushed a hand through his hair, maintaining his back turned to him. “Why did I expect you would keep your mouth shut? I’m so stupid.”

“But—But I didn’t say anything that can put you in danger,” Taehyung attempted to defend himself, voice cracking at the bitter wetness that gathered in his eyes.

“I didn’t want anyone to know anything!” Jungkook growled with a fling of his arm as he spun around, his incensed eyes slashing through him.

Taehyung hung his head when he sensed the tears he strove to hold back drip down his face. “Hoseok already knew something was going on because of your behavior. But either way, I’m sorry. Maybe this was a mistake after all.” He lay down facing the wall just as his face wrung with sadness and gushed out of his eyes in wave after wave of tears.

Jungkook’s anger melted so effortlessly at the sound of his muted sobs. They twisted his heart so violently he wished he didn’t have one at that moment. Why did he have to care so much about him? Why did he feel such heartache at the sight of him crying?

The said heartache exhorted his legs to advance, and he found himself standing in front of his bed. “I… I’m sorry. I didn’t want to make you cry. Don’t cry.”

But despite his words, Taehyung’s body still shook lightly by his suppressed sobs, unable to tame them. That stranglehold of remorse around his neck tightened more and more as he reexamined his actions. It was obvious that Jungkook wouldn’t want anyone to know about them, even though Hoseok was trusted. And it *was* a mistake whatever happened between them. Because he could put him in danger without wanting to.

Taehyung was so lost in his ruefulness he didn’t comprehend when Jungkook sneaked beside him until he felt a robust chest press against his back and an arm embrace his shivery form.

Jungkook drew a row of utterly delicate kisses on the slope of his neck and held onto his silence as the quivery tension in Taehyung’s muscles subsided. “I’m a jerk, baby. You knew that from the start. Don’t cry because of me. Please.”

Taehyung used his shirt to dry the wetness from his face and sniffled, the tips of his lips hanging tamely. “I just feel bad. I didn’t want to make you so mad.”

“It’s not your fault. My temper sucks. I’ve been through hell lately, and I get mad way too easily.”

Taehyung wiped his nose once more with his shoulder and rolled over. He snuggled up into his warm embrace, bringing their mouths inches apart. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Jungkook filled his lungs with a dragging breath and released it nasally. “I can’t. You know I can’t.”

“But do you want to?”

Jungkook combed through his hair with his fingers, gazing into his reddened eyes. He tilted to kiss him long and deeply and kept smoothing his locks back in slow-paced, mild caresses as he withdrew. “Share everything with you? Yes. But bring you into my life? No.”

Taehyung trailed tender lines on his side with his palm, his soft stare on him unrelenting. “I’m already in your life.”

“No, you’re not. Staying in here and hiding isn’t my life, Taehyung. For now, maybe it is. But it

won't be for long."

He found a decent amount of logic in his words and accepted them resignedly. He nuzzled his face into his chest and carved a row of kisses where his lips lay. "I wish you could tell me about your life. I'm so curious to know your story." He sensed his chest rise with a quivery influx of air and kissed it again as it rippled to a drop.

"You won't like what you'll hear. So it's better not knowing."

Taehyung pulled back enough to interlock their gazes. A hushed sadness adorned his eyes, he observed, and the recognition sank his heart into a mire of gloom, for some reason. "Let me decide that, Jungkook," he uttered — begged — in a fragile tune. "Just like I don't know you, you don't know me either. Let me decide what I can handle or not."

"Whether you can handle it or not, I don't want you anywhere near my life. You're too pure for it."

Taehyung's eyes matched his sadness as he cradled his cheek in a gentle hold. "If I can't be in your life because I'm too pure, I don't want to be pure anymore. Ruin me. Ruin me for anyone else and let me be in your life."

The slew of mixed emotions within Jungkook rocked like a weight that could tip him over at any second as his words curled around his senses. They echoed so sweet and ideal. His impulse to concede to Taehyung's wish ground through his chest to reach his heart and demolish the wall of restraint that caged it, but that pulsing organ shrilled in agony because he couldn't let it happen.

He managed a semblance of a smile, although it had bitterness outlining it. "Don't make this complicated. It's supposed to be fun for as long as it lasts. Take what's given to you right now. And don't think about tomorrow."

Taehyung nestled his face against his chest, latching onto him. As much as he wanted to do that, he couldn't. The thought of parting from him sliced his heart and struck a stinging burn around his nose that watered his eyes. He couldn't survive a tomorrow without him. Although they only knew each other for a few days, his heart was already brimmed with Jungkook to the core — to the point of being a breath away from exploding from the fullness of him.

He didn't know why or how that was possible to happen in such a short time. But it did happen, and he was left suffering inwardly, obscuring each jolt of unbearable pain behind a smiling facade.

Jungkook did his afternoon exercise once the three friends headed out to buy souvenirs. He took a cooling shower with the thought of Taehyung meandering in his mind like a persistent cloud he couldn't dissipate.

He smiled fondly at his memory, then drowned into a whirlpool of sullenness the next moment. Everything was too messed up, and he was getting tired of pretending and confining his desires.

Dressed in his usual long-sleeved shirt and black sweatpants, he sauntered towards the storage room since it was almost eight. He slid the door open and found his three hyungs already seated around the table. "Hey."

"Hey, Kook," Seokjin said as he passed him a can of beer. "How are you?"

"Fine." He stuffed his mask into his pocket and sipped the cold drink.

“Are you sure?” Yoongi questioned with a raised brow. “You’re not sulky anymore because you can’t fuck Taehyung?”

“No,” he sighed, his gaze anchored on his beer. “Because I already did.” The confession came out of his mouth so nonchalantly, as if discussing the weather.

Seokjin’s drink slipped through his grip at the revelation, and a splash of beer leaped out, drenching his hand, when he caught it just in time. He set the can on the table and shook off the liquid from his hand, then wiped it on his sweatpants. “You... You showed him your face?”

“He had already seen my face. He found out about the private bathroom and came looking for me. I hadn’t locked the door. And he saw my face.”

Yoongi screwed his eyes shut and dug his face into his hands, rubbing it in excessive frustration. “I can’t believe this.”

“Why is it so wrong? He had already seen my face, anyway.”

“And what? You thought that fucking him was a good idea then?” Yoongi roared, banging his fists against the table. “If he gets attached to you, he’ll become a fucking problem, Jungkook. His life can get in danger. If, of course, he doesn’t open his mouth and forces us to kill him.”

“You won’t touch him,” he stated, voice low and tight with a hair-raising warning. “He won’t say anything.”

“Jungkook...” Namjoon uttered through the constrictive coil of hesitation in his throat. “How can you be so sure?”

“Because he’s already attached to me.” A fog of dreariness blurred his eyes as he maintained them locked on the can in his hand. “He said he has fallen for me.”

As a sonorous scoff of disbelief burst out of Yoongi’s mouth, Seokjin gaped at him, unable to wrap his head around what he said. “How? He... He knows nothing about you.”

“I don’t know how. And I don’t really care. The point is, he won’t say anything. So don’t even think about hurting him.”

“We won’t, Kook. Of course we won’t,” Namjoon said.

Yoongi chugged down his beer and expelled a long sigh. “What’s wrong with these guys? Why are they falling in love so easily?”

Jungkook cracked a little smile with the snort that escaped him. “Did Jimin confess?”

“No. But I can see it. After what you said, I observed his behavior. He’s not looking just for a good fuck.”

“What do you mean? How is he acting?” Seokjin asked.

“He’s just so clingy. He wants to kiss me all the time. Hug me. Wants me to fuck him again and again.”

“And you like it.”

Yoongi focused his eyes on Jungkook at his statement. Only his subdued exhalation rippled through the room at the brief hush he allowed to reign over them. “Yeah, that’s the fucking

problem. I like it too much.”

The smile that cut across Jungkook’s face was wide and genuine this time. “Why is it a problem? Falling in love isn’t that bad.”

“He’s leaving in three days, Jungkook. Along with Taehyung.”

Even if Jungkook wanted to forget that sorrowful fact, he couldn’t. “I know. Maybe after all this, you guys can be together, though. Where does he live?”

“Do you hear yourself?” Yoongi sneered bitterly. “I’m a fucking drug dealer.”

“No. You work at a nightclub. *I’m* a drug dealer. *I* handle the business.”

“Still...” Yoongi whispered. “I arrange deals for the business. All of us do. We’re all involved. That’s our life, Kook. Do you think we have room for love?”

A dark grimness hung over Jungkook’s traits like a mantle. He swigged his beer and propped his forearms against the table. “We don’t, huh?”

“No. Love is a weakness. And when our rivals find that weakness, they’ll tear it apart.”

The silence lingered in the air heavily as Jungkook retired into his mangled thoughts. Yoongi was right. He couldn’t forget the numerous times they attempted to hurt or even kill him, his family, and his friends throughout the years because they wanted to weaken them. How could he bring Taehyung into a life like this?

The answer was he couldn’t, and he would never do it. Taehyung was too precious for such a brutal life.

Jungkook finished his beer with large gulps. His eyes grazed over his friends, glimpsing at the oppression dragging their features down, and plummeted again. “Then... maybe I don’t want this life anymore.”

A new heaviness was added to the already strained atmosphere that rendered the three throughout speechless, just viewing him dumbly.

Namjoon shifted in his seat, unease gnawing at his chest. “Are you serious? Why? Don’t tell me... No, Jungkook. You’ll throw everything away for a guy? We worked so fucking hard to get here.”

“I said maybe. Relax. We have other things to deal with first, anyway.”

“Right,” Yoongi said. “We have to figure out this mess. Then we’ll see.”

“Yes. Let’s just leave this matter for now and focus on Ji Hoo, hmm?” Seokjin glanced around at them and soon saw them nod. “Did you talk to your father?”

“No. Let’s call him now. Yoon?”

Yoongi fished his phone from his pocket and typed his name into the search bar of his contacts. He tapped his number and put it on speaker, then placed the phone on the table.

It rang for a long time as usual, but Hyun Joon’s gruff voice eventually waved across the room. “Yoongi? What is it?”

“Dad. We’re all together in the storage room. I have to ask you something.”

“Make it quick. I’m out.”

“You sent us here to find Ji Hoo because you found out he was hiding here, right?”

“Yes.”

“Who told you that?”

“Tsk, did you call me to ask stupid things? Why does that matter?”

“Because Ji Hoo came to Jeju Island only three weeks ago.” Jungkook shared a taut look with his hyungs at the silence that ensued.

“Did you find him?”

“Yes. He said his father didn’t do it.”

“And you believed him? What else would he say? It’s his father.” Hyun Joon let out a coarse sigh. “Look, the information came from my men. Either they lied to me or they didn’t do their job properly. I’ll handle that. You should focus on making Ji Hoo tell you where Kang Soo is. He has to pay for what he did to you, doesn’t he?”

Jungkook’s mouth pressed into a cruel line as his jaw tightened at the rapid remembrance. “Yes. But Ji Hoo says he doesn’t know where he is. I even beat him until he bled, and he didn’t say anything. He’s trying to clear his name.”

“Bullshit,” he scoffed. “Of course he knows, and he’s playing you. Don’t forget everything they did to us. Kang Soo is capable of anything. And if Ji Hoo really doesn’t know, use him to find his location.”

“I’ll see what I can do. But are you sure there’s nothing I have to know?”

“Yes, Jungkookie. The business is going well, but since the four of you aren’t here, I have to oversee everything. Finish the job soon. I need you back.”

“Okay. Bye.”

“Take care, guys.”

After the rest of them said their goodbyes, Yoongi ended the call. “I’m even more confused now.”

“I know,” Seokjin sighed. “Me too.”

“Well, someone is lying. The question is who,” Namjoon said, rubbing his chin in contemplation.

Jungkook stared at an empty spot in the air as his mind swirled with a myriad of thoughts. “For now, let’s think of a way to make Ji Hoo talk or make him lead us to his father.”

“But what if he’s right?” Seokjin asked. “What if Kang Soo is indeed innocent?”

“Maybe we should go over that night and examine everything again,” Namjoon said.

“We already did that a thousand times.”

Namjoon tsked at Yoongi’s remark. “That’s why I said ‘again’.”

And since there was nothing else they could do at that moment, they reviewed the events of that damn night that haunted them for the past four months.

...

Jungkook returned to an empty room after the two-hour meeting with his hyungs.

And when the three friends finally entered the room hours later, he was left staring at their obvious but thankfully mild drunkenness with a glint of disapproval.

“Hmm, I want to see Yoongi. Do you think he’s awake?” Jimin asked with a goofy smile on his lips as he narrowed his eyes on the screen of his phone, searching for Yoongi’s number.

“It’s after midnight, Chim,” Taehyung giggled, then snatched the phone from his grip. “He works in...” He attempted to count the hours with his fingers but gave up rather quickly as the light dizziness around his head hindered his task. “In a few hours, anyway.”

“He’s obviously sleeping. And we should too,” Hoseok said as he grabbed his pajamas.

The three men took turns to change behind the screen and lay in their beds. After their goodnights, a quietness shrouded the room.

Jimin’s and Hoseok’s muted snores didn’t take too long to pierce through Jungkook’s ears, and he peeked down at their beds for confirmation of their sleeping state. “Taehyung.”

“Hmm?”

Jungkook sneaked out of his bed and neared him at a creep. “Are you drunk?”

“A little,” Taehyung breathed out, keeping his eyes closed by the heaviness they bore.

“I was waiting for you. And you came back drunk.”

“Hmm, sorry. M’sleepy now.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll wake you up real good.”

Taehyung forced his eyes to open despite their opposition. The whispering, liquid voice of his and the enkindling innuendos that underlay his remark sent a firestorm of instant interest through his groin.

With a nod of his head towards the door, Jungkook swiveled and exited the room. It only took Taehyung a few seconds to follow him, and he led the way to the storage room. He locked the door once they stepped inside and removed his mask.

Jungkook cornered him against the wall, trapping him between his arms. “Why did you get drunk, baby?” He nosed around his neck, intentionally brushing his lips against his skin in light caresses. “I hope no one touched you.”

Taehyung’s head lolled to the side at the first stimulating suck on his neck, and he clawed at his waist to press their lower bodies together. “What if someone did?”

Jungkook paused for barely a second, then gouged his teeth into his flesh hard enough to rip a pained gasp from Taehyung. He sensed him shrink from his sharp nip, but Jungkook dragged him back and guzzled his skin until he painted a rainbow of marks over it.

By the time he finished and pulled away to marvel at the results, Taehyung was a shaking mess; his cock was ready to tear off the clothing by its distention, stupid mewls tumbled out of his open mouth, and his mind couldn't function around the pleasurable pain on his neck anymore.

"You're so pretty like this." He dipped to mouth at the abused spot, soothing it with his tongue. "No one is allowed to touch you, angel. Not when I'm fucking you. Got it?"

"Yes, yes," Taehyung moaned, rolling his hips against him on repeat. He was so turned on by his dominant behavior he felt like cumming just by grinding against him. "I only want you to touch me, Jungkook. Only you. Please. Please touch me."

Jungkook slid his wet lips over his chin, leaving a shiny path of spit on his way to his mouth. "How can I do that when you went and got yourself drunk, hmm?"

"I'm not drunk," he dissented right away, a trembling edge of anxiousness in his voice. "I'm perfectly fine. I swear." He fisted his shirt and pulled him close, linking their mouths. He pocked his lips with his tongue, but a frustrated whine burred in his throat at his denial to welcome it inside. "Kiss me." He attempted to slither his tongue into his heat again, only to be met with the same resistance.

Taehyung guided one hand to his cock in desperation and squeezed it. He felt Jungkook's lips part with the moan that spilled from them, and he finally shoved his tongue in his mouth as he so much desired to do.

Jungkook thrust him harder against the wall as he devoured him, all teasing stubbornness now discarded. He had seen Taehyung in his drunken state, and he was nowhere near that level at that moment. That was the only reason he surrendered to his wish and finally touched him.

He sloppily yanked his shorts with his boxers down and curled his fingers around his sensitive cock, clutching his nape with the other hand. His tongue carried on clashing with Taehyung's sinful one as their lips molded fiercely together, the surrounding air vibrating with their stifled groans.

"I want to fuck you right now," he grunted against his lips and captured them again. He stroked him faster, twisting his hand just the right way to make him convulse in pleasure. "Want to ruin you so bad."

Taehyung shed his clothes completely, then watched through his turbid from ecstasy vision as Jungkook slipped the baby oil out of his pocket and coated three fingers. "For anyone else?"

Jungkook's body stilled as the recollection of their conversation earlier penetrated the mist of excitement in his mind. He pulled on his shoulder and flipped him over, pushing him against the wall. He leaned his mouth to his ear, his clothed chest pressing into his back, as he brought two fingers to his entrance. "I've already done that, haven't I?" He popped them into him, forcing his tight walls to split open and make way for the breach.

Taehyung thrust his ass back onto the jabs of his fingers, numb to the burning pain, as the hot delectation was significantly stronger. "Yes. I'm already ruined for anyone else," he said in a broken voice by his jarring body.

"And now what?" Jungkook gripped his hair and tugged it as he harshly dragged his digits against the velvety constriction that kept clenching around them.

Taehyung whimpered in exhilarating relish as the side of his head was wretched away from the wall with the fierce pull. "Yours," he babbled. "Now I'm yours. Fuck, fuck, I'm cumming."

“Don’t. You’ll make a mess.”

“Can’t—I can’t—”

Jungkook yanked his fingers out and turned him around before dropping to his knees. He guzzled his dripping cock, the head smacking against his throat in each plunge. Hot cum filled his mouth just seconds later, and he grunted around him as he swallowed every drop of the delicious liquid.

He pulled back with a hard suction of his mouth and panted to stabilize his breath. He heaved himself to his feet and undressed, then squirted more oil in his hand. He lifted his left leg and held it securely as he eased three fingers into his sore hole.

Taehyung still hadn’t recovered from his mind-bending orgasm, and he found himself stuffed with three long fingers that ground against the deepest parts of him. He wanted to toss his head from side to side in pleasure, slam his eyes shut, bury his face in the crook of his neck, but the way Jungkook was staring at him at that very moment captured the entirety of his focus.

His view on him was so intense and fixated; he was soaking him up, as if wanting to carve his image in his mind forever. It spellbound him more than any orgasm, more than Jungkook’s fingers or cock in his hole could ever.

“Say it again.” Jungkook pushed back and forth along his walls in fast-paced brushes, wanting to bury his cock inside him as fast as possible.

The heated delight built within Taehyung’s stomach again, just like Jungkook’s rhythm, and obstructed his lucidity from understanding the meaning of his remark. “What?”

“Taehyung.” He slammed his fingers into him, his knuckles slapping against his hole, as he grasped his thigh hard enough to imprint his hand on it. “Say it again,” he repeated — the words spewed from him with accentuation and a growl of impatience coiled around them.

Taehyung strove to gather what little was left of his coherence and reverted his mind to their previous conversation. Realization gleamed on his face, which wrung a second later in rapture at a particular thrust of his fingers against his prostate. “I’m—I’m yours.”

Jungkook could feel the words sear his skin and turn his bones into the consistency of water. He retracted his fingers and drenched his cock with oil before he returned to his prior position. The glide of his erection into him was slow and careful, knowing how sore he was.

He embraced his twitching form once he bottomed out and linked their lips sweetly. “Again,” he muttered and planted a long kiss on his mouth, rolling their tongues together.

“I’m yours,” Taehyung rasped. “Fuck me. Want to feel you now.”

“Wait a bit. I’m sure you’re in pain.”

“I don’t care. Fuck me. Ruin me.”

Jungkook’s cock jolted inside him at the lewdness of his words, but fuck, he had to wait for him to get used to the stretch despite his dissent. “Wait.”

“If I wait, I’ll say more things I shouldn’t.” Beside the immense longing and contentment in his eyes, a melancholic shade grew as he held them fastened on him.

“Like what?”

“Jungkook. Fuck me.”

“Like what?” he asked again, squeezing him harder against the wall.

“You don’t want to know.”

Jungkook knew everything already. He could see it in his eyes, feel it in the way he kissed him and touched him. Hearing them from his mouth, though, gave him a high he never thought it existed. Even if he couldn’t bring himself to say them back.

Jungkook drew his hips back and struck into his heat in brisk, powerful shoves, locking that conversation in a corner of his mind to resume it another time. The warmth and tightness of his hole was mind-expanding — an emotion he allowed to overtake each one of his senses with relish.

Taehyung’s back ground against the wall with every brutal slam of his hips, but the pain was cocooned in a blanket of ultimate delectation, forcing him to focus on that wholeheartedly. Stupid, wanton moans of ecstasy rolled off his open mouth as he was ripped apart by his big cock so voluptuously even tears beaded along his lids.

He leaned to kiss him, tongues swirling together right away in need to feel more — everything to the max. He reveled in the vibrations of Jungkook’s grunts against his chest as he kissed him with equal hunger, fingertips digging into his back to pull him closer and closer.

Jungkook’s thrusts were relentless and untiring, only growing fiercer. That velvety hole sucked him in so eagerly as Taehyung fucked himself back onto his cock. He swallowed each one of his pretty sounds with his mouth, exploring his heat with his tongue and nibbling his smooth lip in turn.

Taehyung writhed at the continuous hammering of his prostate and broke the kiss as he cried out a rapturous whine. His head banged against the wall, then leveled out, ignoring the pounding ache. Through the brume of intoxication in his mind, he registered Jungkook stared at him with the same desperate intensity as before and recognized the hidden meaning of it at once.

He tangled his fingers into his hair as he panted out his moans, peering back at the flaming lust in his eyes. “I’m yours, Jungkook,” he whispered and gasped at the instant increase of ferocity of his shoves. “Make me cum. Please, please. I’m yours.”

Jungkook felt the words tingle all through his veins again and barrage his entity with stark bliss. *I’m yours too.* He sped up the rutting of his hips to the full and crushed their mouths together, hoping his actions would convey the words he couldn’t let out.

He took him and kissed him so roughly, aching desperation subtending each movement. The words he asked Taehyung to repeat so many times echoed throughout his inebriated senses as he impaled him on his cock over and over. He was so sunk in pleasure the fire in his core exploded unexpectedly, and it was blinding the least.

He ended the kiss with a jerk of his head as an animal growl of consuming rapture exploded out of him at the first eruption of cum that jetted out. He drilled him with halting, cruel thrusts as he emptied everything inside him, riding out his release.

Taehyung needed nothing more to cum; Jungkook’s bawdy grunts and skewed face of extreme contentment were enough to rush him over the edge. His form prickled with goosebumps as his cock jolted, spilling the hot, sticky liquid all over Jungkook’s chest and stomach.

They stood still with connected foreheads, feeling their lungs burn from their rapid breath. The

aftermath of their volcanic orgasm stung their skin with gratifying tingles, making different muscles in their bodies shudder here and there.

Jungkook lowered his leg and slithered his length out carefully. He pattered to the closest shelf and grabbed a pack of wet wipes, then quickly cleaned the dripping cum from his body.

“We didn’t really think this through,” Taehyung said with a half laugh as he sensed his cum trickle down the inside of his thighs. “I need to take a shower.”

“Yeah,” Jungkook snorted weakly as he passed him a wet wipe. “Me too. Let’s shower together.”

And they did. They took a long, relaxing shower, sharing an ocean of sugary kisses and smiles, ignoring all the unsaid things and unfinished conversations that burdened their hearts.

They returned to their room and lay in their beds with their eyes riveted on each other. The more Jungkook gazed at him, the stronger a turbulent itch built within him and eventually spewed from his mouth in a whisper. “I want to sleep with you.”

Taehyung’s brows clumped together in a playful frown as he snickered. “Again? We just fucked.”

“No. To sleep. Next to you.”

Any fraction of a smile dropped off his countenance, and instead, surprise cloaked it. His eyes rolled in a circle of awkwardness as his heartbeat spiked. “What about my friends?”

“I don’t really care right now.”

The genuine resolve he detected in the way he spoke only amplified his anxious eagerness. “Are you sure? Jimin might say something to Yoongi accidentally. I trust him, but... he can’t control his mouth sometimes.”

“It’s okay. I know you won’t do anything to put me in danger. That’s enough for me. And I already told my hyungs about this. But don’t worry. I won’t let them hurt you even if... even if you do put me in danger.”

So many questions whirled in his head again. Why was he hiding? How could he put him in danger? Who was looking for him? But no matter the raging questions, Taehyung clung onto his last hesitantly spoken remark with a vengeance. “Come here.”

Jungkook descended the ladder and crept closer, shedding his mask. He got into the bed on the inner side and muffled him into his embrace without wasting a second.

Taehyung exhaled a blissful sigh as he clutched him to his body, savoring the waves of warmth that rolled off him. “Why did you tell them about... this?”

“I can’t hide from them, anyway. It was better to tell them from the start instead of lying to them and finding out on their own.”

“Did they scold you?”

“Yeah. But I don’t care. I’m so tired of hiding...”

Taehyung witnessed a bitter gloom pour from his eyes again that struck him with the same intense sadness. He could feel the multiple meanings his last remark contained, but he could only grasp one. He knew he was tired of hiding his existence. But he had no idea what else he was so tired of

hiding.

He pressed a kiss on his lips — such a tender kiss it melted Jungkook's heart and all the aching gloom surrounding it. "You're the strongest. You can overcome whatever you're going through. Don't give up now."

Jungkook was sure he could get through this. That wasn't what gouged holes in his chest and frenzied him anymore. What he couldn't get through, though, was their looming separation, and he was sure of that too. Waking up in an empty room without Taehyung's ethereal existence? It felt too atrocious to even think about it.

He slotted their lips together gently, tracing affectionate strokes over his back. "You feel like heaven. I love that about you." He sensed his little smile against his mouth as he kissed him and copied it automatically.

The sugary words flowed through Taehyung's body in a leaping stream of fondness that had his stomach fluttering and lurching and free-falling towards *love*. "You *are* my heaven." He angled his head to deepen the kiss, but even with the rip-roaring touch of their tongues, a sweet gentleness preponderated that brought their hearts just a few inches away from melding wholeheartedly.



It Never Was

Jimin hummed softly as he spread his limbs, chest arching in a delightful stretch. He rubbed his bleary face and pushed himself off his the bed. He glanced at Taehyung's bed from habit as he headed towards the door, but he halted on stiff legs, his eyes enlarging so much they felt as if they would burst out.

The sleepiness from his face was replaced by extreme shock in an instant as he gaped at Taehyung, who was sleeping with his back turned to him and with a man's limbs loosely wrapped around his frame.

He snapped his head behind him to verify that Jay's bed was empty, and his jaw popped open around a hushed gasp. With the sinking of the realization, he slapped his palm over his mouth as another appalled sound erupted from him, gaze glued to the unbelievable sight.

"What's wrong?"

Jimin jumped in his spot at Hoseok's hoarse voice. He regarded the prominent confusion on his sleepy face through his bulging eyes. "Look, look," he whisper-yelled as he tugged at his arm to heave him off his bed.

Hoseok heeded to his wish with a groan and followed his gaze. A similar expression of bewildered shock swept across his face at the examination of the sight, and his mouth opened and closed without words coming out.

"Why the hell is Jay in his bed?" Jimin asked in a restless, high-pitched murmur.

"I... I have no idea. What the fuck?"

The constant whispers seeped into Jungkook's senses until they jarred them completely awake. He yawned with a face buried in Taehyung's chest, but the comprehension that he wasn't wearing his mask brisked his heartbeat with a searing anxiety. He hastened to take his mask out of his pocket and put it on, thankful for Taehyung's chest that gave him protection.

"Since when is there a thing between them?" Jimin, oblivious to Jungkook's conscious state, asked.

"I don't know. I'm so confused."

"Should we wake them? I want to know everything, like, right now."

"No," Hoseok dissented at once. "Leave them alone. Let's go wash up."

Jimin made a moue of sheer discontent, then rolled his eyes. "Ugh, fine."

They took their toothbrushes and towels and stared at the two for a bit longer before Hoseok ushered him out of the room.

A subdued sigh rolled off Jungkook at the click of the door closing. "Taehyung." He smoothed his hand up and down his side in slow caresses in his attempt to wake him. "Taehyung." He gave him two gentle shakes at his unresponsiveness. "Wake up."

Taehyung's chest vibrated with a sweet hum as he clutched him tighter, then he blindly leaned to kiss him. The clothing his lips touched had him grimacing, and he cracked an eye open to inspect. "Why are you—" He jolted away and darted his head to Hoseok's bed, alarm flaring inside him.

"They went to wash up," Jungkook said and pulled him into his embrace again. "They already saw us. Jimin seemed too curious to know what's going on."

"Shit, sorry."

"Why are you sorry?" he scoffed as he raked his hand through his knotty hair. "I told you I wanted to sleep with you."

"I know, but now... they saw us." There was a saddened sheen overlying his reddened eyes, despite Jungkook's mollifying words. "What should I tell them?"

"Whatever you want. Talk freely to them about this. I already talked to my hyungs, anyway."

A glimmer of a timid smile shone over Taehyung's face as he trailed the muscles along his back with a tender palm. "Thanks."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like hiding things from them. Of course I won't tell them your name," he hastened to add, a tide of uneasiness cresting and then dropping away just as fast. "Or anything you tell me about your life. If you tell me. I meant it's hard to hide this from them since we're staying in the same room."

Jungkook's eyes crinkled at the corners with the smile that bloomed on his face. "I know. You're right." He pulled his mask down and planted a peck on his lips.

Taehyung hummed in bliss and kissed him again with the same tenderness. "This is nice."

"Yeah, but I have to get off your bed now."

Taehyung's hold around him tightened with the whine that buzzed in his throat, his face wringing in a pout. "No."

Jungkook chuckled and drew a fond kiss on his forehead. "Talk to your friends first. They won't leave us alone if you don't tell them about this."

"Hmm, you're right," he sighed. "I'll go wash up."

"Me too." Jungkook gave him one last peck, then slipped his mask back on. He climbed down from the bed and shared a delicate gaze with Taehyung before he left the room.

Taehyung descended the ladder with small whimpers as the aching in his ass was worse than yesterday. Even if having sex with Jungkook every night came with that price, though, he didn't care one bit.

After grabbing the necessary things to head to the bathroom, he sauntered along the hallway and soon pushed the door open. His gaze passed over the two strangers on the left side, and he trod in the opposite direction. He located his two friends in front of the sinks and silently joined them.

Jimin finished washing his face and wiped it with his towel. He took in Taehyung's unexpected presence, and a glint of eagerness shimmered in his eyes. "Yah, what the—"

“Not in here,” Taehyung murmured.

Jimin respected his wish, since he knew they weren’t alone. He waited restlessly for Taehyung to finish his morning routine, tapping his foot against the floor. “Nice hickeys,” he crooned with a sneering lift of his brows as his eyes surveyed the rowdy, purplish marks that washed over the right side of his neck.

Taehyung settled for a stony look, with traces of embarrassment and guilt-ridden sullenness around the edges, since he couldn’t share with them earlier everything that happened with Jungkook.

He also used the bathroom soon, and he was ready to return to their room. “Let’s go.”

Jimin hooked his arm around Taehyung’s elbow, holding his things in his other hand. He smiled sweetly at him — a smile that only foreshadowed the painstaking interrogation Taehyung was about to receive.

Taehyung tossed his head in Hoseok’s direction, pleading eyes screaming, “Save me.” But he knew there wasn’t a ray of salvation with a curious Jimin beside him.

Their door room came into sight, but Taehyung was suddenly yanked into the kitchen. “Why are we here?”

“Because I don’t want Jay to be in the room while we talk about him.” Jimin instructed him to sit at the table and dragged his chair closer to him before taking his seat as well.

“Alright,” Taehyung uttered as he lowered his head. He filled his lungs with a fortifying breath and released the air in a broken wave. “I’m sure what you saw was a shock to you...”

“Obviously,” Jimin snickered. “What the hell is going on? And most importantly, why don’t I know anything about it?”

“Look, um... I’m sorry for keeping it a secret. You know I hate having secrets from you guys. But Jay is friends with Yoongi, Namjoon, and Seokjin. I was afraid you might say something to Yoongi accidentally.”

Jimin’s brows creased in puzzlement at the new information. “He’s friends with Yoongi? How?”

“I don’t know that either. At first, Jay didn’t want anyone to know. But now he talked to his hyungs, and I can finally talk to you guys about it.”

“Okay, okay, let’s take it from the beginning, hmm?” Jimin leaned on the table with his forearms, penetrating eyes anchored on him. “How did this thing start?”

“We... We talked sometimes when you guys were sleeping. And the more I talked to him, the more I wanted to know him. I told him I want to touch him and feel him close even with his mask on. I asked if he thinks I’m crazy. And he said yes, but he’s so much more. Then he took me to the storage room and we... sucked each other off.”

Jimin’s eyes swelled at the rapid turn of events. He noticed through his shock that Hoseok didn’t project even an ounce of similar surprise and frowned. “You already know about this.”

Hoseok’s lips formed a tight-lipped smile with awkwardness tracing it. “Yeah. I also know he saw his face, but that’s it. I don’t know anything else.”

“You saw his face?” Jimin asked, a new flash of shock blazing in his gaze. “How is he? Pretty?”

Taehyung smiled softly to himself, fondness flooding his downcast eyes. "He's... the most gorgeous man I've ever seen."

"Fuck, I want to see his face so bad now," Jimin grumbled with a defeated sigh since he knew he couldn't. "How did that happen, though?"

"Remember the day he wasn't in the room since morning? I went to look for him and I found him in the private bathroom. He wasn't wearing his mask. That's when I realized he was friends with the others."

"Okay, now tell us the rest because I want to know what happened next too," Hoseok said with a dose of impatience. "Did you tell him the truth?"

"About what?" Jimin asked.

"I said I wanted to find a guy to fuck me, remember?" Taehyung saw him nod instantly. "I did it on purpose, just for Jay to hear. I wanted more. I wanted him to fuck me. But he had said no and that we couldn't. So I told him I found a guy to see his reaction, and he got so mad. Later at night, I told him the truth. I begged him to stop holding himself back from wanting me. And he told me if I wanted a good fuck, he would be in the private bathroom."

"Damn, that's hot," Hoseok chuckled. "And?"

"I went there. And we fucked so good."

Jimin individuated the muted spark of sadness in his gaze as he spoke for a while now and felt it clutch his chest. "It's not just a fuck for you, though. Right?"

Taehyung raised his eyes to him, and the said sadness in them flared so much it stung them with a searing wetness. "It never was and never will be." There was an aching drawl in his words that spawned from the hot constriction at the back of his throat. "I'm in love with him. I told him it's okay even if he doesn't fall for me. I'll still want him. But now..." He swallowed hard and scrubbed away the first tears that slid down his cheeks. "Knowing he doesn't feel the same hurts so much. Too much."

Jimin exhaled shakily as he rubbed placating circles on his back. "Has he opened up to you? About why he's hiding his face and stuff?"

"No."

"Why did he change his mind about having sex with you, though?" Hoseok asked.

Taehyung drew in a breath and wiped his wet eyes with his shirt. "He said I had already seen his face, so having a little fun wouldn't hurt."

"Ugh, what an ass," Jimin hissed.

"He's not," Taehyung whispered with slow shakes of his head. "I told him it's okay. I told him I'll take just that because I want him that much."

Hoseok caressed his shoulder, smiling sadly. "Do you regret it?"

He didn't have to think about it. The answer was right at the tip of his tongue, but it still came out with difficulty. "No. I know he'll break my heart. At first I thought he'll fall for me like I did. That he'll try for us to be something. That he'll feel sad at the thought of me leaving. But he talks about

me leaving as if it's nothing. Now I'm sure he won't return my feelings. And I still can't stay away."

"Tae," Hoseok said in a breathy murmur. "He's obviously going through something. I think we all know he's hiding from someone. Who would have room for love in their life in a situation like this? You started something that was fated to end. We won't be here forever. So enjoy the last two days with him. And don't think about anything else."

"He's right. Even if he had fallen for you, he wouldn't be able to come with you, Tae. So have fun for as long as it lasts. And I'll do the same with Yoongi."

Although Taehyung sensed a spate of sobs build within his chest, he choked them back and nodded instead. "Okay."

Jungkook's hazy gaze remained locked on the floor as a newfound, stomach-flipping agony rocked through his insides. He retreated with heavy steps at the silence that engulfed the three friends and slouched towards the storage room.

He stepped inside and locked the door, then sank down to the floor with his back gliding against it. He propped his elbows on his bent knees and gripped his hair. His eyes screwed shut and his mind got more and more clouded with everything Taehyung said.

Knowing how much it hurt Taehyung to pretend he didn't feel the same pained him the most. But nothing would change if he confessed his outrageous feelings. Taehyung would still have to leave, and Jungkook would still be unable to go with him. Maybe it would be easier for Taehyung to forget whatever happened between them if he thought he hadn't fallen for him too.

They were doomed to suffer from their separation either way. He just hoped Taehyung's friends would give him abundant comfort and take care of him, since he couldn't do it himself.

...

Jungkook's absence from the room baffled Taehyung, though the plans he made with his friends kept him occupied enough not to dwell on it.

They finally went for climbing all together, even if Taehyung still wasn't in a perfect condition for it. He didn't want to miss out on anything since these were the last days of their vacation. They ate delicious food afterwards and dessert, and they went to the beach. They spent a couple of hours sunbathing while drinking cocktails and swam for a bit later.

It was early in the afternoon when they decided to head back to the hostel after their full day. Jimin had a date with Yoongi, so he wanted to have enough time to get ready, and Taehyung couldn't wait to see Jungkook again, to be honest.

"Chim. You really won't confess your feelings before leaving?" Taehyung asked as they traipsed along the sidewalk near their hostel.

"I don't know," he muttered. "What difference does it make? It's not like he'll ditch everything to come with me."

"Well, you don't know that," Hoseok argued. "Maybe he will."

"Why don't we just stay for a bit longer?" Taehyung proposed hesitantly.

"No way. My father will kill me," Jimin said.

“Yeah, same. We have jobs to get back to, Tae. Otherwise we would stay more.”

Taehyung’s head hung as a hushed exhalation emitted from his mouth. He forced the maddening thoughts out of his mind and reached out to open the door to the hostel, but it swung open before he could do anything, causing him to jolt. “Oh.”

The three friends gazed at the two policemen and stepped aside after a moment’s stillness.

“Sorry for startling you,” the black-haired officer said with a smile, and they plodded down the single step to resume their way.

“Actually,” the other officer, the shorter one, said as he halted and then turned to face them. “Can we ask a few things?”

The three exchanged a quick glance as confusion meandered around their expression. “Yes,” Hoseok said.

“How long have you been staying here?”

“Twelve days.”

He glanced at his partner, and the black-haired officer nodded, as if approving something. The latter fished his phone out of his pocket and tapped a few things. “Have you seen this man before?”

They tilted closer to the screen and analyzed the handsome man in the picture. But Taehyung didn’t have to analyze it; just a simple glimpse stirred a maelstrom of consternation within him that made his heart thrash against his ribcage. That crippling emotion grasped his spine and coiled around his limbs, stiffening them impossibly, as he repeated the name that was written above the picture.

Jeon Jungkook.

“No,” Jimin said. “Can I ask why you’re looking for him?”

“What about you two?” the black-haired officer asked as he aimed the phone at them.

“Me neither.”

“Me neither,” Taehyung breathed out, truly striving to dissemble any grain of his seismic mystification.

“Okay. Thank you.” He locked the phone and put it back in his pocket. “He’s wanted for murder. If you see him, call the police right away.” They bowed their heads and strolled off.

The far too vile words stabbed Taehyung’s stomach over and over, oppressing his existence and torturing his heart. A sickening numbness crazed his skin that flooded his head with a barrage of dolorous thoughts and questions. *He said he wasn’t a murderer. He said... he wasn’t. He said...*

Suddenly, he couldn’t pull enough oxygen into his lungs. The simple act of breathing started to feel like a struggle as a suffocating strap of anguish girdled his form so achingly it dazed him. The world rushed around him in a whirl of sounds and blurred passersby as he stood there frozen solid with the palsy of ravaging shock clenching his muscles.

Jimin examined his heaving chest and the deep creases adorning his traits through agitated eyes. He set a delicate hand on his shoulder as he dipped his head in his effort to meet his gaze. “Tae?

Are you okay? What's wrong?"

His voice sounded so distant in his ears, as if he were meters away. The gentle squeeze on his shoulder was what shook him out of his agonizing stupefaction, and he gulped, collecting what little was left of his composure. "I'm fine. It's just awful to think a murderer is on the run."

"I know, right?" Hoseok sighed, shaking his head. "The world we live in is so dangerous."

The two entered the building, and Taehyung compelled his legs to move and follow them. That gruesome churning of emotions thickened in his throat at the thought of facing Jungkook, creating a knot that foreboded tears he endeavored to repress.

"Hey," Jimin uttered as he approached Yoongi, who was sitting at the reception.

There was a tightness in Yoongi's body, which he attempted to conceal, as the police's unexpected visit alarmed him to an extent he could barely handle. He wore a smile at the sight of Jimin despite his turmoil. "Hey."

"Why did the police come here to look for that murderer?" Hoseok asked.

A new tension hardened the muscles of Yoongi's face as his round eyes flitted all around them. "You—You guys talked to them?"

"Yeah, we ran into them on their way out and they showed us a picture," Jimin informed.

Yoongi's view zoned in on Taehyung. He contemplated the harrowing emptiness his eyes reflected, and he instantly realized. Taehyung knew. He threw his head down, not wanting the others to suspect anything. "They're searching the whole area as a formality, they said. Don't worry about it."

"Okay. I'll be here in an hour for our date," Jimin said with his signature askew smile that hid a torrent of insinuations behind it.

"Can't wait." Yoongi played along as always, loving the said insinuations and ready to unravel each one of them.

They continued their way to their room using the elevator. The two discerned Taehyung's mute and rather grim state, though they excused it as they thought he was just tired from their full day.

Taehyung didn't dare to raise his gaze from the floor when they trod into the room. He was afraid the moment he would meet Jungkook's eyes, the knot in his throat would erupt and punch fast-flowing tears out of him. He went straight to the closet to pick fresh clothes and snatched his towel from the chair where he had hung it.

Jungkook saw it all. The avoidance of his gaze, his firmly lowered head, the tension in his frame, the light shuddering of his legs. It was so easy to read him now. He still tested him, though, to affirm his suspicion. "Hey, Taehyung."

The said man paused for a second, eyes cruising around the floor. "Hey. I'll go take a shower."

And of course, Jungkook was right. Something had happened. And it frightened him how much he wanted to know what it was and fix it for him. "Can I join you?"

"Hmm, daring," Jimin smirked.

Deaf to Jimin’s quip, Taehyung clutched the items in his hold. “Um, no. I’ll be—I’ll be quick.”

Jungkook stared at the door that shut a few seconds later. *What happened so suddenly?* That gnawing question spiraled in rampant circles in his head, weighing upon his heart until it squashed it.



What Do You Think?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jungkook's features were tight with dismayed gloom as he sat bolt upright to glance at the two, who took their things for their shower. "Did something happen?"

"With Taehyung?" Hoseok asked and mulled over it when he received a nod. "I don't know. He was fine minutes ago."

Jungkook's lips flattened into a frown. He flopped back down and set his eyes on the ceiling, delving into his brain to find a reason for his weird behavior.

The two left the room and even returned under thirty minutes freshly showered, but still Taehyung didn't come back. His chest singed with bitter anxiousness, for some reason. And he couldn't take it any longer.

"See you later, hyung," Jimin chirped and headed out to meet Yoongi after the other said his goodbye as well.

Hoseok peeked at Jungkook's fretful state. He expelled a long breath, letting his eyes rest on him. "You were right. Something did happen. But Taehyung doesn't want to talk about it with us. I think he's just sitting in the shower doing nothing."

Jungkook's restlessness bristled. "Thanks." He hurried to get out of his bed, sloppily wore his slippers, and bolted out of the room. He scurried along his way to the bathroom and only slowed when he arrived. He tracked the sound of the running water to his left and pattered to the last shower. He attached his palm to the navy plastic door, and the next sound that pierced through his senses dug holes into his heart.

A choked sob. A single choked sob dropped his stomach to the ground and gashed through his chest.

"Taehyung." He sucked in a jerky breath that soon exploded out of him in a sharp outflow. "Talk to me."

Taehyung palmed his mouth, teeth clamping on his lower lip to silence himself. He didn't know why he was crying so much. Everything felt too much for his fragile heart to handle. He just sat there in a deep squat with his back leaned against the cold wall and let all his convoluted feelings out in surge after surge of tears.

Jungkook pressed his quivering fist against the door, barely able to lease himself from banging it. He instead yanked it open and closed it behind him. Taehyung's head shot up on instinct, and the heartbreaking sight of his wrecked face left Jungkook in torture for a while.

He neared him without giving a damn about the springing water that drenched his right side and fell to his knees in front of him. His eyes gloomed and sank with poignancy, just like his heart. He couldn't control it. He couldn't hide how much Taehyung's state affected him anymore.

"Baby." He slid his mask to his chin, then held his wet cheeks in two tender palms. "Tell me what's wrong."

Taehyung's tears carried on falling over his forcefully poised expression. "Get out. You'll get drenched."

"I don't care. Just talk to me."

"Jay." He removed his hands from his face with a faint push. "I'll come to the storage room when I finish, okay? Leave."

Hearing him call him Jay again when they were alone bothered him more than he thought. Pained him even. And he hated it. "Fine." He respected his wish and rose to his full height. He wore his mask and got out, then slouched to the storage room.

He shed his soaked shirt, not caring enough to go change his clothes. And he waited. He felt like he waited for hours when it was barely twenty minutes.

He spurted to his feet at the click of the door opening. And there was Taehyung, with the same painful melancholy in his eyes and his droopy lips, standing in front of the closed door.

Jungkook buried him in his embrace, his firm hold conveying his nervousness. But Taehyung didn't hug him back. His body didn't melt in his arms as usual. Instead, it was more rigid than ever. "Please tell me what's wrong. What happened? Did you get bored of me or something?"

Taehyung's chest bloated with a deep inhalation as he steeled himself to ask that damn question that tortured him. "Why are the police looking for you?"

Jungkook's brain staggered to a pause. The blood in his veins turned to ice, glaciating each one of his muscles. "What?"

"The police. We ran into two officers on their way out of the hostel. They showed us a picture. A picture of you. With your name. And they said you're wanted. For murder."

Jungkook's grip loosened as the tension ringing his form petered into liquid numbness. A mixture of world-weariness roiled in his gaze as he maintained it fixed on him. He couldn't grasp what Taehyung's eyes projected. They were just hollow and shadowed by that familiar sadness. But he couldn't see past them. Couldn't read him this time.

"Does this change what you feel about me?"

The unforeseen question made his heart leap, then slam against his chest. "If you're just a cold-blooded murderer, yes. It kinda does."

"Then leave," Jungkook said, his voice traveling in a low, grave tune by the heaviness squeezing his throat. "Because I'm wanted for the murder of a thirteen-year-old girl."

A galaxy of tears flickered in his sockets at once, but he kept his eyes unblinking in his exertion to fence them in. His chest burned as he swallowed. "Did you do it?"

Jungkook tipped his head to the side a notch. "What do you think?"

The line of Taehyung's mouth grew thinner as his bottom lip threatened to tremble. "I think you didn't do it."

Jungkook stroked a finger under his chin and lifted his head with a gentle push of his knuckle. "Then why are you crying?"

The question tore apart any kind of self-composure Taehyung strove to keep, and his face contorted with the rapid effusion of tears that poured from his eyes. His fitful breaths swamped the room as he attempted to calm himself enough to speak. "Because I'm scared," he choked out. "I don't want it to be true. But you keep dodging to answer me. Please tell me it's not. You didn't do it. Right?"

Jungkook skimmed his cheeks with soothing thumbs to collect the hot wetness. "What are you so scared of? That you'll have to live with the memory of having sex with a murderer?"

Taehyung smacked his hands away in an upsurge of fury. The same emotion etched into every crease on his face, hardening them. "I'm scared of losing you. I'll keep our memories, no matter who you are. Because I only care about what you showed to me."

A doleful smile framed Jungkook's mouth. "You're leaving in two days, Taehyung. You'll lose me, anyway."

"Just tell me," he growled, harshly wiping his wet cheeks. "Why are you wanted for a murder you didn't do?"

"Isn't it better not to know if I did it or not?" A tremoring exhalation shook his form. "Maybe you'll forget me easier this way. Because I think you forgot we have no future together."

"We could if you wanted to try," Taehyung spat out through clenched teeth as pain and rage melded into one, gut-wrenching infusion. "If you were honest with me. If you explained what happened. If you told me where you come from and why you're hiding here. We could have a future. But you don't want us to have one."

Jungkook's shoulders slumped as he drove his chin into his chest. "Our lives are too different. You wouldn't stand being with me even for a day."

"I told you. Let me make that decision for myself. Tell me your story and let me decide if I can stand being with you."

"Taehyung." A frosty rumble tinged his voice, eyes flashing with momentary annoyance. "You're leaving in two days. I can't come with you. And you can't stay. So it doesn't matter what my story is. We won't see each other again in two days."

Another mask of devastation rippled across Taehyung's face, that brought along an avalanche of tears. His heart drowned in despondency, and every stifling feeling inside him mounted so high he couldn't stand being in the same room as him. He lurched and stormed out of the room, banging the door closed and leaving behind the echo of his suppressed sobs.

Jungkook's chest fluttered to a quivery plod as a poignant pother blanked out his gaze — such a heart-shattering emotion it scorched his eyes with a dampness he had shed rarely in the past. But he blinked it away before it could escape.

He wore his shirt and mask. His steps as he followed him were ponderous, shoulders still droopy. He observed the room was empty of his friends' presence and took off his mask and wet clothes.

He swiftly dressed himself with Taehyung's suffocating sounds drilling into his senses like spikes. He climbed up to his bed and slithered into the inner side, then fastened a secure arm around his convulsing body.

Taehyung's crying slowed to a stop in puzzlement at his actions, and he regarded him through his blurred vision, sniffing.

Jungkook pulled his form flat against his and passed his fingers through his hair in a slow, constant motion. “I haven’t killed anyone in my life.” He pressed a feathery kiss on his nose and sensed Taehyung’s body melt in his embrace this time. The palliative flood that simple fact brought within his chest sewed all his bleeding scars created by Taehyung’s gnawing sorrow. “I was framed. I had arranged a meeting with a client at an abandoned building. But before I tell you this, I should probably tell you what my job is.”

Taehyung wiped the remaining wetness from his eyes with his shoulder and clawed at his waist.

“I’m a businessman. I own a nightclub and a casino. I also have a drug manufacturing business. I’m a drug dealer, Taehyung.”

“Drugs?” Taehyung whispered, voice hoarse and wrecked. “What kind of drugs?”

“Marijuana pills. My father started the business. And I’m handling it. With Seokjin, Namjoon, and Yoongi.”

Taehyung soaked in the new information with surprising serenity. “How does the pill make you feel?”

Although Jungkook was a tad bewildered and surprised at his calm reaction, he didn’t let it show. “Like when you’re smoking a joint. The effect just lasts longer.”

“I’ve never smoked a joint.”

Jungkook broke into a mellow smile, still caressing the back of his head. “Why are you so cool about this?”

“It doesn’t seem like a big deal. Like you said, you’re a businessman. You just happen to have a business with drugs.”

“It’s illegal, you know.”

“So what? I bet it’s fun. You’re making a shitload of money.”

Jungkook snorted, unable to believe he was having this kind of conversation with him. “I’ll go to jail if they catch me.”

“Then make sure they won’t catch you.”

A fond smile tugged at the corner of Jungkook’s lips. He planted a long kiss on his mouth, followed by a chain of pecks. “Are you really okay with me dealing drugs? If your father finds out you’re fucking with a drug dealer, he’ll disown you.”

“He never accepted me, anyway.” He shrugged an indifferent shoulder. “And I make my own money.” His eyes enlarged with the amazing — as he thought — idea that flashed up into his head. “I can get into the business too. I’ll make a shitload of money in no time, and I’ll be able to expand my business.”

Jungkook chuckled lowly as he cupped his adorable face. “You’re crazy. I thought you wouldn’t want to talk to me again if you found out what my job is. But you instead want to get into the business.”

“Why would I say no to easy money?”

“Right,” Jungkook snickered, then claimed his lips. Now that the darkest secret of his was out there, he felt as if a burden were lifted from his existence. The unyielding turbulence in his chest found reprieve at the simple confession and any constriction was forgotten in the homely feel of his embrace.

“So you said you were framed?”

Taehyung’s velvet voice reeled in his full attention. “Yes. One of our men told me about an acquaintance of his who wanted to buy a big amount. He was trusted, so I arranged a meeting with him and that guy. But when I went to the location, I found a little girl on the floor, covered in blood. The police raided the place minutes later, and I fought with one of them to escape.”

Taehyung processed the words behind a wall of silence, but the conclusion soon came to settle over his shoulders like a veil. “That guy framed you then.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. I asked my men to find him since I had to hide, but he had disappeared. A week later, he was found dead.”

“Oh...” Taehyung nodded slowly, gouging into his brain for a possible reason for his sudden death.

“Hmm. He was shot to death. We found out he had died three days after the meeting. And another guy was with him. We believe that was the guy who wanted to buy our drugs.”

“And you don’t know who killed them.”

“No. I’m sure it’s the one who framed me. He used them to create the perfect opportunity to get me involved in this mess.”

“But why would someone do this to you?”

Jungkook carded his fingers through his locks, loving their silky, slightly wet texture. “I’m in a type of business that everyone wants to be on the top. And to achieve that, they attack their rivals or kill them. This was their attack towards me. They had tried to kill me a bunch of times in the past but failed. So they chose to take me out in a different way.”

Taehyung despised the sound of that. The thought of Jungkook getting hurt ground his chest so deeply it bore holes into it. “And now? You’re looking for the one who framed you to clear your name?”

No, actually. He was looking for the one who framed him to kill him. After getting his name cleared, of course. Whoever did this to him would be the first and hopefully last killing he would do. But Taehyung didn’t have to know that. “Yes. I don’t trust the police. They’re sure I did this because they found me there. And we’re talking about the death of a young girl. They want to throw someone in jail for the murder as soon as possible. They’ll never believe I’m innocent unless I give them the one who did this.”

“You’re right,” he sighed, fingers milling up and down his brawny arm. “Why did you come to Jeju Island? Or you’re living here?”

“I live in Seoul. I came here—”

“Me too!” he exclaimed in utter excitement, despite the grave conversation.

A fond chuckle tumbled out of Jungkook’s throat at his cuteness, and he pecked his lips, unable to resist them.

“Sorry, continue.”

“I came here to find Ji Hoo. It’s the guy who was wandering around the hostel. He’s the son of our biggest rival. His father had made the most attacks on us. He hates my family.”

“Because he wants to be the best?”

“Hmm. We believe he framed me to weaken us and our businesses.”

“And did you talk to Ji Hoo?”

“Yes. The night you saw blood on my hand. I beat him.”

Taehyung’s brows pulled together. “Why?”

“That’s how you get information from someone in our business, Taehyung. It’s a cruel world. That’s why I don’t want you in my life.” The volume of his voice plunged into a heavy whisper at his last statement as his eyes crept away from him.

Taehyung’s features darkened with sullenness. “Don’t say that...”

Jungkook painted a kiss on his forehead, disregarding the sudden weight on his chest. “Anyway. Ji Hoo said his father didn’t do this, of course. But we’re still looking for him.”

Taehyung hummed and focused on their conversation again instead of the despondency that nestled against his heart. “When did you come to Jeju Island?”

“The same night. I had to leave before they ID’ed me.”

“And how did you know so fast that Ji Hoo was here? That’s amazing.”

“Yeah, it would if it were true,” Jungkook said with a coil of bitterness wrapped around his timbre. “The information was wrong. He wasn’t on Jeju Island. He instead came here to find me.”

“Why? To tell you his father didn’t do it?”

“Yes.”

“What if his father really didn’t do it?”

Jungkook released a long breath and shrugged a shoulder. “I don’t know. Everything is possible. But we have to find Kang Soo, his father.”

“Kang Soo?” Taehyung repeated in a murmur as his eyes rolled in a circle of consideration.

Jungkook’s view narrowed on him, creases of mystification budding on his forehead. “Yeah, why?”

“Nothing. My father has a friend with that name.”

“Do you know his surname?”

“It’s Han.”

Restlessness instantly raged in Jungkook’s gaze as every movement ceased. “Are you sure?”

“Yes. They’ve been friends for years. I heard my father talk to him on the phone every other day in

the past. I moved out about a year ago when I had enough money, so I don't know if they're still talking. I haven't seen my father ever since. Every time I visited my parents, he wasn't there." He examined the ferment in his expression and frowned. "It can't be the same guy, right? How would my father know someone like him? He only associates with other doctors and lawyers and stuff."

"What's your father's name?"

"Kim Mi Sung."

Jungkook hummed. "I haven't heard of him before. Have you seen Kang Soo's face?"

"No."

Jungkook chewed on his lower lip. Disappointment seized him, as the idea of Taehyung drawing him was useless since he hadn't seen him before. But then another question leaped in his head that brimmed him with a new mayhem. "Have you ever heard the name Hyun Joon before?"

"Hyun Joon?" He flicked through his memories fast at the repetition of his name. "No, I don't think so. Why? Who's this?"

Jungkook glimpsed away, hesitation clawing up his throat. "My father."

"Why would my father know your father? He doesn't use drugs. I would have known. I lived with him my whole life."

Jungkook cocooned him in his embrace and planted a row of kisses on the top of his head where his lips lingered. "I just wanted to check. I can't do anything else, anyway. I'm trapped in here. But it's so weird..." He withdrew enough to merge their eyes into a tender view. He took his time to absorb his stunning characteristics, getting more and more enchanted by his beauty. "This room doesn't feel like a prison with you in it."

A smile spread across his cheeks, so fond and bright it turned his eyes into little crescents. "Then keep me here forever."

Jungkook witnessed the magic of his smile as it reigned over his traits, and he copied it without realizing it. He wished he could do that with all his heart. Or even better, he wished he could take Taehyung away from everything and live with him in a city no one would know them.

But the merciless reality soured each dreamy thought sooner than expected. It dimmed the spark of bliss in his eyes and leached every fragment of brightness off his smile, leaving a wistful contour around it.

Jungkook clasped his nape and attached their lips, hoping he could drive from his heart that prickling feeling of misery and replace it with Taehyung's warmth. He rolled their mouths sweetly as their tongues clashed in savory caresses. He hummed in content at each slow grinding of their bodies, his mind constantly getting clouded with the thought of feeling more of him — every single thing.

"I want to fuck you," he rasped against his mouth and devoured it again, but only fiercer.

Taehyung moaned at the rousing words. His cock already ached by its distention, and he kept rolling his hips against him in need of friction. "Fuck me." He plunged his tongue into his mouth for a brief brush against his. "I'm already yours. But I want you to make me yours over and over again."

Harsh breaths spewed from Jungkook's throat as he gripped his hair and stared at his eyes with such intensity and want Taehyung could even feel them sear his sensitive skin. "Yeah, you're mine. You're mine," he murmured, as if wholeheartedly drunk on him. *And I'm yours.* He crushed their mouths together in a kiss that stole all the air from their lungs and left their cocks dripping.

They forcefully ended the kiss to move to the private bathroom. They spent plenty of hours fucking and relishing each other's company, with Jungkook completely forgetting about the usual gathering with his hyungs, and Taehyung about the plans he had made with his friends for drinks.



Chapter End Notes

Jungkook's reason for hiding is finally revealed! Had you guessed it?

Also, do you think they will confess before Taehyung leaves?

You Don't Understand Me

Jungkook was in for a long, harrowing scolding.

After the blazing hours he spent with Taehyung, he found eleven missed calls from his hyungs. He texted Seokjin, telling him he would explain everything tomorrow, and hid his phone again.

The tomorrow came, though, and Jungkook had no idea how he would explain to them that he missed their gathering because he was fucking Taehyung in almost every possible standing position.

He was so screwed.

He tossed aside the looming scolding and focused his attention on the adorable baby in his arms. He didn't ask him to sleep together this time; he simply followed him to his bed last night and muffled him into his embrace, ignoring the teasing remarks of Taehyung's friends.

And there he was, cradling Taehyung as if he were the most precious being on the planet and staring at the placidity of his sleeping face. But the remembrance that he only had one last night to spend with him flooded his chest with aching sorrow to the brim.

He wasted so much time denying his feelings and pushing him away because of the messed-up situation he was plunged into. And now Taehyung had to leave the next day. He had to leave when Jungkook finally surrendered to his longings body and soul. When he found so much comfort in just the presence of him.

It was so unfair. And it throttled him.

The dreary mist of torrential thoughts dissolved at the tightening of the limbs around his form. Light dimples blossomed on his masked face with the tender smile that touched his lips as a euphonious hum tingled his ears.

And as he marveled at the exquisite traits of his that were cloaked with sleepiness and vestiges of a gentle smile, his chest grew so ludicrously full of emotion. It was a newfound emotion, he realized, since he couldn't delineate it or recognize it right away.

It was adoration, he concluded.

He basked in the feel of it. It warmed his fucking *soul*, cocooning it in a blanket of bliss and a tinge of other emotions he couldn't name yet. He willingly yielded under its fierceness, knowing he couldn't do otherwise — knowing that warring with it would pummel him into unequivocal failure.

He clawed at that emotion with all his might. He needed it like oxygen. He was so thirsty for it, and it only registered in his brain then, with Taehyung swathed in his hug and his warmth encapsulating his being. His heart suddenly writhed at the thought of their atrocious separation. But the weak pull on his mask and a chock-full of tenderness kiss on his lips placated it with fond caresses, overflowing it with that familiar coziness.

Jungkook smiled against his mouth, his hand swimming up and down his back in slow-paced lines, and managed to steal one more kiss before Taehyung tugged at his mask to cover his face again.

“Are my friends here?”

“Hmm. They’re sleeping.”

“No, we’re not,” Jimin chimed in, voice croaky with the sleepiness that enveloped it.

“I guess they’re not,” Jungkook uttered with a light chuckle. “What will you do today?”

“We’ll visit Gapa Island, so we have to leave soon,” Hoseok said.

“And later we’ll go for the drinks Taehyung missed last night because he was too busy fuck—”

“Okay, okay, we get it,” Taehyung grumbled. “I said I’m sorry. I didn’t realize when time passed.”

“We know, Tae,” Hoseok smiled. “You’ll see us every day, but Jay, on the other hand... Anyway. The point is, we understand you.”

Taehyung peeked at Jungkook and found no inkling of emotion in his eyes at Hoseok’s words. As if they didn’t affect him in the slightest. “I can come back around ten if you want to spend the night together,” he said, disguising his chagrin behind a smiley veneer.

Jungkook swallowed through the abrupt heaviness at the back of his throat. He truly fought to maintain a blank expression and constrain that gut-wrenching feeling of dejection from manifesting into his eyes. “Yeah. Let’s meet after I talk to my hyungs.”

Taehyung’s smile stretched a degree wider, then dropped off his countenance. The vile reminder that Jungkook didn’t share the same feelings as him sledgehammered his chest, leaving it bleeding a pool of poignancy. Not wanting Jungkook to apprehend his dejected state, he squeezed him in his embrace. “I’ll go get ready.”

“Okay.” Jungkook was barely able to pat his back before his body slipped through his hold.

A string of hushed profanities dripped from Taehyung’s open mouth at the shocks of pain in his bottom as he descended the ladder. Not only did they fuck rougher than ever, but they also had multiple rounds. The fierce soreness he felt yesterday was drowned in pleasure and the bottomless pit that was his craving for him, but now it was almost unbearable.

Jimin inspected his friend’s limp as he pulled himself to a sitting position. “He fucking wrecked you.”

A soft snort of agreement rolled off him as he took the necessary things for his visit to the bathroom. “I asked for it.”

“The right word is begged,” Jungkook crooned and propped his elbow on the bed to fix him with a teasing, sly look.

Taehyung’s movement of reaching for his towel paused, then he twisted his head to meet his gaze. He could see the annoying smirk his face wore even with his mask on, but he didn’t have a decent counterattack since Jungkook was absolutely right. “And I’ll be begging tonight as well,” he settled on saying in a sensuous baritone, and the instant intensity that gleamed in the other’s eyes told him he succeeded in eradicating that smug leer.

His amorous view, his smoky timbre, and the promising innuendos lacing his words blended into one fireball of stimulation that lashed across Jungkook’s body and clustered around his crotch. God, it was *insane* how badly he wanted to take him right fucking now with just a few words he spewed.

“Okay, let’s go wash up because he’s ready to devour you,” Hoseok snickered as he tapped Taehyung’s back to cease their sparking eye contact.

Taehyung wiggled his brows in a victorious sort of mockery and strutted out of the room, disregarding the persistent burn in his ass.

Jungkook flopped back down into the bed with a throaty exhalation that came out of smiling lips. *Fuck, he’s perfect.*

The time Jungkook feared the most came, and he wasn’t ready at all.

There was a quiver of anxiety in his hesitant steps as he headed to the storage room, which derived from the speedy tempo of his heartbeat. And as he curled his fingers around the handle, one thing was certain. He could only face up to his doom and receive the unpreventable castigation submissively.

His chest ballooned with the inrush of a breath designed to steel himself. He pushed the air out of his lungs with a sigh and slid the door open.

The screeching of a chair being shoved back drilled into his senses at once, and he watched through elongated eyes shaded with remorse as Seokjin struggled to restrain Yoongi.

“Let me beat his fucking ass, hyung,” Yoongi spat, words squeezed out between his contracted jaw with a growl so ominous it made Jungkook’s stomach lurch.

“Calm down,” Seokjin hissed through his ragged breaths as the task of holding him back required his full force.

But the glint of rampancy in his eyes carried on burning brighter, crackling like electricity. “Tell me one good fucking reason you missed our meeting when everything was a fucking mess with the police that came looking for you.”

The room resounded with the rowdyism of his voice, and Jungkook could feel the muted strains of it swarm up his form until they looped around his chest devastatingly. He shed his mask and slithered it in his pocket with tentative moves. His throat was dry with nervousness, he perceived, as he gulped, and his mouth moved, but no words could sneak out.

Namjoon stood up and appeared in front of Yoongi with an exasperated jolt. He grasped his shoulders with restrictive pressure, his eyes that raged with a cautionary blaze pinning him to his spot. “Calm the fuck down. He knows he screwed up.”

Yoongi’s rowdy squirming to free himself mellowed stepwise. His mouth was tight with opprobrium, and wrath still smoldered in his darkened eyes. He whirled around and approached his thrown chair, then put it back in its place before he sank down on it. He chugged down his soju in gulping sips, hoping the bitterness of the alcohol would mollify the other form of enraged bitterness in his gut.

Jungkook’s head hung over his droopy shoulders. He expected Yoongi’s reaction, and it still made him feel like an insensitive asshole. As he regarded him strain against Seokjin’s grip a few moments earlier, though, a new realization took root in his chest that sizzled it.

Yoongi couldn’t understand him. And maybe no one could.

They couldn't understand the intensity of his feelings for Taehyung. They couldn't understand his longing for him. His sorrow at the thought of parting from him. The heartache that stabbed his existence since he couldn't let him into his fucked-up life.

They couldn't understand. But maybe that was the case because he hadn't talked to them clearly about all this.

His sullen gaze rested on the floor in his attempt to obscure his sunken features. The muscles along his arms flexed with the clenching of his fists as he gathered every scintilla of strength he had to unveil his terrifying, outrageous feelings for Taehyung. But he couldn't do it. Not yet, at least.

"All I can say is I'm sorry," Jungkook uttered, voice muffled by the heaviness it carried. "And that you're right. I don't have a good reason for missing our meeting."

"You were with him, weren't you?" Yoongi growled, unaffected by the traces of ruefulness on his face.

"Yes. I didn't realize how time passed."

Seokjin sent a row of glances at Yoongi's turbulent facade and his chest shivered with a long exhalation. "Just don't do it again. We need to talk, Jungkook. The police came looking for you. We have to prepare an escape plan in case something goes wrong."

"What could go wrong? No one has seen my face."

"Yeah, but Ji Hoo might snitch on you," Namjoon said. "I don't trust him."

"Then let's return to Seoul. I'll hide there. We don't have a reason to be here anymore."

A huff filled with disdainful disbelief sprang from Yoongi's throat as he looked heavenwards, tongue poking the inside of his cheek. "Are you dreaming about being close to Taehyung? Because that can't fucking happen. You'll get him killed if someone finds out about him."

Waves of stifling fury climbed up Jungkook's chest, but he tamed them before they could erupt from him in brutal words. "I'm not planning on doing that. So don't worry about him."

"Really? You're telling me not to worry about him?" Yoongi sneered. "Did he tell you the police showed them your fucking picture? Did he tell you he knows why you're hiding?"

"Yes. He told me everything. And I told him everything too."

The already charged atmosphere thickened at the revelation and vibrated with an even more fraught silence. Jungkook didn't dare to raise his head; he just stood there in front of the door in a defeated stance, unmoving.

"What... What do you mean everything?" Seokjin asked in appalled restlessness. "Your name, who you are, and what you do?"

"Yes," he breathed out. "Everything."

"Why?" Yoongi's jaw quaked with a new flare of rage, his body growing so tense his muscles ached. "Why the fuck would you do that?"

"I had to explain. I... I wanted to." Suddenly, the floor he was staring at this whole time petered into a dreary blur, and it took him a few seconds to conceive the tears blinding his vision. "He was

crying. Saying he was scared of losing me. Begging me to tell him I'm not a murderer." He relived that harrowing moment as he narrated it, and all the detestable emotions he experienced at Taehyung's sobbing bubbled up to the surface of his self-composure and trickled down, coating his cheeks with a hot wetness.

An unprecedented tension gripped at the three at the sight of his silently crying condition. It had been years since the last time they had witnessed him crying, and that was when he was just a kid. As an adult, they only caught him tearing up a couple of times when someone from the group got hurt by a sudden attack, but that was it. Actually seeing fast-flowing tears drench his face imposed on them a paralyzing quietness and hardened their traits.

Any remains of Yoongi's outrage fizzled into melancholy. He reached for a bottle of soju and set it on the table in front of Jungkook's seat as an invitation to join them. But the younger remained frozen stiff, letting his tears pool under his chin until they tumbled onto the floor. "Come here."

Jungkook sniffled on repeat as he dragged his feet closer. He scrubbed the wetness from his face with his sleeve and wilted on the chair. He opened his soju and sipped it, then anchored his blurry gaze on it as he braced it on his thigh. "You don't understand me," he rasped. "You don't understand because you haven't felt what I feel about Taehyung."

Namjoon expelled a deep breath, his eyes meandering over his forlorn countenance. "What do you feel about Taehyung?"

Jungkook hummed a contemplative sound and sniffled again. The outburst of tears mitigated as he dove into his brain for a way to explain his feelings to his hyungs. "I think... what I feel about him they call it being in love."

Yoongi's brows shot up and stood in two high curves of surprise with unease creeping into every crease on his forehead. "You already fucked him a bunch of times. You're not bored of him yet?"

"Bored?" Jungkook scoffed feebly. "That's not possible. I feel like... I feel like dying at the thought of spending a day without him."

Seokjin leaned his forearms on the table, his turmoil glimmering through his fretful eyes. "Are you serious? Like, for real?"

"Yes, hyung. I want him. I want him to be mine."

"But Kook. Do you really want to risk his safety by bringing him into your life?" Namjoon asked.

"No. Of course not. That's why I won't."

"Wait," Yoongi muttered with a perplexed frown as he shifted in his seat. "You just said you want him to be yours. But you won't bring him into your life? How is that possible?"

"I want him to be mine, but that doesn't mean I'll do anything about it." He couldn't help the gloomy timbre coiling around his lowly spoken words. "I can't do anything about it because I don't want to endanger him. His safety is the most important to me. I just said all this to make you understand how much I want him. That it's not just a hookup or something that'll pass. That I really lost track of time with him yesterday because I was having that much fun. Because for the first time in the last four months, I felt alive again. I felt like a normal person. I felt... the most loved in my life. And I want to keep feeling like that so fucking much it hurts."

The words dangled in the stagnant air as the surprise they inflicted on the three lagged the process of absorbing them. He was sincere, and maybe that was what frightened them the most. Because

Jungkook was impulsive, and with all these newfound feelings, he was like a ticking bomb ready to demolish everything at any minute.

“Okay, so you told him everything,” Seokjin said in an attempt to soothe the oppression of the ambiance. “How did he react?”

Jungkook’s lips flinched with a delicate smile. “He said he wants to join the business.”

Namjoon huffed a chuckle. “I wasn’t expecting that.”

“Yeah. Me neither. He said he’ll make a shitload of money and expand his business this way.”

“And what did you say? Will you let him?” Yoongi asked.

“Of course not.” Every jot of lightness burned out of his tone just when it appeared. “He’s too precious for this business. They’ll eat him alive.”

Yoongi reclined in his seat with a muted sigh. “Yeah. I’ll end things with Jimin, by the way. He’s leaving tomorrow, so there’s no point dragging this further.”

Jungkook’s eyes rolled up his face until they settled on his face, finding a brume of grimness caging it. “You’ll break his heart.”

“And you will break Taehyung’s,” Yoongi shot back with the same heavyhearted drawl.

His gaze plummeted again as it brimmed with sorrow. He could only hope Taehyung wouldn’t cry because he didn’t think he could handle the sight. “You didn’t fall for Jimin, huh? He was so sure he would make you fall head over heels for him.”

Yoongi swigged his soju. “It doesn’t matter.”

Jungkook surveyed the tightness in his expression and his evasive eyes as a dawning realization blossomed in his gut. “You’re in love with him too.”

“Shut up,” Yoongi snapped, clutching the empty bottle in his hand.

Namjoon scoffed at the absurdity of the situation. “We came here to hide and you stupid assholes went and fell in love. Congrats, now enjoy your broken hearts.”

Ripples of subdued chuckles flowed through the room with a dose of bitterness from the other three. Although the situation was anything but funny, they couldn’t help it.

Jungkook brought the soju to his lips and took a sip. The remembrance of Taehyung’s father toppled over him, and he smacked the bottle on the table as his eyes grew alert with an eddying agitation, dispersing some fractions of his wistfulness. “Guys. I found out something weird.”

“What?” Namjoon asked, brows drawn together.

“When I mentioned Kang Soo’s name to Taehyung, he told me his father has a friend with the same name.”

Absolute befuddlement exploded on their faces. “What’s his father’s job?” Seokjin asked.

“He’s a surgeon.”

“Surgeon?” Yoongi repeated in a murmur. “Why would a surgeon associate with the underworld?”

“I don’t know.”

“Are you sure it’s the Han Kang Soo we know?” Namjoon questioned with an edge of pother.

“What are the chances he’s a different guy with the same name?”

“As many as the chances he’s the same guy are,” Yoongi quipped. “What did he tell you about his father?”

“Nothing much. His name is Kim Mi Sung. He doesn’t use drugs, Taehyung said. And he also found it implausible that it’s the same Kang Soo. He said his father only associates with other doctors, lawyers, and stuff.”

Namjoon folded an arm over his chest and rubbed his chin in thought with the other. “Has Taehyung seen his face?”

“No,” Jungkook sighed. “I wanted to ask him to draw him, but he doesn’t know what he looks like. He only heard his father talk on the phone with him.”

“Then how can we confirm if it’s the same Kang Soo?” asked Seokjin.

“Han Ji Hoo.”

Yoongi’s lids dropped in a narrow look, which he aimed at Jungkook. “What about him?”

“Let’s ask him if he has heard that name before. Call him and tell him to come to the garage, Yoongi hyung. And while we wait, Namjoon hyung can search about Kim Mi Sung.”

“Okay.”

With Namjoon’s verbal response and the nods from the others, they got to work right away. Yoongi called Ji Hoo, and Namjoon hurried to retrieve his laptop. He wasn’t that much of a hacker, but he could do the basics such as find someone’s location by their phone signal and dig out information about people.

The thorough search of Mi Sun’s name didn’t bring them the results they hoped for. He had a clean criminal record, and they found nothing suspicious in his information. They instead discovered he was a well-known doctor, the chief of cardiothoracic surgery at Samsung Medical Center, who also frequently gave educational lectures and was overall loved by his patients and students.

The suspicion that he associated with the underworld seemed even more improbable with his spotless history, though they opted to check with Ji Hoo as well.

Gathered at the garage for a while now, a series of knocks reverberated through the dusty room, and Namjoon hit the button to open the door enough for him to enter.

“What’s up?” Ji Hoo asked right away. “Why did you tell me to meet?”

The mechanic sound of the door closing reigned over them for a few more seconds. Jungkook walked to the black Mercedes and leaned on it as he leveled his gaze at him. “Have you found anything?”

Ji Hoo couldn’t hide his vexation at the dodge of his question. He had already asked Yoongi on the

phone plenty of times why they wanted to meet him, but he hadn't received the coveted answer.
"No. You?"

"No."

"Then why did you ask me to come here?" he questioned once again as his chest prickled with another stab of annoyance.

"Have you ever heard the name Kim Mi Sung before?"

Ji Hoo's eyes plunged, though nothing showed on his face. "No."

Jungkook's arms came to tangle over his chest as he perused the utter stillness of his frame. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," he fired back. His gaze flew over his countenance before it landed on the floor again. "Who is he?"

"Are you sure your father has never done any business with him?"

"I said yes." There was an ever-increasing irritation boiling in his core that clenched at the muscles of his face, betraying his sensitive nerves.

Jungkook pushed himself off the car and neared him with plodding steps. He clasped his nape and dipped closer to his face, his eyes dark and sinister. "Ji Hoo-ya. If I find out you're lying to me... I'll slit your fucking throat in front of your precious mother."

Ji Hoo's fingers gouged into his palms at his exertion to limit his trembling. He gulped, not daring to make eye contact. "I'm not lying."

"Trust me. I'll figure out soon if you are or not." He gave a slap on his nape and shoved him towards the exit. "For now, leave."

Ji Hoo waited restlessly for the door to open, and he ducked under it, wanting to disappear from there as soon as possible.

Yoongi studied Jungkook's unreadable expression with a frown. "Do you think he's lying?"

"Probably. He was shaking. Or maybe I just scared him too much."

Namjoon chuckled. "You sure scared him. And as I said, I don't trust him. But why would he want to hide the relation between his father and Mi Sung, if there is any?"

A guttural sigh escaped Jungkook, then he drew on his mask. "We have to find that out."

Ji Hoo scurried away, throwing frantic glances behind him. Once he was far enough, he slipped his phone out of his pocket with shivery hands and tapped a few things. He placed it to his ear and kept inspecting the surrounding area for anyone suspicious.

"Hmm, Ji Hoo-ya."

"Dad," he spluttered, his breath coming faster than normal.

"What's wrong?"

"Yoongi told me to meet them. Jungkook asked me if I have heard the name Mi Sung before."

“What? Why?” The gruff bass of his voice distorted with a thread of twitchy perplexity.

“I don’t know. He didn’t say.”

“Fuck. How the hell did he find out about our relation?”

“That’s not important. What are we going to do now?”

“Nothing. I’m sure it doesn’t mean anything. Keep contact with them and try to find out whatever you can.”

Ji Hoo let out a sigh, shaky just like his hands, as Jungkook’s warning lingered in his head and rampaged in ghastly circles. “Okay.”

“Be careful, son. I’ll see you again soon.”

“You too. Bye.”



Now It's So Much More

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jungkook, seated at the edge of his bed with his palms pressing against the mattress on each of his sides, swung his legs mildly.

He had given in to the chaos in his mind that was centered on Taehyung and his feelings for him. He wanted to confess, wanted to tell him everything he said to his hyungs. He thought he would go insane if he didn't. But he had to lace a stranglehold around that urge because, as he had previously concluded, nothing would change if he confessed.

It was a lost cause. Their relationship. It was since the moment they started this. But he never imagined their imminent separation would feel so brutal.

The swaying of his legs paused, just like the turbulence in his mind, at the cheerful beep of the door. His brows dropped low over his eyes as he considered Jimin, who just entered alone. "Where's Taehyung?"

Jimin sent a peek at him and cleared his throat. "He's coming."

"Yeah, but where is he?"

Something tense braised in the air at once, and Jimin forced out a chuckle to tone it down. "He's just freshening up."

A driblet of incredulity flickered in Jungkook's eyes as they anatomized his face. "So if I go to the bathroom, he'll be there?"

His mouth flattened in a tight line. "Yes," he said so quietly, as if he had to squeeze the word out.

Jungkook jumped off his bed and landed in a squat, then took a step towards the door.

Jimin set a deterrent hand on his shoulder as a shade of vexation tinged his traits. "Sit your ass back down and wait."

The corner of Jungkook's lips tilted in a smirk. "I knew you were lying." He retreated and climbed up into his bed again, flaming with the itch to know where the hell Taehyung was.

Jimin spruced himself up to meet Yoongi; that was the reason he returned to the room and left the other two alone.

As more time crawled by, Jungkook's patience seemed to thin out so much it robbed all the air from his lungs, and he jolted out of his seat with a rumbling grunt.

Jimin winced at the ferocity of the animal sound, ceasing the movement of straightening his hair. "Can't you be a little patient?"

"No," Jungkook snarled, clutching the bedsheets. "Tell me where he is or I'll turn the entire hostel upside down to find him."

Jimin's mouth twisted with aggravation as his eyes rolled in a circle of the same emotion. The

teetering tirade on the tip of his tongue got strangled by the click of the door opening, and he watched as Jay leaped from his bed and rushed to Taehyung.

Jungkook's eyes pored over his face in search of any shred of sadness or anything that would hint at Taehyung's sulky mood, though he found none. "Where were you?"

"Hmm, nosy," Hoseok crooned as he walked to the closet to grab his pajamas.

"Why?" Taehyung snorted. "You missed me?"

"I just thought..." Jungkook's tongue suddenly felt heavy like a rock, unable to push the words out. "Never mind."

Taehyung gazed at the hesitation in his eyes for a little longer, but brushed the matter off. "I need to take a shower, so you'll have to wait a bit."

"Yeah, why are you this sweaty?" Jungkook asked, viewing the drops of perspiration drip down the sides of his face.

"I'll tell you everything after my shower."

Despite his blazing curiosity, he obeyed. As Jimin headed out for his date with Yoongi, Hoseok lay in his bed, wasted, and Jungkook waited in a stew of eagerness.

He jerked bolt upright at the unlocking of the door and gazed at Taehyung as he trod to the chair to hang his towel. His hawk-like eyes softened when the gorgeous man with sexily disarranged damp hair stole closer to him, and twinkled with a notion of expectancy.

"Are you ready?"

The sensual hue of his undertone wafted in a gentle ripple and caressed any fragment of tension, soothing his senses. "For what?"

"To spend the night with me."

His words rang like an invitation that daunted him. He noted the little soft smile on his lips and the secrets it hid. His stomach crackled. He knew, as he peered into the chocolate ocean of his eyes. He wouldn't return the same after this night. It terrified him — slammed his heart into a galloping frenzy. But he was ready. He was more ready than ever to let the intensity of Taehyung's feelings flood him, make him his for one last night, and have his heart broken the next day.

He was ready to merge their hearts, even though Taehyung would take his own and Jungkook's with him when he would leave. Because his heart belonged with him. To him.

"I'm ready."

Softness crinkled his eyes at the corners as he signed him to come down. He outstretched his arm as Jungkook descended the ladder and intertwined their hands when he was close enough. He ushered him out of the room, and they traipsed in comfortable silence.

Jungkook's brows twitched in perplexity as Taehyung tugged him towards the staircase, and he strained gently against his hold to immobilize him. "Are we going to the rooftop? You know I can't go outside. People might see me from the next buildings."

Taehyung offered him a delicate smile as he cradled his cheek. “Can you trust me?”

The safety his fond gaze exuded was inebriating and cocooned any dose of vacillation. He could trust him with his damn life. “Yes.”

Taehyung’s smile intensified, as if a gleam of sunlight touched it, and he ascended the stairs with Jungkook trailing behind him, hands still locked together. As they reached the door, he aimed a glance at him so gleeful and overwhelmed with eager excitement. Then, he twisted again and pushed the door open.

Jungkook’s eyes instantly grew alert with an explorative sparkle, cruising around the commodious location. A fondness tangled with a sprinkling of surprise disfigured the agitation in his gaze and warmth swept over it as he soaked up the medium-sized tent that was set at the center of the rooftop.

Taehyung’s perpetual smile cut his face wide open when it folded out into an elated grin, twinkling eyes solely zoomed in on him. “Do you like my idea?”

A quiet chuckle seeped through his mouth. “Yes.” He sneaked in front of him and curled his fingers around his nape, the multitude of blissful emotions spilling from the depths of his hazel eyes. “Let’s go inside because I want to kiss you so bad right now.”

Taehyung giggled — a suave sound that undulated through the open space to tingle Jungkook’s senses. He guided him to the tent and hunched to step inside. Once Jungkook entered as well, he zipped up the entrance.

Jungkook assimilated with the same fondness the interior; it had a table lamp in the corner that illuminated the place just enough, a thick blanket was laid on the ground along with a pillow, and two water bottles stood at the side with another bottle that seemed like lubricant and a pack of wet wipes.

He noticed Taehyung shed his slippers and perched on the blanket, and he copied his moves. “I can’t believe you prepared all this for us.” Sitting beside him, he tugged him into a gentle kiss by his nape as he so much longed to do.

Taehyung hummed at the sweetness of his lips. “Well, having sex while standing is fun, but I wanted to experience this too with you,” he said against his mouth, deep voice carrying a playful lilt with it.

“Hmm, are you still dreaming about ways I can fuck you?” he whispered and sucked on his bottom lip mildly, just to entice him and have him begging for more.

“Every”—Taehyung grasped the hair at the back of his head at the tantalizing brush of their lips —“single day.”

Before Jungkook could even think of a response, Taehyung attached their lips with a headlong clash, ravenous tongues crushing against each other right away. Needy hands pulled Jungkook closer, guiding him back until Taehyung splayed over the plush blanket with him on top.

The onslaught of puckered lips rolling and thirsty tongues interlacing proceeded even more fiercely with the rub of their hardened cocks. Obscene moans buzzed in the enveloping air, blended with the explosions of their growling hearts and the echoes of lust. A sort of dreaminess showered down their senses with the volley of dazzling emotions winding up and down their form that edged them into a capsule comprising only the two of them.

Taehyung registered a change in the way Jungkook kissed him and explored his body with his hands. His touch had the same irreducible craving and desperation, but something lurked beneath it, throbbing and so incandescent it blinded him.

He embraced it — welcomed it with zest, even though he was clueless about what it was. It stirred each one of his untamable feelings in ways he was oblivious to before. It enamored him, inebriated his lucidity, dazed his mind.

And he let it destroy him willingly. Because Jungkook was there to mend and piece back together the jumble of his shards with ultimate attentiveness.

The first layers of clothes were discarded with impatient moves, and their mouths sought each other again, sealing in a volcanic kiss.

Jungkook supported his weight on his left elbow to give room to his right hand to fondle his shapely torso; it kneaded the muscles of his chest, tweaked his nipples until they were all reddened and erect, and trailed lower to toy with his still clothed cock. They kept kissing all the while, licking into each other's mouths, tasting, delving, wanting *more, more, more*.

Taehyung was made into a manic beast of impatience with just a few impish strokes of his expert fingers against his erection. He whimpered his frustration in his mouth, but even if Jungkook apprehended it, he did nothing to assuage it. He latched his teeth into his lower lip and sucked with mind-bending force. The growl that sounded from Jungkook spiraled up his limbs, thrumming all around his veins, and pooled in a jolt of titillation that ripped through his weeping cock.

Jungkook, of course, could perceive his neediness for more. He needed more as well, but there was something else that overrode it. He wanted to fire him up to his limits, have him begging for him, feel like he would explode from the pent-up stimulation. He wanted to urge his desperation to the surface and root it in his heart so he could always remember how much Taehyung yearned for him, even when he would be miles away.

Taehyung wrenched their mouths apart with a choked gasp at the squeeze of delicate fingers around the bloated head of his length. "If you don't fuck me like right now," he wheezed out, fogged eyes darkening with a dreg of irritation, "I will do it myself."

The corners of Jungkook's lips fixed on a conniving smirk that didn't wear off even when he snaked his mouth along his chiseled jaw. "I was planning to let you bounce on my cock, anyway, baby." He dragged the tip of his tongue across his bottom lip and nibbled it. "And if you wanted me to fuck you, you could have just asked."

Muted whines braised in Taehyung's throat as the spurt of bratty confidence that punched his previous remark out of him perished instantly at his effortless ascendancy. "Please fuck me, Jungkook. Why aren't you doing anything?"

"I wanted to see how long it'll take you to beg. Took you long enough." He trailed his lips to his neck and sucked his satiny skin.

A shiver shook his frame at the wet attack on his neck, his open mouth spilling a galaxy of strained moans. "I loved your kiss. Didn't want it to end. But I'm about to cum and you've barely touched me."

"Already, huh?"

A tingling pulsation crazed Taehyung's skin with the deliberate efflux of hot air the other released

with his fruity murmur. “Yes. Please—Please, Jungkook.”

He catered to his desire avidly; he launched an onrush of greedy kisses on his chest that sloped to his clenching belly and reached his swollen cock at the end. He stripped him of his shorts and boxers and flung them beside him. He appreciated his graceful thighs with flaming, lust-filled eyes and with eager brushes of his hands.

“I’ll devour you tonight,” Jungkook whispered — promised, as he soaked in his flushed cock, which twitched just seconds later. “Won’t let you sleep at all.” He hoisted his legs and pressed them against his chest. “Hold.”

Still in a mind-buzzing haze at the sinful promise, Taehyung drew his arms closer and looped them under his thighs. He detected a frenetic glint of pure hankering eddying in his eyes that were fixated on his exposed hole, and his toes curled in an upsurge of thrill. It electrified him how hungry Jungkook seemed to be for him. It sizzled his body with a riptide of anticipation vehement enough to knock down every sensible thought.

The feel of slippery, downy lips stroking his constricted entrance came along with a salvo of shudders that ripped breathy, high-pitched whines out of him. He drove his head back into the pillow at the heavenly feeling, his face crumpling with ecstasy. And he just kissed him there. The intensity of his sway over him with just a simple kiss or touch was insane.

Something cool and slick circled his hole instead of his tongue this time, and he perked his head up to examine the situation. Just as his gaze leveled at Jungkook, a lubed finger intruded his heat in a pleasurable slide that had him mewling. The pit of his stomach prickled with a burning tautness at once, whooshing him just a breath away from erupting.

It was ridiculous. He was about to come from a single finger. A finger that barely stretched his hole anymore since taking Jungkook’s cock every night for the past few days had loosened the muscles a notch and didn’t give them time to tighten again.

“What a needy baby you are, angel,” Jungkook purred as he curved his finger, rubbing it as deep as physically possible. “You’re about to cum, aren’t you?”

“Yes, yes, don’t stop, fuck.” Taehyung’s breath was pumped from his body harsher as the dizzying tautness in his gut blazed.

“Cum for me,” he commanded in a gruff tune and dove between his legs, stuffing his mouth full of his sensitive cock. He dug two fingers into him and dragged them ferociously against his walls as he bobbed his head at the same rapid rhythm, moaning on repeat around his shaft.

Taehyung imploded and exploded in overpowering rapture, cried out his name like a chant, and convulsed at the strings of cum that jetted from his jolting cock. The continuous vibrations of Jungkook’s moans as he swallowed his release added to his high, festering it.

Jungkook withdrew his mouth and licked his lips as the thrusts of his fingers diminished to plodding caresses. His eyes climbed up his folded form and settled on his face, though he couldn’t see much since Taehyung’s head had dropped onto the pillow again. “You good? Or should I stop?”

“Don’t stop,” he slurred, still floating between clouds of nirvana, as the oversensitivity was lost in his immense craving for his cock. “I want your cock so bad, Jungkook. Fuck me.”

With a brute grunt scraping his throat, Jungkook plunged to bury his tongue into his hole. He

alternated between slurping his lightly slack rim and dunking the hot muscle inside in probing, forceful jabs. He delivered a harsh smack on his left asscheek that caused him to jar and his velvety walls to clamp around his tongue.

“Fuck, yes, baby, love it,” Taehyung mumbled as a new inebriation seemed to gain mastery over his senses already. His nails gouged into the tender flesh of his thighs as he was speared open on his skillful tongue, head jerking up to marvel at the sight.

“Could eat you out all night, angel,” Jungkook whispered against his hole and engulfed it with his mouth again. He smashed his palm on his ass in a slap so fierce he would definitely feel the burning for a while.

Taehyung choked on a gasp crossed between delectation and pain. “Need—Need your cock,” he barbled, a mild shrillness slithering out of the crevices of his inflection as desperation took the lead.

Jungkook gripped his crimson asscheek in a bruising hold and eased three fingers into him. “You’ll have my cock however you want it, baby.” He sprawled his fingers without giving him time to adjust and edged them in and out slowly. “If you need time—”

“No,” he argued as his hooded eyes, swimming in lust and haziness, focused on him. “I told you what I need. I need your cock. Now.”

Jungkook peered back into the chocolate pools, and just the recognition of his abandoned need for him came to lick up his cock in jarring, hot bursts of stimulation. He gave a flying slap onto the asscheek he was grasping as he hammered his fingers into him in precise, rowdy pushes.

But as Taehyung’s delicious moans waxed, the heat in his stomach flared more and more until it became impossible to tame. He popped his fingers out and slipped off his sweatpants and boxers in no time, then lay next to him. “Bring that ass to my mouth and suck my cock, baby. I need to cum.”

Taehyung obeyed like a well-trained dog, buzzing with eagerness and excitement only at the thought. He crawled over him and lowered his ass to his face as he pumped his rock-hard erection a couple of times. Three cruel fingers jammed right up against his prostate instantly, and he erupted in whines, rocking back at the pained pleasure.

He guzzled his cock and sucked him in earnest, wanting to reciprocate the ecstasy Jungkook gifted him. After a few furious bobs of his head, he kept the length deep in his mouth and worked his throat around the head to nudge it deeper. Then, he swallowed. He recoiled at the sudden thrust of Jungkook’s hips that drove his cock even deeper in his heat, but he took the choking like a champ and kept devouring him.

“I love your mouth, angel, fuck, I’m so close,” Jungkook grunted, his fingers untiringly slamming into him. And true to his word, a tide of tingles spread like wildfire through his skin as he emptied everything in his mouth, hips rolling against him.

Taehyung lapped up every drop, moaning all the while, and he sucked hard as he pulled off. The pressure in his hole had ceased when his orgasm broke out, and he climbed off him to nestle against him.

Jungkook welcomed him into his embrace and didn’t waste a second to claim his mouth. He tasted his release on his tongue as he slid their lips together, getting drunk on the smoothness they held. Kissing him had become such an ardent necessity. He felt like he couldn’t last through even a minute without his mouth on Taehyung — whether it was on his lips, body, cock, or hole.

How the fuck could he survive a day without it? Or even worse, two days or three or a month or... No. Never having his mouth on him again was so devastating he couldn't even think about it.

But unwittingly he did, and that devastation crushed him and nauseated him with inexplicable terror that cut into his heart. The said terror injected fierceness into his actions that spurred him to drill his tongue deeper into his mouth and pull him harsher against his body. He realized, as his heart raged and his cock dripped for him.

Taehyung had ruined him for anyone else, too. There wasn't a way to exist without him anymore. He was sure of that. And it hurt in the most atrocious of ways because he had to do it. He had to exist without him. He had to wake up in his prison-like room without him. He had to let him go.

The constant rubbing of their hard cocks and Taehyung's sinful whimpers echoed in the background of his internal wretchedness. With a rough pull on his bottom lip, Jungkook ended the kiss and panted against his mouth in a moment of stillness meant to appease the vile emotions roaring throughout his chest.

Taehyung's attempt to read behind that shaded glossiness of his eyes was useless. But the more Jungkook shielded his emotions, the more he longed to unravel them one by one and drown in them.

He heaved himself off him without a word and grabbed the lube. He smeared the liquid on Jungkook's cock until every inch was coated and rubbed the remains over his hole, pushing two fingers into him to ascertain it was slippery enough.

When he laid his eyes on him again, he identified that familiar hunger in his gaze, though it was eclipsed by something he couldn't decipher. He hated it so much.

Taehyung mounted him and reached a hand behind him to align his cock to his hole. His palm slapped against the center of Jungkook's chest as the mind-expanding girth of the head breached his entrance. "Jungkook," he gasped out, screwing his eyes shut at the shooting pain. But it was what he needed the most in that moment. He needed this to hurt so he could feel him for days.

Jungkook grasped his waist as his forehead crinkled in a frown of rapture at the crawling glide of his hot hole over his cock. Completely sheathed on him, Taehyung slanted over him, and he rushed to ring his body with an arm.

"Whatever you're thinking," Taehyung uttered, voice wafting with a trembling undertone, "doesn't have a place in here. So stop. And focus on me. In this moment."

He didn't have another choice, anyway. The way his restrictive heat enclosed his cock was stomach-flipping. The sizzling pressing of their chests prickled his skin. The proximity of their faces alleviated any harrowing thought. And the mixture of all these things lulled him deeper into an ocean of ecstasy with leaping wavelets of *love*.

He clawed at his waist with both hands and rocked him gently, the tip prodding against the depths of his hole. "I was thinking about seeing you bounce on my cock, though," he said with a purr of mischief, and a corner of his lips twitched into his cheek.

Taehyung breathed a gasping chuckle as the voluptuous grinding of his cock against his walls got him all giddy and already desperate for more. "Liar."

The playfulness of his smile lost its vitality at the realization that Taehyung had picked up on his sobering thoughts, but he joined their lips before it could vanish throughout. Their tongues

enmeshed in a fiery dance as he quickened the tempo of the rolls of that plump ass, and both broke out in all kinds of blissful sounds.

Taehyung needed more than just rocking against him. He needed his cock to pound him — ruin him. So, with a whine, he lifted his hips and slammed his ass against his pelvis. He heard Jungkook gasp in his mouth and reveled in it, swallowing his sequent pleased sounds with his tongue.

The speedy abrasion of his veiny cock against his inner folds pummeled him into an electrifying cloudiness, and every thought fled his mind except one; to fuck himself on his cock until his legs would give out.

He crammed a hand between their bodies and hoisted his torso, using his bulky chest as a brace. Delving both palms into the said chest, he shoved his ass down onto the steady, impossibly hard cock as his eyes rested on his contracted, stunning face.

Jungkook anchored his hands on his hips and impaled him on his cock with each one of his wild thrusts, but he let Taehyung have control over it, mostly. A crackling carnality resided in his gaze as he sucked in every inch of him, like a parched man, from beneath his eyelashes. “You’re so gorgeous, baby,” spilled from him with a fitful lilt by the insistent pounding on his pelvis. “Fucking yourself on my cock. Taking me in so eagerly. Wreck your pretty hole on my cock.”

Taehyung’s face stretched into a mask of utter want at the lewd words, mouth popping apart to puff out his moans, and he heeded again to his order with a tsunami of searing alacrity.

The slapping sound of skin on skin intensified as he rammed his ass onto him with such force it burned. Everything burned at that moment; his hole by the enormous cock, his entire body at the shocks of pleasure, and his heart. His heart burned for Jungkook — it was alight with Jungkook. And he gladly allowed every inch of him to go up in flames.

Just as his legs started to tire out, a particular plunge jostled him towards his second orgasm, and he bounced to an abrupt halt. His body melted over him like jelly, nesting in his arms, as crude breaths spewed from his aching lungs.

Jungkook showered the side of his head with delicate kisses as he smoothed his palm up and down his back. “Tired?”

“A little. But I stopped because I felt like cumming.”

He dipped his fingers into his hair and angled his head to press a kiss on his mouth. “You can cum, baby. I’ll make you cum as many times as you want.” With a careful push, he flipped them over and propped his elbow on the pillow beside his face. “You did so well for me,” he muttered between mellow kisses on his silky lips. “I’m close too, but I want to see you cum first. And I want to keep fucking into you, so I’ll do my best to hold out.”

Taehyung mewled pathetically as he sneaked his tongue in his heat and twisted it against his. The bulgy cock was still buried inside him, and the wrapping of his legs around his form tilted his pelvis upwards in a deeper penetration. “Make me cum, Jungkook. Make me a mess.”

A reassuring smile budded on his lips with an underlying promise of unconditional rapture. “I got you,” he whispered, voice flavored with a suave softness. He dragged his cock out and set a brisk rhythm of steady dives into his hole that reached as deep as possible, with that melodic sound of skin smacking on skin spiraling around them.

Beneath Taehyung's flesh pulsed his insatiable passion for him as he took the cock tearing him apart with a slew of dumb whines. It mounted so high with the heady collision of their mouths, straining against the tender confinements, and it bubbled over at the desperate storminess of Jungkook's moves, gushing out of his existence.

He got drowned in it. His mind was a ruin of forbidden words that twirled and leaped like leaves blown in the wind. And the loads of self-restraint used to resist that seismic urge to let them flow out of his mouth hazed his vision over with a stinging wetness.

The cock writhing against his walls untiringly fueled the pool of heat in his belly and effectuated a vertiginous lightness on his senses. His second orgasm washed over him in a deafening explosion, and white-hot cum spurted from his twitching cock in an arc, splattering over his chest and even his neck. He sank his teeth into his lip as he puled with moans of enjoyment, his muscles quivering in the aftermath.

Jungkook decreased his thrusts to unrushed strokes as he came down from his high and marveled at his blissed-out expression when Taehyung released his definitely swollen lip. "I won't stop fucking you, Tae. I can't."

The sound of his nickname from his mouth bewitched Taehyung in the most unexpected of ways. Sure, he called him with other pet names, but this held a different significance since only his two best friends used it. It felt intimate. As if they shared a connection that went far beyond a good fuck. And as if both equally felt it.

Taehyung's mind flickered again with those forbidden words. His heart howled in despair. He needed to slam that urge out of him. He had to. "Please don't," he panted out, lacing a stranglehold around his desires. "Never. Keep fucking me, Jungkook. Please."

Jungkook notched up his speed, struggling just a mite to keep his orgasm under control. He didn't want to stop either. He lowered his face to his chest to suckle the ropes of cum and traced his lips to his neck to lick it clean as well. His fingers wormed down his figure and caressed the drenched head of his cock, instantly feeling Taehyung thrash about against him.

The outline of a mild smirk carved its shape into the side of his neck. "I love it when you shake like this against me." He twined his hand around his length and gave it a few twisting pumps that had it growing into full hardness in seconds. It amazed him since he had just cum, but Taehyung already seemed ready for more.

Taehyung was convulsed by another unbearable fit of desire to unleash his confession. A glimmer of sadness crept into every crease on his forehead, and he could only hope Jungkook wouldn't perceive it. "I need you, Jungkook. I want you so bad."

Jungkook embraced his cheeks, still pushing into his smoldering hole slowly. "You got me, baby. I'm right here."

The sadness bristled so much it suffused his flesh and poured from the depths of his eyes. *I'm in love with you.* Unconscious tears formed in his sockets at his incapability to articulate these damn words that pounded his chest in brutal punches.

"Harder," Taehyung begged in a shattered whisper, his gaze never losing him from its aim despite the dejection it carried. "Be rough. I want it to hurt." The moisture spread in his vision and overflowed until he could feel a trail of tears slide down the side of his face. "Fuck me hard. Wreck me, Jungkook."

The feel of the hot wetness grazing his palms, that were still cupping his cheeks, made Jungkook deprive him of his wish. His heart gave a violent prance of agitation at the sight, and he unwittingly ceased the rocking of his hips, keeping his cock stuffed inside him. He collected the tears and combed through his hair with his fingers in a caress as gentle as the touch of a feather.

“Tell me what you’re thinking,” Jungkook spoke in a hushed timbre that was coiled around his tender voice. “Tell me what you’re thinking and it’s making you cry.”

Taehyung tore his eyes off him as more tears leaked out at the question. It was like he pressed a button, and suddenly everything overwhelmed him, leading him to spill more burning wetness.

“Hey,” Jungkook uttered with a fast-growing concern. He drew his hips back in his attempt to slip his length out, but a hasty grip on his waist held him immobile.

“Just fuck me, hmm?” Taehyung pleaded, bottom lip shivering. “Fuck me rough. Deep so I can feel every inch of you.”

“But you’re crying.”

“Worry about it later. Now fuck me. Please.”

Jungkook individuated the desperation in his glittering eyes. But it wasn’t the usual desperation of lust. It was another type that embodied such sorrow it pricked his heart just at the sight. Taehyung was sad, overran by pain, and wallowed in torture. And he loathed himself so fucking much because he couldn’t give him what he truly craved. He couldn’t confess his feelings, couldn’t claim him as his, couldn’t keep him close.

So he lunged to soothe the tremor of his lip with an impassioned kiss. He brushed their mouths and rolled their tongues together with a fierceness he hoped it could salve his ravaging sorrow too. He hammered into him like his heart pounded against his ribcage. He clung onto him, juddering together and drifting into their cozy capsule of yearning.

Taehyung’s heartache was fucked out of him as he so much wanted. He felt that underlying change in the way he kissed him to the bone again. But he still couldn’t pinpoint what it was or why it was there. The unrelenting jabs of his wondrous cock against his prostate blanked his mind. His fingers dug further into Jungkook’s back, squeezing their bodies harder.

His release blindsided him. It ripped out the scant air from his lungs, since most of it was already guzzled by Jungkook, and wreaked eruptive goosebumps all around his skin. Wave after wave of dreamy pleasure toppled over him that churned his frame. It sent him flying along mottled, cottony clouds of entrancement and brought glows of bone-deep fulfillment that undulated across him from head to toe.

Jungkook squirmed with his own coveted orgasm just seconds later. That divine, wrecked hole clutched his cock possessively, almost painfully, but he thrust harder into the spasmodic folds of his heat. With tight, untamed swoops, he painted his insides with his cum, grunting like an animal in his mouth.

The drunk ferocity guiding their kiss fizzled into unhurried gentleness after the culmination of their high. They lay there buzzing, feeling their strained muscles throb and their roaring hearts thud against each other’s chest. The sweet strokes of their mouths amplified the pulsations of bliss sifting through the atmosphere, entrancing them even more.

Taehyung’s eyes fluttered open when the delicate lips of his slunk away. His vision was still murky

by a thin layer of dampness, though he was now able to fence it in. He regarded his focused gaze on him and almost imperceptible wrinkles bloomed on his forehead with a tinge of gloom.

He absorbed the fumes of euphoria sparkling in his eyes, but there was something else that broke through the edges — something that clawed at his heart and wrung it ruthlessly. A multitude of emotions loomed behind these hazel eyes, but he could only recognize one.

Sadness.

It lunged his heart into a new stampede of anxiety. He shouldn't be sad. Not after a fervid moment like this. The guilt that he had ruined their most euphoric moment with his sudden burst of crying squashed him, adorning his eyes with a similar sullenness.

Jungkook lifted himself off him wordlessly. One hand reached for the wet wipes and the other pressed against the back of his thighs before they could drop onto the blanket. He admired his scarlet, gaping hole, watching as a string of cum oozed out. He scrubbed it away with a wet wipe and cleaned him as much as he could, not wanting him to feel sticky with a hole filled with cum.

He supported the weight of his legs and leveled them over the ground. He wiped the thick liquid from his torso with gentle swipes, eyes trailing the movement. "You told me whatever I was thinking didn't have a place here." His quiet voice rang with a grave hue. "And you let it make you cry."

Taehyung's chest sank, just like his features. He gazed with a pout clinging onto the corner of his lips as Jungkook cleaned his chest as well. "I was just overwhelmed. I'm sorry."

"Overwhelmed with what?"

The pout hardened on his face with the unforeseen flare of vexation slicing through his gut. The line of his mouth tightened into a steely frown, dissipating any shard of gloom. How could he not know what overwhelmed him? How could he not know how much it tormented him that he had to leave?

"With everything, Jungkook." He pulled himself to a sitting position, overlooking the pain, and fixed his eyes on him in a darkened, rowdy stare. "I don't know if you give a fuck, but I'm leaving tomorrow."

The words were like spikes that punctured his already bleeding wound. They hung heavily in the surrounding air and roiled through the fraught silence, taunting him — toying with his sanity. The muscles in his face sharpened by the mockery his scarred heart received, a vicious, pained glint of harshness overshadowing his eyes. "You think I don't?"

"Yeah, that's what it seems like."

"Why? Because I'm not crying like you?"

Taehyung's mouth puckered with poorly suppressed fury, brows still drawn together so ferociously his forehead ached. But then exhaustion crowded in as he interpreted the futility of pushing the matter. "Let's not talk about it."

"No, let's fucking talk about it." His voice burst from him with a growling loudness that even surprised himself. He shouldn't be mad. Taehyung wasn't aware of his feelings. He knew nothing because Jungkook didn't let him. It was unfair for him to get yelled at when he knew nothing.

The realization smoothed out the turbulent creases in his face and cloaked his existence with a

mantle of remorseful melancholy, which only gripped him harder at the glimmering sheen of startle mixed with agony in Taehyung's eyes. "I'm sorry." He crawled closer and perched in front of him, crossing his legs. His hand drew to his face in need to caress his cheek, but it twitched in painful surprise when Taehyung tilted his head away from his touch.

It lingered in the air as he perused the heartache wandering on his grim traits and clenched into a fist, collapsing onto his thigh. "I shouldn't have yelled at you. I'm sorry, Taehyung."

Taehyung swallowed past the burning heaviness lodged at the back of his throat. His sight suddenly blurred. Maybe it was because of another overwhelming tide of emotions. Or maybe because of the words that took form in his head and surged to the tip of his tongue before he could stop them. "You really don't know what overwhelmed me?" he asked, voice staggering in dismay. "You don't know what I feel about you? You don't know... You really don't know... I—I'm... Fuck."

Jungkook drove his chin into his chest deeper, shoulders slumping with an insupportable mass of agony. "Don't say it."

"I've said it before, though. The first time we fucked."

"It's not the same. Then it was just the thrill talking. My denial of giving you what you wanted made you say it. But now... Now it's so much more."

The fragile, barely audible whisper of his reeled in Taehyung's wet eyes and got them hooked on his lowered head. "You know."

"Yes. I know."

"And you have nothing to say?"

"Say what, Taehyung?" He dared to raise his eyes and mesh them with his. It was a mistake, he realized immediately. They were flooded with tears that kept leaching out in a steady trickle, and he couldn't bear the gruesome image. He tossed his head down again, regaining fractions of his lucidity. "It doesn't matter. Nothing matters. Because you're leaving either way."

Taehyung constrained a sob and the spasm it brought along. "Do you at least care about it? Does it sadden you that I'm leaving?"

"Of course it does." The words tumbled from his lips of their own will. But he leashed the recklessness his torrential feelings for him triggered when he spoke again. "Can I hold you?"

Taehyung swiped a dragging palm over his cheeks in turn and sniffled. "Yes."

Jungkook shifted next to him and gently guided him back until they lay on the blanket facing each other. He fused their naked bodies with a secure grip of his arm around his waist and peppered mollifying kisses on his forehead. "Let's not waste our last night together with crying and depressing thoughts, hmm? I know you're not doing it on purpose. But we have this night ahead of us." He held his cheek in an utterly delicate palm, peering into his reddened eyes. He was relieved to see no more tears threaten to fall, and his chest fluttered to a plodding cascade.

"For the rest of this night, you're mine, angel." Jungkook pecked his nose sweetly, leaving soul-soothing caresses of adoration on his back. "And I'm yours."

Taehyung's body melted like snow from a fire at the euphoric sound of these words. They twirled in endless circles throughout his head, inebriating it and blurring it with bliss. He didn't know how

much he was pining to hear these words until they coiled around his ears with a sort of magic that made them linger.

Even if it was only for one more night, he craved to be his. And he longed like never before to make Jungkook his as well.

Taehyung closed the small gap between their faces, kissing him with the tenderness and possessiveness of a love-struck man. “Now I understand why you had asked me to repeat it so many times.”

Jungkook smiled against the plump pillows of his mouth and captured them again. “Should I do the same for you? Repeat it over and over?”

“Please,” he whispered, then stuffed his tongue into his mouth again. He moaned at the avidity of Jungkook’s tongue that explored his heat and pressed against his own. “Say it.”

“I’m yours, baby.”

A desperate whine burred in Taehyung’s throat as he dove for another round of rolling lips and clashing tongues. His cock, already dripping with precum, jolted every time it brushed against Jungkook’s equally hard one. “Fuck, you’re mine.”

“And you’re mine too.”

They drank each other’s air up with voracious mouths, only stopping for a repetition of these words that ignited their fucking soul and frenzied every particle of conscious thoughts.

The thought of tomorrow didn’t exist anymore in their woozy heads as they claimed each other greedily and got lost in flames of ecstasy. They fucked again and again, steadily and carefully weaving their hearts together with a thread of love exchanged in even amounts. They took everything, wrung every drop of pleasure from the other until the approach to another orgasm didn’t seem possible, but they kept fucking nonetheless, kissing, sucking each other off, just to feel one another to the max.

And even when their bodies burned out and their eyelids fought against the heaviness dragging them down, the yearning for each other was still ablaze. Their hearts pulsed in one melodious song, now fully interwoven.

The disjuncture of their hearts tomorrow would leave them bleeding and suffering — they knew it from the very start of their second round — but they simply couldn’t help themselves. They needed this connection like a living being needed oxygen. And they cherished it wholeheartedly, latched onto it, got hypnotized by it, let it overload every single inch of them.

Even if that thread of love used to knit their hearts together would peter into a spiked wire tomorrow that would tear them to shreds.



It's the first time I feel sad while writing smut But I really loved writing this and the next chapter, which is coming tomorrow

Why Are You Doing This To Me?

Jungkook clasped the naked body that was melted against him tighter as soon as his senses crawled back to him from his halcyon sleep, then relaxed his muscles with a silent, content sigh.

He loved waking up cocooned in Taehyung's warmth. It sent constant ripples of serenity through his heart, with an underflow of bliss and safety.

Jungkook never felt safe in his life. Peril always lurked everywhere because of his family's business, and he dove into the said peril as well when he joined. He chose this life — he enjoyed this life. Even with all the danger, being the best of the best in the underworld was what thrilled him to the core. Money and ascendancy. He thirsted for them. He never thought he would find something he would crave more than these two things.

Until he stumbled upon the gorgeous angel who answered to the name Taehyung.

Taehyung obliterated everything he thought he knew about desires in life and what truly brought happiness. Fearing even the sound of his name, betraying others just so they could buy his products, begging to let them enter his nightclub and casino, since his businesses were only for elites. He spent the past five years believing these factors were more than enough for a successful, happy life.

But simply waking up next to Taehyung gifted him such bliss that nothing could transcend it.

Now he was about to return to a life without Taehyung. He had to. And he wasn't fucking ready. Spending the whole night feeling each other in every possible way wasn't enough to satiate a fraction of his yearning for him. Even a lifetime wouldn't be enough, he believed.

He couldn't allow Taehyung to see him break down. Maybe if he thought Jungkook didn't feel the same, he would forget him easier and his pain would be bearable. He clung onto that possibility as if it were his last hope of survival.

He hardened himself to the wrenching heartbreak he would experience. Or at least he tried, telling himself to remain calm in the moment of the goodbye, to smile and kiss him and wish him all the happiness in this world because he deserved nothing less, to hug him tight and let him know how much he enjoyed their time together.

And when Taehyung would walk out of the room with his luggage and Jungkook's bleeding heart, he could surrender to that wrenching heartbreak body and soul.

Through the wistful haze of his mind, tender strokes on his back entered his senses, and he smiled gently at the image of Taehyung's half-closed, puffy eyes. He pecked his nose and had the privilege of watching his lips form that spellbinding, addictive smile of his that was like a warm ray of sunlight illuminating even the darkest parts of his hurtful thoughts.

Taehyung caressed his mouth with a chaste kiss, sighing nasally. "Good morning."

"Good morning, angel." Jungkook pressed his lips against his once more.

"What time is it?"

Jungkook rolled onto his back and reached for his wristwatch. "It's after twelve," he uttered as he

caged him into his embrace again. “What time are you leaving?”

There was a moment of stillness as Taehyung’s face clouded over with the sorrowful reminder. It had completely slipped through the cracks of his mind with Jungkook’s soul-soothing warmth and touch. As if a cloak that was too heavy to bear dropped over his existence, everything felt too grim and his chest plunged to the ground.

He didn’t let it gain more control over him, though. He was determined to say goodbye to him with a smile on his lips. He didn’t want their last memory to be agonizing, with his pleas to come with him to Seoul or come find him when everything would be over. With his endless tears of poignancy. With his pained fury because Jungkook didn’t fall for him as Taehyung did. He wanted to leave with his heart full of his precious memories with Jungkook and block out anything distressing.

If he would be able to do that, though, was another story that hadn’t been written yet.

“We have to be at the port at four,” Taehyung said with a little smile that held no vibrancy and pecked his lips.

Jungkook recognized the falseness of his smile, though he didn’t comment on it. It was his weapon to deal with this, he believed. “You still have time then.”

“Not really. There are so many things we need to do.” Taehyung stretched his sore body, yawning, then flopped onto his back. He twisted his head to look at him. “I have to go back.”

Jungkook’s eyes flitted quietly over his gentle expression in a probing dance of mystification. Was his forced smile and his calm countenance really just a tool to cope with the anguish of their separation? Or... did Taehyung’s longing for him burn out?

He should be relieved with his somewhat distant behavior. And if his longing for him truly diminished, he should be relieved with this, too. But why did his heart ache so brutally just at the thought?

He obscured the spate of his convoluted, conflicting emotions behind a mirthless smile. “Yeah, let’s go back.”

And they did, with a stealthy oppression shrouding them.

They dressed their bodies, that were sticky with dried cum and remnants of sweat, took their things, and trudged downstairs. Jungkook noted his slight limping and reassured him he would return later to collect the tent. Taehyung replied with a ‘thank you’, barely glancing at him for a second.

And fuck, it bothered him more than he could ever imagine. But he still said nothing about it.

“I’ll go freshen up first,” Taehyung said, slipping the case with his toothbrush out of his pocket.

“Let’s go to the private bathroom.”

Taehyung wordlessly trailed behind him until they arrived. Jungkook already had his toothbrush there, and they brushed their teeth side by side, avoiding eye contact. They also washed their faces, and even after they finished and headed back to their room, not even a word was shared between them.

The sight Taehyung encountered the moment he opened the door had him flying into a mire of consternation and rushing to smother a crying Jimin in his hug. “What happened?” he asked in a

fragile tone as he sat beside him on the bed and rubbed palliative patterns on his back.

Jimin only wailed harder, burying his face into the crook of his neck.

Hoseok, who was sitting next to the crying man, sighed. “Yoongi...”

Taehyung locked eyes with him. A notion of what must have happened spiraled inside him only at the mention of his name.

Jungkook averted his eyes from the harrowing scene as they brimmed with gloom. For a moment, he pictured Taehyung wailing in his friends’ embrace after their dolorous goodbye, but then his distant demeanor leaped into his mind. Maybe Taehyung wouldn’t react this way, after all.

He trod to the closet and grabbed clean clothes. “I’ll go take a shower,” he said and stepped out of the room without waiting for an answer.

Taehyung drew in a long breath, filling his lungs to the hilt. Pretending to be unaffected or even nonchalant about their impending separation was so enervating and challenging, to be honest. A deluge of sobs simmered in his chest and threatened to erupt from him at any moment, despite that he kept telling himself it was okay.

Nothing was okay, and it would never be without Jungkook in his life.

The persistent twitching of Jimin’s frame perforated the blur of his thoughts, and he ran his palm over his back in another set of strong caresses. “Calm down, Chim. Tell us what happened.”

Jimin furiously wiped his drenched cheeks and took one more tissue to blow his nose. His shoulders still quaked with his stifled sobs, though he compelled his composure to return to him. “He ended it yesterday.”

Jimin’s wrecked voice rang with such suffering it sliced right across his friends’ hearts. Taehyung squeezed his shoulder again and again, feeling every scrap of his pain. “Because we’re leaving, huh?”

“Yes.” Jimin swiped a hand over his reddened cheeks to dry the next silent wave of tears. “I asked him why do we have to end it like this. We can still talk and even meet in the future. I can come here on the weekends. I gave him so many solutions. But he didn’t change his mind.”

The other two remained mute. They waited for him to continue, letting the heavy silence travel through the room with only Jimin’s sniffles breaking it.

“I kept asking why,” Jimin sighed, tears now confined behind downcast eyes. “And eventually he told me about his life to make me realize we can’t be together.”

Bewildered agitation eddied in Taehyung’s gaze as he analyzed his words, striving to apprehend their meaning. “You don’t mean...” He noticed Jimin’s eyes crept up to rest on his face and realization struck him like a brick. “You know.”

“Apparently, you too.”

“What do you guys know?” Hoseok asked with an edge of obvious eagerness as his gaze ping-ponged between the two.

Jimin glanced at him, then redirected his focus to Taehyung again. “I’ll say it.”

Taehyung nibbled his bottom lip, uncertainty surfing across his darkened features. "They'll be mad if they found out we talked..."

"I don't care. Yoongi dumped me as if everything we lived was nothing. And it's Hoseok hyung. He's trusted."

"Of course he is. But if Jay asks, you will tell him I didn't say a word."

Jimin huffed a wan snicker. "Why are you protecting him? He's no better than Yoongi. He'll dump you too."

"Chim..." Hoseok murmured as he regarded the sullenness that ripped through Taehyung's face at once.

Jimin lowered his head in instant remorse. "Sorry. I'm just upset."

"It's okay," Taehyung uttered, smiling sadly through his wretchedness. "I know he will. I don't expect him to ask me to stay or something."

Hoseok gazed at the shared misery that was inscribed on their countenance with gloomy eyes. But his curiosity only festered by the second. "Guys, tell me. What do you know?"

Jimin inhaled slowly, and his shoulders drooped more with the breath that shuddered out of him. "They're drug dealers."

Hoseok's brows flinched upwards and stood there in two high curves of shock as the revelation swirled through his senses. "What? Are you serious?"

"Yes," Jimin said. "They have a business with drugs in Seoul."

Hoseok expelled a staggered sound, still unable to soak up the news. "So they're criminals."

"It's just a family business," Jimin mumbled. "They sell marijuana pills. Nothing dangerous like cocaine."

"It's still illegal, Jimin," Hoseok stressed on every word with a sudden spark of vexation. "I don't think you understand the severity of the situation. They're criminals. They probably handle guns. They deal with dangerous scumbags on a daily basis. How can you be so fucking cool about this? How can you still want them in your life?"

"I don't know about Taehyung, but I'm in love," Jimin shot back with the same ferocity, though a trace of desperation saddened his tone. "I don't care about his job or who he is as long as he doesn't hurt other people."

"Your lives can get in danger next to them!" Hoseok hissed. "Thank God we're leaving. Pack your things. Now." He jolted out of his seat and stormed towards his luggage.

Taehyung observed with an ever-increasing wistfulness as Hoseok leveled out his luggage over the floor and started shoving his clothes inside. "Hyung. Has anybody ever chosen who to fall in love with?"

His bitterness-filled words floated in the charged atmosphere, slowing down Hoseok's movements until he stood still with his back turned to him.

"Has anybody stopped being in love with someone just because it was wrong? Yes, you can

constrain your feelings, but you can't force them out, even if you're not meant to be with that person. They're not bad guys, hyung. They live a dangerous life, but they're not a danger to us. They don't want to let us in their life because they don't want to put us in danger. And this says a lot."

Hoseok sighed heavily as he dragged his feet back to the bed and plopped down next to them. "I get it. But either way, we're leaving. You'll forget them and we'll continue living our lives."

"It's not that easy..." Jimin said in a muted tone. "I miss him already."

"I know it won't be easy. But that's how life works. You forget with time."

Taehyung's gaze tumbled to the floor as agonizing thoughts flickered through his mind. Would he really be able to forget Jungkook with time? Would he stop missing him, asking for him, his touch, his kisses? In that moment, with the all-consuming despondency grinding through his chest, it didn't seem possible.

And in that very moment, all he craved was to feel him close again. Pretending to be so nonchalant wouldn't cushion the blow of his heartbreak, anyway. Nothing would.

In the blink of an eye, everything Taehyung strove to convince himself to do at the time of their parting crumbled. He *wanted* to cry for him, beg him to come with him or for Jungkook to let him stay, tell him how much he was in love with him. How desperate he was for him. And since he didn't think he had the strength to vocalize all that, he opted to tell him with his actions.

Jimin and Hoseok flinched when their friend suddenly jumped to his feet, and they stared with creases of confusion as he snatched clothes from the closet. "What are you doing?" Jimin asked.

"I need to be with him," Taehyung spluttered, his breath coming faster and faster, as if an unknown dread hunted him.

"Taehyung, we're leaving in almost two hours!" Hoseok yelled, but then the door shut, and Taehyung disappeared.

Taehyung scuttled all the way to the private bathroom, each step shaky by the ferocious bangs of his heart against his ribcage. He flung the door open and locked it behind him. With the pouring water echoing in the room, he hung his clothes and undressed, then drew the folding door of the shower aside.

Jungkook shot his head up at the sound, though he didn't rotate to face him. His sunken traits regained a tinge of life and his pulse bristled at the electrified quietness that ensued.

Taehyung's eyes prowled on his wet back. His breath spewed even harsher from him as the forbidden words his brain conceived again pinwheeled all through his senses until they frenzied him. "I'm in love with you."

The silence was deafening and bore down on them like a boulder. The weight of his confession froze time, even though Jungkook was already aware of his feelings. Even though Jungkook knew and didn't care about them.

Taehyung edged closer. He felt a ton lighter with the forbidden words finally out there. "I'm in love. With you, Jungkook." He set his palms on each of his shoulders and nestled the side of his head against his nape.

Jungkook swallowed. His body was as rigid as a wall and his poor heart writhed in devastation.

“Why... Why are telling me this?”

“I had to tell you,” Taehyung whispered. “Even if you already knew it. I wanted you to hear it from me.”

“I didn’t want to hear it!” Suddenly, vile spikes of unreasonable rage punched Jungkook’s form that wrenched the nasty words out of him before he could stop them. He felt Taehyung jerk slightly, but even when the resonance of his voice vibrated in the limited space, he didn’t pull away. “Why the fuck are you doing this to me?”

Taehyung squeezed his eyes shut, that sparkled with a burning wetness in seconds, and clutched him tighter. “I’m sorry. But I’m in love with you.”

“Shut up, Taehyung. Just shut up.”

“Kiss me,” he begged. “Let me feel you.”

Jungkook’s body grew so tense it shook, his fists clenched roughly, his chest waving with strenuous pants. His need for him blazed as hot as sparks in his gut, but his inability to confess his feelings as well was what scorched his skin like dots of acid.

The pain unhinged every drop of his rationality, and he swiveled with a jolt, only to get a hold of his frame and push him against the cold wall. He dove in haste to capture his mouth — that damn mouth that hurled prohibited, absurd confessions and needy demands without a care in the world.

“Why are you doing this to me, huh?” Jungkook devoured his lips fiercer, tongues fighting in a turbulent dual. He reached blindly with his left hand at the shampoo rack and felt for the small bottle of baby oil. He knocked down a bigger bottle in the process, but he paid no mind; he popped the oil open and drenched his fingers.

“Why the fuck?” he muttered against him and tilted his head into another ferocious kiss. His fingers slithered between his legs to rub over his sore hole, and he clawed at Taehyung’s thigh the moment he curled his leg around his waist.

Taehyung’s moans blasted through the shower from the very first touch of their lips, and they only seemed to increase in neediness and volume with the cruel slide of two long fingers into his hole. His repetitive question kept ringing in his already dopey senses, and it took him a while to realize he repeated it once more as he split him open relentlessly with his fingers.

“Why are you torturing me like this, hmm?” Jungkook rasped, eyes dark and boisterous, like a stormy sea, secured on him. He dug a third finger into his wrecked hole, too impatient and lost in the fierceness of his messed-up emotions to take it slow. “You’re supposed to be with your friends packing right now. Why the fuck are you here telling me you’re in love with me?”

Taehyung grimaced and hissed at the burning stretch, but he still rocked his hips against the brutal jabs of his fingers. “Because I am,” he choked out between gasping breaths, eyes glittering with an overwhelmed dampness. “I’m so in love with you, Jungkook. I don’t want to leave.”

A new tautness gripped at his features, hardening them impossibly. The pounding of his hand intensified so much he convulsed his whole body with each plunge. “What the fuck is wrong with you now? You barely seemed to care about leaving earlier.”

Taehyung tossed his head back as his teeth cruelly latched onto his lower lip with the speedy grinding of his fingers against his sensitive walls. “I told myself I won’t cry. I won’t beg for you. That I want to say goodbye with a smile on my face. But I can’t, Jungkook. I need you. I want you.”

I'm yours. I'm in love with you."

The words bombarded Jungkook's existence with prickles of pure suffering, which triggered an even bigger, horrid outrage in his core. Because he couldn't say them back, couldn't keep him here, couldn't go with him, couldn't let him into his life in no event. And it crushed him.

The muscles along his jaw contracted, and an aching sheen glazed his incensed eyes as he removed his fingers and slathered his dripping cock with oil. "You have no place here." He grasped his thigh and lifted his leg, then guided his cock to his entrance. Deep furrows were engraved on his forehead as he delved into Taehyung's heavy-lidded eyes that had given over to the anguish rampaging inside him. They were just two chocolate pools of sorrow, laden with desperation and at the ready to spill an ocean of tears.

"You don't belong here." Jungkook eased his hips forward, burying his cock balls-deep in a smooth glide. He squirmed at the rapturous constriction around his length and slammed his palm against the wall to steady himself. "I don't want you anywhere near my life." He detected trickles of tears escape his harshly shut eyes and leaned to soothe them with tender kisses.

"You're cruel," Taehyung drawled as he clung onto his robust frame stronger. "But I'm still in love with you."

"I know." Jungkook dragged his lips to his other cheek and peppered it with affectionate kisses. "Nothing will change that, right? No matter what I say. No matter what I do. Right?"

"Yes." Taehyung's watery eyes unsealed. He snaked one hand into his hair and pulled just enough to bring his face a breath away from his. "I belong to you. I'm yours. Even if you don't want to be mine."

Jungkook gripped his other leg and wrenched it off the floor. He pressed him harder against the wall, clasp his thighs in a secure hold. "There's nothing I want more right now, Taehyung." Just as he perceived hopeful surprise bloom on his features, he edged away to the tip and rolled into his tight heat again. "Right now, I'm yours. Right now, I belong to you like you belong to me."

Taehyung fastened both arms around his nape, his legs already circling his waist. His back rubbed achingly against the tiled wall with the rough pounding of his cock, but he *loved* it. He got drunk on the pain. It was exactly what he needed for his shattered heart. "And what about tomorrow?"

Low grunts buzzed in Jungkook's throat endlessly as he impaled him on his cock with swift, precise thrusts, the grip on his thighs brutal enough to bruise them. "Tomorrow you'll be gone. So it doesn't fucking matter."

"It matters," Taehyung said. "All you have to do is ask me to stay. And I will."

"No," Jungkook growled in a low timbre, his jaw clenching with another burst of pained fury. His cock drilled his fluttering walls more rowdily, the swollen tip prodding his prostate at each rapid dive. "I don't want you here."

"You do. I can feel it in the way you're fucking me. You want me. Like I want you."

Jungkook pitched forward to shut his damn mouth with a raging kiss. He bounced him on his cock faster and rougher than any other time in a wordless confirmation of his breathless statement. Every part of his being grew hyper-aware of everything with the harrowing reminder that this was the last time he could fuck him, feel him writhe against him, kiss his voluptuous mouth, hold him, and simply exist in the same room as him.

He savored his hot, needy mouth and eager tongue that kept swirling and pressing against his own. He assimilated the feel of his tender, sinewy thighs under his palms that ached from the bruising hold on them. He relished his suave moans that thumped on his ears with such entrancement he was sure their echo would linger in them. He immersed himself in the way his delicious hole gripped his cock, clenching and twitching, sucking him in deeper.

He lapped up everything about him. Hoping to feel him for days, hoping it would assuage a dram of his agony when Taehyung would be miles away. Hoping and praying his remembrance and memories with him would keep him sane enough.

Taehyung's cock flailed pathetically between their bodies with the unmerciful hammering of his hips, spurting small eruptions of precum. It slapped so heavenly against Jungkook's abs and that alone was enough to fan the flames of his oncoming release.

His ecstasy crested unexpectedly, so blazing it overwhelmed him like no other time. Every inch of his skin tingled with the consuming conflagration, his heart rattled manically, and his body jolted, causing their mouths to disconnect.

Jungkook's eyes, dazed with frenetic longing, centered in on him. They anatomized each sensational change of his breathtaking face as he came untouched, making a mess of their chests with his springing cum. "You're pure heaven, baby," he drawled as the rutting of his hips boosted in the chase of his own orgasm that loomed nearby at the ravishing sight. "You're my heaven."

Just the vocalization of these words made Jungkook's stomach lurch. He was tilted by a sudden desire to say more. But the flame in his core snapped before he could do something he would regret.

He guzzled his mouth with a volcanic kiss and grunted lowly as he rolled his hips in jerky stabs, stuffing him full of his hot release. The tide slowed in pulsing wavelets and the fierce brush of their lips petered into gentle caresses as his body stilled.

He ended the kiss sooner than he wanted and fused their foreheads instead, struggling to draw air into his lungs. His eyes split open with a notion of hesitation. Because the moment he loathed came. That heart-wrenching moment. The moment of separation.

Jungkook delicately lowered him until his feet touched the floor. Just as his hands retreated, they rushed to him again to hold him and steady him when Taehyung's knees gave out. "It hurts, hmm?"

With his strength slowly returning to him, Taehyung slithered his hand away from his frame. "Not as much as my heart."

The unforeseen words smacked Jungkook in the most brutal of ways, razing his already fragile heart to the ground. God, it was sheer torture. Parting from him. Never seeing him again. The thought destroyed him.

Jungkook maintained his sullen eyes on the floor. "Maybe I can't do anything about that," he said, his voice wafting with the same heaviness that ringed his being, "but I can do something for the other pain."

Taehyung watched, unmoving and speechless, as Jungkook reached out for his hand and instructed him to turn around. His chest shuddered with a subdued gasp at the first stroke of rosebud lips on his aching back.

Jungkook salved the brute redness etched on his back with sugary, dragging kisses. His hands

skimmed up and down his arms just as gently, as he mouthed at the sore muscles. He gradually sank to his knees and continued his journey of unhurried kisses on his round cheeks. After showering them with the same tenderness, he pulled them apart to reveal his wrecked, cum-filled, gaping hole.

He petted the swollen, scarlet ring of muscles with mollifying pecks, tasting his release that had oozed out. His aftercare was loving and slow, with no intent to enkindle. He cherished the throbbing hole with his mouth and relieved its soreness with fond, careful swipes of his tongue.

The sweetness and affection of Jungkook's ministrations stirred a flurry of clashing emotions within his chest. And as his caring mouth slid up his figure again and then disappeared, only one of them climbed at the peak and overrode anything else.

Heartbreak. Numbing heartbreak convulsed inside him, leaping and surging all through his blood and bones. Because he had to leave now. And Jungkook wouldn't stop him.

Jungkook wordlessly backed away under the pouring water. He regarded his frozen form with an unyielding fog of sadness in his eyes. He dipped to grab the scattered shampoo and squirted a decent amount in his palm. He scrubbed the liquid over his hair and massaged his skull thoroughly.

Even after he washed out the foam, Taehyung hadn't moved an inch. He knew he was crying. And maybe that was why he couldn't bring himself to tell him to turn around or join him. He couldn't bear the sight. He began cleaning his body instead.

His eyes caught a slight twitch of his frame and plummeted to the floor. "When I was thirteen... my father had slapped the shit out of me one time. I had secretly taken his gun because he wouldn't give it to me and I was curious about it. He caught me and threw slap after slap on my face until he knocked me down. That's how I feel right now, Taehyung. Knowing that you're crying. Knowing that I can do nothing to stop your tears."

Taehyung raised a frail hand and swiped it across his soaked cheeks. His legs, vitiated by the plangent void in his gut, moved on their own and crawled closer. "What did he do afterwards?"

"He cried. He told me he was scared to death by what I did. Because I could have shot myself accidentally."

"Why did he even have a loaded gun with a little kid in the house?"

Jungkook finished scrubbing himself and stepped under the water again, his eyes riveted on Taehyung's lowered head. "He always kept a loaded gun locked in a drawer of his room in case someone attacked us. I found the key. And opened it. I know it was stupid of me."

"Yeah. It was."

Jungkook rinsed his body in the silence that spiraled around them. He extended his hand to get a hold of his and gently tugged him forward, uniting their chests. He cradled his cheeks, expelling a slow, heavy breath. He dabbed his lips on his forehead in a long kiss, closing his eyes at the touch.

He laid his overflowed with melancholy eyes on him. "Thank you. And I'm sorry." He closed the space between them in one last tender merging of their mouths. It felt so bitter. The iron grip of devastation around his heart squashed it until it shredded it. Even existing was agonizing at that moment.

He didn't know how he managed to fence in the torrent of tears pricking his chest as he drew away. He didn't know how he didn't break down at the sight of his cheeks getting drenched with a

fast-flowing wetness. But maybe he knew. It was because he had to keep Taehyung safe. And he would only be safe away from him. Away from his life.

“Angel,” he whispered with a sudden unsteadiness in his voice. He paused. His voice was about to crack along with the bulwark of his self-restraint and sanity. “You were my heaven.”

He was barely able to watch for a few seconds the rill of tears pouring from his eyes quicken its gush as Taehyung’s face wrung with heartache. His vision clouded over with the first crevice on the said bulwark. His breath broke out of him in brisk, shallow pants at his exertion to lease his feelings.

He bolted out of the narrow space just as every shard of constraint slipped through his grasp and imploded devastatingly. He dressed with tears tumbling down his cheeks without end, too lost in his despondency to remember to dry his body first.

And he vanished, leaving Taehyung on his knees sobbing his shared heartbreak into his palms under the cold water.



You Don't Deserve It

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The harrowing pain howled inside Taehyung's jarring body, the earsplitting echoes stabbing his heart and punching holes to his stomach. It hurt so much his mind couldn't even digest it, and it reeled with the fatal aftershocks.

The ache in his legs by his extended kneeling stance was drowned in the unsparing despair streaming through his blood like molten lava, heating him to an unlivable degree. He wheezed and sobbed, fresh tears swimming in his vision nonstop and gushing out in wave after wave of heartbreak.

The cold water battered his head and back in little pricks like hailstones, but any other sensation except for that gut-wrenching stranglehold around his heart was long forgotten and ignored.

He was ruined. Completely torn to shreds without Jungkook. He didn't know how to exist without him. And the search of an answer to that dolorous question only wrung more tears out of him, vehement, hot tears, underlined with gasping breaths and convulsions.

Time seemed to flow without his awareness as he remained in torture, causing him to lose track of it, but tears kept coming and coming like an unending rainstorm.

The worst part of his wretchedness was that he had no idea how Jungkook felt. He offered him plenty of chances to tell him if he was in love with him too or not. But the only thing Jungkook did was change the subject or tell him it didn't matter.

It wasn't about if he was in love with him or not, though. It was about their moments together and everything they lived in these few days. If Jungkook really didn't feel anything for him, what did all these moments mean? What were they? So many questions flitted like deadly darts through his mind, but they were all swept away by the rip current of suffering.

Two knocks tangled with his sobbing and the sound of the streaming water. He unburied his wrecked face from his palms in haste as a glimmer of hope glowed in the pit of his misery. It was Jungkook. It had to be. He couldn't stay away from him either. He couldn't let him leave either.

But his hopeful assumptions were steamrolled before he could even push himself off his mire of heartache.

"Tae? Please come out. We have to leave in forty minutes."

Taehyung's head hung at the sound of Hoseok's voice. He slid a hand down his face that was a mess of tears and snot and rose to his feet through great struggle as his enfeebled body kept giving out. "How did you know... I was here?" His voice sounded as destroyed as his heart — so croaky and small.

"Seokjin told us. Jay asked him to tell us to come take you," Jimin said.

The tears refused to stop, even though his sobs had quietened now. "Like he cares," Taehyung murmured. He adjusted the temperature of the water to a bit warmer and began his shower with listless moves. "I'll be out in a while."

“Okay,” Hoseok uttered. “We’ve already packed your things for you, so don’t worry about that. See you in a bit.”

Taehyung didn’t respond. Even standing felt too strenuous. He felt like he didn’t want to exist. And he definitely didn’t want to exist in a world without Jungkook. He still didn’t know how to do that. It didn’t seem like he would ever find an answer to this question.

The fresh mounting wetness in his eyes spilled over again without sound. It cartwheeled down his cheeks throughout his shower and didn’t stop even after he finished.

He dragged his ponderous body back to the room and waited until Jimin opened the door for him.

The sight of him was one of the most heartbreaking they had ever seen. His eyes were so swollen and bloodshot, sunken into their sockets. They held tears in them that escaped here and there, trickling down his haggard features with the shadow of agony adorning them.

Simultaneously, they inched closer and enclosed him into their embrace. There was nothing they could say to him. Nothing they could say to alleviate his heartbreak. So they hugged him long and tight, leaving delicate caresses on his back.

Taehyung’s drained eyes flowed around the room and snagged on Jungkook’s empty bed. Each one of his memories with him paraded across his mind from their very first encounter. How he kept him company at night, how he took care of him when he got sick, when he led him to the storage room, when he saw his face, when he fucked him like no one else before for the first time.

How could he say goodbye to all these memories and move on with his life? Fuck, he couldn’t. He really couldn’t.

“We have to go, Tae,” Jimin said in a soft tone as he squeezed his shoulder.

Taehyung’s unfocused eyes fastened on Jimin. “How can you be okay?”

“I’m not. I just can’t do anything about it. Yoongi didn’t fall for me like I did. It hurts to know that. But I think it makes leaving a tiny bit easier for now.”

Taehyung slipped into the contemplation of something invisible for so long Hoseok had to force him back to coherence with a pat on his shoulder. “Come on, Tae. Let’s go.”

His luggage was gently placed into his hold by Hoseok. Caring hands ushered him out of the room next. They felt like Jimin’s, but he couldn’t tell for sure. He had sunk out of consciousness for a while now, and everything happened mechanically. He didn’t know how or when he reached the reception.

Everything in his eyes and ears was just a blur. Until the sight of the exit leaped into his vision. His lifeless steps slowed to stillness. The emptiness inside him bristled with an exponential anxiety that lunged his heart into turbulence and festered the scurry of his breathing.

Hoseok noticed he straggled and twisted to inspect. “Tae?”

Taehyung’s mouth quivered in its attempt to form words. “I can’t,” he breathed out. “I can’t leave.”

As Yoongi slowly lifted himself to his feet in surprise, Hoseok stared at him with hard creases of bewilderment. “What are you talking about? We have to leave, Taehyung.”

Taehyung furiously shook his head as a newfound frenzy seemed to take possession of him. “I

can't. I can't." He spun around and ran with all his might towards the one his heart repeatedly cried for, deaf to the calls of his name by his friends.

He went up the stairs with a hasty skip as everything in his sight hazed over. The realization that he was crying again took a moment to sink in, but he didn't care. Nothing mattered in that moment than being with Jungkook.

He scurried all the way to the storage room and rammed the door open. He stood still for a second, panting, as he absorbed the image of Jungkook sitting on a chair with his elbows propped against the table and a beer in his hand.

Jungkook snapped his head at the sound. His weathered eyes twinkled with bemusement and shock as he lowered the can to the table and stood up from his seat. "What are you doing here?"

Taehyung shut the door. His tears escalated into an outpour as he bridged the space between them with three shaky strides of his legs and crushed him into his arms. "Jungkook. Baby. I can't leave. I can't—I can't exist without you."

Jungkook remained frozen stiff. His crying words drew every shred of pain within him and mounded it in a colossal tide that came crashing through his existence all over again, drowning his vulnerable heart. His eyes seared with tears he endeavored to contain through steady, deep breaths. "Taehyung. Don't do this. Hmm?" Despite his efforts, his voice broke and trembled like Taehyung's frame against his body. "You know you can't stay here."

Taehyung clasped him tighter, squeezing him over and over, as the torrent of his tears stained Jungkook's shoulder. "I can. I will."

When he felt his cheeks warm with the wetness that oozed out of his eyes unwittingly, he harshly wiped them and wrenched him away from him. He maintained the brutal grip on his shoulders as he peered into his devastated gaze with aching outrage. "What do you not understand? I don't want you here."

Taehyung's chest writhed with suppressed sobs as he shook his head. "That can't be true," he choked out. "You just don't want to put me in danger. But I—I don't care. I don't care, Jungkook."

"I fucking care," he growled as more tears rolled down the forcibly contracted muscles of his face. He brushed them away quickly and stepped back. "You don't understand how dangerous my life is because your head is full of being in love and shit. Snap out of it. And fucking leave."

"I can't!" Taehyung howled, his body shaking uncontrollably. He struggled to bring air into his lungs, as if something obstructed his breathing.

Jungkook grew agitated and alert by his strained, gulping breaths. His heart raced in fear, and he was found engulfing him in his arms, rubbing soothing circles over his back. "Breathe, angel. Breathe for me."

Taehyung wailed and churned against him as his legs caved under the insupportable oppression of his heartache. The secure hold around him firmed up right away and kept him steady. The palliative whispers of Jungkook telling him everything would be okay caressed his dizzying turbidity and stabilized his breath little by little.

He fished a tissue out of his pocket and blew his nose with one hand, then stuffed it back before clinging onto him again. "What am I supposed to do without you?"

Jungkook felt as if his heart were ripped out at the question coiled around his shattered voice.

“You’ll be a successful, famous artist.”

“I don’t care about that.”

Jungkook savored his hug for a few more quiet moments. Then, he withdrew and held his cheeks in two loving palms. “Go back, Taehyung. Where you belong.”

Taehyung closed his eyes at the next avalanche of tears that leaked out. “I belong wherever you are. I’m yours, Jungkook. Did you forget?”

Jungkook didn’t scrub away the wetness from his cheeks this time. Instead, he simply leaned to kiss his closed eyes in turn. “I’ll never forget.”

Taehyung’s view fell on the shimmering tear tracks on his cheeks when Jungkook strung their foreheads together. “Why... Why are you crying?”

A gleam of a smile rippled across Jungkook’s face. “It’s hard for me as well to let you go, Taehyung. Harder than you think.”

Taehyung tensed with the rivulet of hope that crossed him. “Are you...” He gulped his hesitation away. “Are you in love with me too?”

Jungkook’s eyes plunged, his traits glaciating with nervousness. “It doesn’t matter.”

“Jungkook.” He pulled back and fixed him with an intense, clear stare. “Are you in love with me?”

“It doesn’t fucking matter,” he spewed with a thread of uneasy vexation. “What will change if I am? What will change if I’m not? Nothing. We can’t have a future together with the life I have, anyway.”

Despondency wrapped itself around Taehyung’s chest like a belt of sizzling metal. Because he understood at the avoidance of his gaze and his sobering response. “You really didn’t fall for me like I did.”

Fuck, Jungkook wanted to *scream* he was wrong. His heart was racked with his need to tell him he was already in love with him since the first night they had sex. But he couldn’t. Because that was the only way Taehyung would go back to where he belonged. And that place could never be Jungkook with the life he had.

He sucked in a quaky breath and sighed, expelling that itching need along with it. “We had fun. The time we spent together was really amazing, Taehyung. And I’ll miss it. But that was it. Go back to your life now. And let me fix mine.”

“What about our night talks?” he spluttered in haste, brimmed with a new suffering now that he knew Jungkook didn’t share the same feelings as him. “It wasn’t just sex between us. It couldn’t be just that.”

It really wasn’t. Jungkook smoothed his thumbs over his cheeks, drying off the fresh brook of his tears. “I won’t forget you, Tae.” He drew closer to kiss his trembling lips, but every action ceased as Taehyung twisted his head away. With the crippling aftermath of shock weighing down upon his existence, Jungkook scanned the sudden harshness that smothered his features with a restless scrutiny. “Let me s-say goodbye to you, angel. Please.”

Taehyung fastened his fingers around his wrists and pushed his hands down, his misty gaze staring at his chest blankly. “You don’t deserve it.” The perpetual tint of desperation in his voice was now

overshadowed by painful anger. “You don’t deserve anything from me.”

Jungkook could only watch as Taehyung rotated and slouched off, despite that his heart shrieked at him to follow him. The door shut, and the echo of the bang vibrated in a deafening ripple. “Yes, I don’t deserve anything from you,” he whispered to himself, as any kind of restraint started to crumble. “But I’m so in love with you, Tae.”

With the barely audible confession came a spate of tears that convulsed his form and a wrenching void in his core that burned ruthlessly.

Taehyung was gone. Along with his happiness. And he could do nothing about it than cry his heart out.

...

The three friends trod towards the storage room around eight. They had texted Jungkook, asking if he was okay and if he wanted to meet earlier, but he had said no. They didn’t know what to expect when they would enter the room, but the scene they faced was beyond any speculation.

Jungkook was slumped over the table with the side of his face pressed against it and nine cans of beer scattered on it. His eyes were closed, but his lips kept moving, as though he were chanting something inaudible. He seemed too disoriented to notice their presence, and the cloak of stupefaction carpeting his traits betrayed his drunk state.

“Jungkook... What the fuck?” Yoongi expelled on a breath as he set a hand on his back. “Did you drink all of these? Are you serious?”

“I’m fine.” There was a mumbling drawl in his words, making them barely coherent. “So fine. Everything... is so... fine.”

Yoongi screwed his eyes shut in absolute frustration and rubbed his forehead with calming pressure.

“Kookie,” Seokjin murmured as he dragged his chair closer and smoothed delicate lines over his back. “You should get some sleep. You’re in no shape to talk.”

The three exchanged concerned looks as the younger slurred something indistinct under his breath. Everyone took their seats, and a sonorous sigh pushed out of Yoongi’s throat as he positioned his eyes on him. “Jungkook. The world doesn’t end just because Taehyung left, okay? You have bigger problems to deal with.”

Jungkook used the table as a brace to straighten his folded posture. A flood of dizziness mixed with a drilling pain swung in his head as he blinked languidly. His vision cleared when the last remains of his tears leached out. “Shut up.”

Yoongi’s head collapsed in complete defeat at his mumble. “I know how you feel, okay? I didn’t want to let Jimin go either. Isn’t it better for them to be safe? Even if we can’t be with them. Hmm?”

Everything seemed to move in slow motion for Jungkook. His brain tarried to assimilate the words thrown to him gently, and it took even longer to compose a response. “It doesn’t hurt less. Though. How can it not... How do you stop the pain?”

Namjoon’s chest quivered with a deep sigh as he analyzed him; his face was like a blank page, mottled with vestiges of something lifeless and tortured. His half-closed eyes, sore and cushioned

by heavy bags, lay glassy in their sockets, not focusing on anything. It wrecked him to see him in that state. But it pained him more that he could do nothing to help him.

Namjoon cleared the heaviness from his throat. "When we get out of this mess... you can go see him again. Secretly. Hmm? If they don't know about his existence, they can't hurt him."

Jungkook's eyes regained a fragment of aliveness as they darted all over his face. "Really?"

"Of course, Kook," Namjoon reassured with a smile. "It's better than nothing, right? Maybe you won't be able to have him next to you all the time, but you can at least see him here and there."

"It's... Yeah, it's something," Jungkook whispered. A seed of hope was planted inside him as he contemplated Namjoon's words with his turbid mind. Even seeing him once in a while would be better than nothing. He couldn't bear the separation. It strangled him.

"You should rest, Kook," Seokjin said. "Let me help you get to your room."

Jungkook nodded slowly, and soon enough, two tender hands helped him rise to his feet. Seokjin felt for his mask in his pockets and pulled it out when he located it, then slipped it on Jungkook's face. He ringed his body with an arm and led him out of the room at a plod.

Yoongi's gaze flung to Namjoon as the door closed. "You know that's still dangerous, right? How many times have they followed us randomly?"

"I know," Namjoon sighed. "I couldn't see him like that. I had to say something to give him hope. He was too drunk to realize that's dangerous as well."

Yoongi shook his head at a creep as he mulled over the messed-up situation they were plunged into once again. "This sucks."

"How are you holding up?"

His eyes lingered on him, then tumbled to the table. "I'm fine, I guess."

"You don't miss him?"

Yoongi's fist came to brush against the edge of the table and dropped on his thigh again. "I do. He keeps texting me about random things. Updates me on their trip. Like I didn't fucking break his heart."

A saddened smile budded on Namjoon's lips as he perceived his internal turmoil of distress, even if Yoongi strove to veil it. "He's in love with you, Yoon. He won't give you up that easily."

"Well..." He paused to draw in a fortifying breath. "I'm in love with him too. And I gave him up that easily."

Namjoon's surprise shined through his round, glittering eyes. "Wow. Never thought I'd hear you say something like this in my life." He cracked a smile at the snort he elicited from him. "You had no choice, though. It's not the same. You wanted to protect him. If we weren't in this business, I'm sure you would never give him up."

"Yeah. But we are. And it fucking hurts."

Another sigh emitted from Namjoon. He couldn't relate because the love of his life was in the same business as him. They grew up together. He never stopped protecting him. And he never

would. Even if Seokjin knew how to fight and always carried a gun with him, Namjoon kept an eye on him. All the time.

He had given up on the thought of confessing his feelings long ago. Seokjin seemed to like him only as a dongsaeng. So he had confined his secret longing deep inside him, and he had learned to be satisfied with simply having him in his life and protecting him.

He always thought one-sided love stirred the worst type of suffering. But seeing Jungkook in that state earlier... Being unable to be with the person you're in love with when the feelings are mutual is just as harrowing, if not more.



Chapter End Notes

Angst, angst, and more angst ☺ Why do I love angst so much?

We're about halfway through this book! I hope you'll stay till the end

How?

A world-weary soul was seated on a leather chair, surrounded by exquisite pieces of art adorning the walls of the sophisticated, average-sized store.

Taehyung's deep-set eyes, steeped in a cesspool of languor and ringed with red, stared at the blank page on the computer's screen for a while now. All they could see was Jungkook's gorgeous face — the same image that was embedded in his head. He ached with a need to draw him and all of their memories. But he restricted his urge until he would be in the privacy of his apartment again.

It was torture, just like he had thought. Being away from him. He lacked zest to do anything, though he couldn't keep his store closed for another day. His savings had already been reduced greatly by his costly trip to Jeju Island, and they were about to be depleted by the bills he had to settle.

He was broke and broken, and his will to triumph over that wrenching combination was scant.

He couldn't blame him or be mad at him. Taehyung asked for it. He told him, "Be a mistake. Break my heart. Don't fall for me," and Jungkook did all three. Maybe he said this because deep down he believed Jungkook would return his feelings eventually. At that moment, he truly didn't care about the consequences — didn't care about anything else than feeling every inch of him to the core.

And there he was, Taehyung, who did everything right his whole life, only had two dull relationships in the past, and never had his heart broken, drowned in his self-made ocean of misery and devastation.

Of course, he regretted his behavior at the final moment of their separation. He had the chance to kiss him one more time, hold him, feel him, but he was so overcome with pained fury he couldn't think sanely. That sickening emotion still vibrated tamely beneath his skin. In fact, he was just a being with a forest of conflicting, tempestuous feelings that kept forming eddies inside him and spiked with every unbind memory of Jungkook.

It was just the first day without him. Forgetting him gradually with the passage of time seemed unattainable to happen. And, to be honest, he didn't want to. Even if it hurt more than he could handle, he didn't want to forget Jungkook and all of their memories. No, he wanted to meet him again and create new ones.

The first set of customers captured his wandering mind and gifted a tinge of brightness in his haggard features. He welcomed them and let them browse the collection of paintings, souvenirs, and shirts with stamps and drawings he had created.

And his day carried on like this; he smiled his wretchedness away at the presence of customers and sank in it throughout when he was left alone until Seo Hyang came for his afternoon shift.

Seo Hyang was his employee since he opened the store two years ago, and he became a very good friend of his rather quickly. The twenty-four-year-old man was bubbly and cheery and always enlivened Taehyung's sulky mood when he was insecure, troubled about money, or just gloomy about anything.

It was impossible to mask his agony from him. Taehyung was quite vibrant himself usually, and Seo Hyang picked up on his distress at first glance. The customers that kept coming prevented Taehyung from explaining the reason of his state, and he instead promised to him they would go for drinks sometime soon to tell him everything.

He wouldn't share any details about Jungkook, of course, but the thought of talking about the wringing ache in his heart with that cordial man seemed a notch soothing.

Jungkook felt numb. As if every emotion was crushed from him and only gut-wrenching apathy remained.

An unbearable pounding girdled his head since the moment he woke up from all the alcohol he guzzled yesterday, and it only diminished a fraction when he dragged his soulless form out of his nest of misery to take a shower.

Taehyung's absence was torturous. The room, the hallways, the bathroom, the whole damn hostel was a cruel reminder of him. Especially that room. He kept facing Taehyung's bed while he lay there. He often closed his eyes as they randomly filled with unconscious tears, then for a moment he had the illusion that Taehyung would appear lying in his bed when he would open them. And every time he encountered his empty bed, his heart twisted a bit more.

He stayed there, encircled by the wreckage of the heaven he experienced with Taehyung. With a sudden recollection, he rolled onto his back and reached between the mattress and the wooden hedge of the bed. He slithered a piece of paper out and unfolded it. He shifted to his side again as he gazed at the sketch of his masked face. A volley of memories rushed in right away, almost dislodging his heart from the violent torsion it gave.

God, he was a wreck. Ruined wholeheartedly. Ruined for anyone else. Just staring at the sketch Taehyung had made absently that day was enough to crest his suffering until it bubbled over and leaked out of his eyes in a mild trickle. He told himself he wouldn't cry again. It was a restriction he couldn't follow, he soon realized.

How had he gotten there? Crying over a man. Hurting so much. Wanting to give up and fuck up everything just to be with him. It was *insane*. But that was his life now, apparently. The king of the underworld had become a little wounded lamb that shed tears against his will.

The Jungkook from five months ago would beat this Jungkook to a pulp without a second thought.

At some point, he pushed himself to a sitting position and took hold of his big button type phone to call his father. He had to return to Seoul. He couldn't stand that kind of pain, no matter how much he tried to convince himself it was okay or that it would get better.

There was no getting better in a hell like this.

"Yes?"

"Dad. How are you?"

Hyun Joon grimaced at his frail, croaky voice. "I'm good, but you don't sound that well."

"Don't worry. I'm fine. I wanted to ask... if we can come back now. There's no point being here."

We found Ji Hoo, and he only came here for me. We still don't know where his father is."

"You're right, son. But hiding there is safer. The police still monitor our family in case you show up. It'll be too hard to hide you here."

A new doom got lodged in his chest at the predicted words. He really had to live without Taehyung. How could he fucking do this? "Okay. Is the business going well?"

"Yes, everything is fine. I have to leave now, so we'll talk another time, hmm?"

"Yeah, okay. Bye."

"Bye, son."

Jungkook's hand collapsed to his side. He remained unmoving, staring hazily at the air. He slipped the phone back into its place and lay on his side.

Throughout the day, he kept falling in and out of sleep with the drawing beside him under his palm, as if cradling it. It was hours later when he climbed down from his bed again and slouched towards the storage room.

He entered and shed his mask, then joined his hyungs, who were already seated at the table, observing him.

"Hey, Kook," Seokjin uttered with a slight smile. "I know you haven't eaten anything all day, so please eat now. I got you japchae." He pushed the bowl closer, tentative.

Jungkook's red-rimmed eyes dipped down to the item. Although he had no appetite, he felt too weak to stay unfed the whole day. He removed the plastic wrap and grabbed his chopsticks. He stirred the food, each move listless, just like it was in everything he did.

"Are you feeling better?" Namjoon asked.

Jungkook ate his first bite and took his time to chew and swallow the food. "No."

"You will with time," Seokjin reassured.

Jungkook paused at the sound of these words. "Bullshit," he muttered and devoured another bite. His attention shifted to Yoongi, who hadn't said a word and kept his eyes glued to the beer in his hand. "How are you?"

Yoongi peeked at him to ascertain that the question was aimed at him. "Like shit. Jimin called me twice. And he still texts me random things. How am I supposed to forget him?"

"Well, Taehyung doesn't try to get in contact with me, and I still can't forget him. It sucks either way." Feeling a tad stronger after his third bite, Jungkook placed his chopsticks down for now. "Namjoon hyung. What you said yesterday. That I can meet him sometimes after all this. I can't. Because it's still dangerous for him."

A veil of gloom embraced Namjoon's features as he gazed at him. "Yes. Sorry, Kook. I wanted to comfort you a bit."

Jungkook reached for a beer and slunk lower into his seat. "I called my father. Asked him if we can return to Seoul since there's no point being here. He said it's safer to hide here."

"He's right," Seokjin said. "The search they did here was a formality. But in Seoul, it's more

intense. The police are going to our businesses every other day to ask about you.”

Jungkook sipped his beer and expelled a breath. “Yeah. My father said they’re still monitoring our family.”

“Let’s have patience, hmm?” Namjoon said. “Everything will be just fine.”

Would everything really be just fine? With the ever-present hurtful grasp on Jungkook’s heart since the moment Taehyung left, it didn’t seem like it would.

In the privacy of his apartment, Taehyung drew sketch after sketch of Jungkook’s stunning face and body. The image of him remedied his heartbreak one moment, then it fermented it since he couldn’t see him anymore.

His phone that started ringing sucked his eyes to its screen, and he picked it up from the desk. He regarded the name for a stretch and accepted the call with a subdued sigh. “Hello, mother.”

“Hi, baby. How are you?”

“I’m okay. You?”

“Me too. Have you eaten dinner?”

Although it was already after nine, the thought of eating didn’t occur to him at all. “No.”

“Good. Come here to eat with us. We missed you.”

A muted, bitter huff fell from his lips. “You mean *you* missed me.”

Hee Jin maintained her silence as she cast a subtle glance at Mi Sung, who was sitting on the couch. She trod back to the kitchen to check the food. “Yes, I missed you. So come here.”

“Okay, I’ll be there in a bit. Bye.”

“Bye, son.”

Taehyung pushed himself to his feet to get ready. His parents’ lavish house was just ten minutes away, and he was soon on his way there with his car.

He waited outside of the gate to open for him, and he drove further inside to park the car next to the other four vehicles his parents owned. He walked along the granite path that led to the entrance, eyes absorbing the greenery and freshly planted flowers in the garden.

The door was already open, and he was greeted by his mother, who invited him into her hug right away.

They had fought countless times in the past because of the life Taehyung chose for himself, but she always gave him love despite it.

Taehyung caressed her back and withdrew. The smile he wore was small and mirthless by the ravaging agony swimming across his insides, and Hee Jin seemed to notice.

“Whats wrong?”

“Nothing. I’m just tired.” He closed the door and set a hand on his back to lead her inside. He took in the empty, spacious living room with a slight frown. “Where is father?”

“In his office. The food is almost ready.”

“I’ll go greet him.”

“Okay.” Hee Jin patted his head and retreated to the kitchen.

Taehyung trudged across the living room and turned left into the hallway. A few seconds later, he was standing in front of the double sliding door, and he raised his fist. A muffled voice impeded him from knocking, and he leaned closer, placing his ear to the door.

“Yes, yes, don’t worry. What time will Dong Myun be at the spot on Sunday?”

Taehyung’s brows pulled together. He remembered seeing a phone on the coffee table in the living room, so that could only mean his father had another one, which he hadn’t seen before.

“Five big ones, right?”

Taehyung’s already baffled face twisted even more. *What the fuck does this mean?*

“Okay. Thank you, Kang Soo-ya. I hope to see you soon.”

From narrowed, Taehyung’s eyes expanded with surprise and dread. *Kang Soo? Han Kang Soo? Oh my God.* He forced his internal consternation to quieten and hurried away from there. His heart raged in its cage, and he threw a hand over his chest, as if wanting to soothe it. *Is it really... the same Kang Soo? How? How can he know a scumbag like him?*

Everything he thought he knew about his father seemed to crack before his eyes. But, although he struggled, he composed himself enough as he stepped into the kitchen.

“Did you greet him?” Hee Jin asked as she placed the last plate on the table.

“No. Um, I changed my mind. I didn’t want to bother him.”

“Oh. He’ll join us when he’s ready, anyway. Let’s sit.”

Taehyung sank into the chair. He extended his hand to get a hold of his glass of water, and only then he comprehended its quivering. He gulped down half of it and held his hands together, telling himself to calm the fuck down.

“Taehyung.”

The voice of his father brought a new tension to his muscles, downcast eyes flitting left and right. “Hello.” He bowed his head in a greeting.

Mi Sung took his seat across from him. “I haven’t seen you in a year.”

“Yes. I think... neither of us tried enough to meet.”

“True. So how’s life going?”

Taehyung’s gaze passed over his face. Catching him filling his glass with soju, he allowed himself to regard him since he wasn’t looking at him. He hadn’t changed at all. He still wore that neutral expression like a jewelry, he noted. “Good. How about you? Are you still working all day?”

“Yes. That’s the life of a surgeon.”

“What about you, mother?”

“My schedule isn’t that demanding since I’m a nurse in a private clinic. But it’s still tiring.”

Taehyung had recognized the weariness in his mother’s eyes in a single glance when he met her.

“Thank you for preparing all this for us. You should ask Na Min-ssi for help more so you can rest when you have time.”

“It’s okay. I want to cook for you when I can. Eat, baby.” She directed a loving smile at him, which brightened when Taehyung returned it.

The dinner had an awkward notion spiraling in the atmosphere, just like every time Taehyung and Mi Sung were in the same room. Taehyung never felt close to him, and the gap between them only deepened after the bizarre phone call he overheard.

He heard him often say the name Kang Soo on the phone when he lived there. His father was well known and had numerous acquaintances and friends who were elites like him, so he thought Kang Soo was just one of them. If he really were the Han Kang Soo Jungkook told him about, it meant his father was involved in some shady things that didn’t match his image in the slightest.

He had to find out more. And it wasn’t just about Jungkook. He had to know if his father truly associated with the underworld and why.



And I Am

Taehyung filled his lungs with a long inhalation as he stood beside his car and bloated his cheeks when he pushed the air out.

After the bewildering call he overheard yesterday, a pothole of unease hunted him at all times with the scheme his brain conceived. And he couldn't blot it out of his mind in the slightest throughout his shift.

So there he was right after he finished work at his parents' house, steeling himself to sweep his father's office for any clues about his connection to the underworld.

It was still early, and he knew Mi Sung wouldn't be home yet. Usually he came home around eight, so he had about two hours to find anything, if there was something to be found.

With his apprehension a notch calmer now, he advanced to the door, that was already open for him. "Hello, mother."

"Hi." She enclosed him into her hug. "I didn't expect your call, but I'm glad you visited me again so soon."

Taehyung smiled his awkwardness away as he pulled back. "I wanted to see you."

They made their way to the living room and settled down on the couch next to each other. "Do you want something to drink?" Hee Jin asked.

"No, I'm okay."

"How's work going?"

"Good."

A shadow of doubt crossed Hee Jin's elegant characteristics at his plain answer. "Just good?"

Taehyung glanced away from her probing view. "I'm just... I'm struggling a bit financially at the moment. But I'm sure I can overcome this."

"Baby." She took his hand into hers and cradled it. "You know I can help you—"

"No. I don't want to take money from you. You helped me enough with the opening of the store."

"But that's what parents are here for. To help their children."

Taehyung's stance sank a little, just like his features. "I can't take any more money from you. I... I already feel bad because you didn't even want me to be an artist, but you still helped me in everything. And now... I'm struggling financially and I'm disappointing you and father."

Hee Jin released a nasal sigh, hesitating. "I know I didn't want you to follow this profession. But I remember how happy you were every time you talked about your dreams. That's why I helped you, even if I was against it. At the end of the day, I just want you to be happy."

Taehyung reveled in the pool of warmth that blossomed in his gut, intense enough to make his eyes glimmer and distort the gloom in his face with a soft smile. "Thank you, mom. I'll try very hard to

make you proud.”

“Don’t worry about that, son. I’m already proud because you’re the kindest boy ever.”

Taehyung giggled. “I’m a man now.”

Hee Jin shook her head, smiling playfully. “You’ll always be my little boy.”

Taehyung caressed the back of her hand as a response. “You didn’t call Na Min-ssi again, huh?”

“No, it was a slow day, so I’m not that tired.”

“Do you need help with anything since I’m here?”

“Hmm, I think I only have to do the laundry.”

“Okay. How about you make something for us to eat and I do the laundry?”

“Okay. Thank you,” Hee Jin said, and patted his nape before she vanished towards the kitchen.

Taehyung’s smile fell off his face with the sudden tide of anxiety that crashed over him. This was his only chance. He headed to his father’s office, glancing above his shoulder to ascertain that Hee Jin wouldn’t appear. Once in the hallway, he sped up his pace until he reached the double sliding door. He slithered it open at a creep and closed it behind him.

In one sweep of his hawk-like eyes, he raked the luxurious office and quickly decided to start with the desk. He flicked through binder after binder, but only found medical stuff written there which he didn’t understand.

He shut the last binder with a sigh, and his gaze landed on a drawer with a lock, while the rest didn’t have one. He immediately searched for something sharp to use to open it and located a bowl of paperclips. He pulled on its pointy edge to straighten it and grabbed the lock, then stuck it inside. He dug it in further, twisting and pushing, as he chewed on his bottom lip.

A low groan burred in his throat at his inability to complete his task, though he kept trying, rotating the paperclip harder until a click rang in his ears along with the hammering of his heart. His movements froze, round eyes staring at the open lock. With a surge of nervous overexcitement, he hastened to unhook the lock and tugged the drawer open.

What... the fuck? Was all he could think as he gaped at the content. There was a handgun in there, stacks of cash, and two big button type phones. Not once in his life he had the suspicion that his father used guns, and it could only mean he was right. Mi Sung was involved in some shady shit, for sure.

With his trembling hand, he took out the one phone and opened the call history. It was filled with a single number, as he saw with a quick search, and he went back to the most recent call. The time the call was made matched with the time Taehyung heard him talk on the phone, leading him to believe this was Kang Soo’s number.

He swiftly checked the messages too, but he found nothing there. Then, he placed the phone back in its place and took hold of the other one. Small creases of mystification etched on his forehead as he observed the empty call history. And as expected, there was nothing in the messages. *That’s weird. But everything is fucking weird right now.*

He made sure to leave everything as he found them before he fastened the lock again and scurried

out of the office. He staggered to a halt once he reached the living room at the presence of his mother and broke into a titter. “I thought the laundry was in the bathroom at the end of the hallway.”

Hee Jin chuckled, all confusion melting out of her face. “No, sweetie. It’s in the bathroom upstairs.”

“Okay. I’ll be quick.”

“Do you want sour cherry juice or orange juice?”

“Sour cherry for change.” He aimed another smile at her and ascended the staircase behind him. His legs still quaked by his bottled-up fright of getting caught and everything he discovered. He was never close to his father, but fuck, even the few things he knew and thought about him could be invalid now.

The rest of the evening was consumed with lighthearted chatter with his mother while they ate the pancakes she made. He left a little after seven thirty, as he didn’t want to encounter his father, and called his friends over to his apartment. Although they were swamped with work because of their two-week vacation, they dropped everything to meet their friend.

Taehyung could feel how worried they were for him, even through their text messages. It was reasonable since he was going through a heartbreak for the first time in his life, but to be honest, with the few discoveries he made about his father, he managed to forget about his wretchedness for a while.

Jungkook’s existence and all their memories were persistent, though, and they didn’t take too long to flood his head, bringing back that ocean of misery and devastation that engulfed him since their parting.

Dressed in comfy clothes, Taehyung buzzed his two friends in and opened the door. Soon, they slid into his vision, and an unconscious smile curled the corners of his lips. “Hey, guys.” He outspread his arms and hummed blithely as they sneaked into his embrace.

“Hey, Tae. How are you?” Jimin asked.

“Okay, I guess. I missed you.”

“We missed you too,” Hoseok said as they broke apart.

They entered the apartment and seated themselves on the large couch. “How are you guys?”

“Busy,” both said and exhaled a chuckle.

“My father doesn’t let me rest at all after our vacation,” Hoseok sighed.

“Same. At least with the load of work, I keep myself occupied.”

Taehyung smiled sadly as he cottoned on to what Jimin was referring to. “He still doesn’t answer your calls?”

“Yeah. I called him today and texted him, but nothing.”

“Maybe you should... give up, Chim,” Hoseok uttered.

“I can’t. I can’t forget him. I miss him so much.”

Taehyung offered him a pat of sympathy on his back. “I feel you.”

“You really seem okay, though, Tae,” Hoseok observed with a little smile. “I’m glad.”

Taehyung’s chest deflated with a subdued exhalation as he sank back into his seat. “Every time I remember him, it hurts. But... something happened, and it took my mind off him for a bit.”

“What happened?” Jimin asked, face warping in a frown.

Taehyung faced them, crossing his legs on the couch. “My father. There’s something weird happening. I overheard one of his calls yesterday when I went to my parents’ house. It seemed like he was planning a meeting.”

“With who?” Hoseok asked.

“That’s not important. The thing is, the guy he was talking to yesterday deals drugs.”

“What?” A chock-full of surprise huff jumped out of Jimin’s mouth. “That can’t be true. Your father never associated with this kind of people. You know, *criminals*.”

“I don’t know what to tell you, guys.”

“How do you know that guy deals drugs?” Hoseok questioned.

Taehyung peeked at him and drove his chin into his chest. “I can only tell you that Jay had mentioned that guy. That’s how I know him.”

Hoseok released a contemplative sound. “I still don’t get why would your father know a drug dealer. He doesn’t use drugs.”

“Well, he can be... selling them.”

Taehyung didn’t react to Jimin’s speculation because he had thought about it too a myriad of times. “I went to my parents’ house earlier, and I sneaked into his office. I found a locked drawer and opened it. Guys. I found a gun in there.”

“Fuck, that means he’s indeed involved with the underworld,” Hoseok muttered.

“Yes. I also found lots of cash and two other phones. You know, these ancient little things like what Jay had.”

“That’s not good,” Jimin commented with a sigh. “What are you gonna do?”

Taehyung’s eyes flew over his friends in a swing of hesitation. “I want Yoongi’s number. To tell him about what I found out.”

“Okay. But you can tell us what’s Jay’s connection with that guy, Tae. He won’t know you talked to us,” Jimin said.

“Still... It doesn’t feel right. He opened up to me. And even if I don’t see him again, I don’t want to betray the trust he showed me.”

“I get it,” Jimin smiled. “He would be so lucky to have a man like you beside him.”

“Yeah, except he’s a criminal and that would do no good to Taehyung,” Hoseok spat out, a sudden edge of vexation hardening his tone.

“I won’t see him again, anyway,” Taehyung mumbled. “Give me Yoongi’s number.”

Jimin typed the number and passed the phone to him. “I hope he answers.”

“Me too. I’ll be back.” He arose and retreated to his room for privacy.

Taehyung sat on the edge of his bed. He gulped as he took in the time, unease braising in his gut. It was a little after nine, and he knew all four would be together. The thought of hearing Jungkook’s voice knotted his stomach in little intricate twists of eagerness and a dose of restlessness.

Ignoring the thumping of his heart, he tapped the call button and put the phone to his ear. Each beep echoed in his senses — in his very woozy senses from the unrelenting battering of his pulse — and his throat felt more and more dry at the lack of response.

Taehyung’s eyes swelled and his breath glaciated for a second at the sound of Yoongi’s voice.

“Yes?”

He swallowed again, then cleared his throat. “Don’t hang up. It’s Taehyung.” A throaty sigh was heard through the phone — a sound hinting at Yoongi’s frustration. A fraught quietness sifted through the air right after, though he soon realized Yoongi hadn’t ended the call. “Are you with your friends?”

“What do you want?”

“I found something. It’s about Han Kang Soo.”

Yoongi’s body went rigid as his enlarged eyes roamed around his friends in quick little flicks. “I’ll put you on speaker.” He pressed the speaker icon and set the phone on the table.

Taehyung cleared his throat once more. “Um, hi.”

An agonizing wistfulness clasped Jungkook’s heart instantly. The organ felt as if it bled at the sound of his voice. Memory after memory whooshed into his mind, muddling it with sorrow, just when he had told himself he got this. Just when he had accepted his doom and had prepared himself to live without Taehyung. The dreamy sound of his voice wrecked it all.

“I’m Taehyung,” he continued after a moment’s pause. “I found out something about Han Kang Soo.”

“What?” Seokjin spluttered as he pitched forward. “How?”

“I visited my parent’s house yesterday, and I heard my father talk to Kang Soo on the phone. He had left his regular phone on the coffee table, so I figured he had a different phone to talk to him. I visited them again today when I knew my father wouldn’t be there and searched his office. I found a locked drawer and opened it. There was a gun in there, cash, and two ancient phones like—” Taehyung expelled a sigh instead of the words he wanted. Jungkook was probably there too. Could he recall that memory so vividly like Taehyung? It made him wonder...

“Um, I mean these old phones with buttons. I checked both. The call record on one phone was empty. It was like he hadn’t used it before. The other had only one number on the recent calls, and the time I heard him talk matched the time of the last call.”

Yoongi perceived Jungkook's doleful state at a single glance, but he disregarded it for now. "What did you hear?"

"He was planning a meeting. He asked what time Dong Myun will be at the spot on Sunday. And then he said something about five big ones. I didn't get that part."

"They were talking about money," Namjoon informed. "A big one is one million won."

Taehyung's jaw dropped, mouth quivering at its attempt to articulate words. "So—So he'll give him five million?"

"It's not really that big amount for drugs," Yoongi said in response to his shocked voice. "Do you know where they'll meet?"

"No. My father also said, 'Thank you, Kang Soo-ya. I hope to see you soon.' Then I returned to the living room."

"So they're meeting in five days," Seokjin reflected. "Is there a way you can find out about their meeting spot until then?"

"No, I don't think so."

A heavy silence washed over the four in the storage room as they dove into their brains for what they could do about this information.

"But I can follow him," Taehyung added with no inkling of vacillation.

Jungkook jolted to the edge of his seat, agitated eyes gouging holes into Yoongi, as he shook his head frantically.

Yoongi registered the unspoken meaning of his restless actions. "Don't follow him. It's dangerous."

"But I want to help," he said. "Maybe they meet at the same spot every time."

"We don't need your help. Stay out of it," Yoongi stated.

Taehyung grimaced at his strict tone. "Why should I listen to you? I can do whatever I want."

Jungkook's head collapsed onto the table as he drew in a jerky breath. Taehyung was stubborn — he knew it from the start and hated it wholeheartedly at that moment.

"Don't be so childish," Yoongi grunted. "You helped us enough with what you found out. Now you stop here. We'll handle it."

"I want to know why the fuck my father is buying drugs. And I will. I'm going."

"Taehyung." Jungkook's voice left him before he could do anything to constrict it. His name rolled off his tongue in a grave undertone, but rushed and shaky, while he stared at the phone so intently, as if peering into his eyes.

Taehyung clutched the phone in his hold with the tension that coiled around his muscles. God, he had missed him. His face, his voice, his touch, his kisses, everything. So much. So fucking much he felt like a vacant mess without him. And he was.

There was a burning heaviness lodged in Jungkook's throat and his attempt to disperse it with a

swallow failed miserably. “Don’t go. Hmm? It’s dangerous.”

The agony of their separation crawled up every inch of his form until it throttled him. But beside that wrenching emotion, spikes of bitter anger emerged that punched words out of him he couldn’t control. “Oh, you remember me? I thought I didn’t exist anymore for you.”

Jungkook let his head hang as his vision prickled with a vile dampness. “Taehyung. Don’t get involved in this shit. Please.”

“I’m already involved,” Taehyung shot back with a trembling element, which originated from the churning of conflicting emotions blustering in his gut. “And not because of you. I was involved even before I met you without knowing it. Because of my father.”

“Pretend you don’t know anything and continue living your life.”

“My life?” Taehyung drawled and huffed a meek sound of taunt. “My life is ruined. I’m ruined. So I don’t care what will happen to me.”

“I care!” Jungkook roared as he banged his fist on the table hard enough to shake it off its place. The deafening thud carried far in the room, reverberating through the silence that followed. With the sudden tsunami of melancholy that toppled over him, his stance drooped, chin digging into his chest again. “Don’t make me regret what happened between us. Please. If you get in danger, I’ll regret it. I’ll regret everything. And I don’t want to.”

Dark sorrow crazed Taehyung’s features as his eyes gathered suffocating tears. The hot wetness was so thick it poured down his face in rivulets, but he scrubbed it away with a harsh swipe of his hand. “Do whatever you want. Regret it or don’t regret it. I don’t care.” He wanted to force an indifferent, stern tone into his voice, but it came out light and unsteady, tangled with his choked breaths.

At the comprehension that Taehyung was crying, a new despondency seized Jungkook’s existence that transfixed him, leaving fatal wounds of resignation all over his poor frame. Because this time, he wasn’t there to soothe his sobs and hold him. He wasn’t there to run his fingers through his hair and kiss his poignancy away. And it pained him more than he could handle. Truly so much that droplets formed along his lower lids that clouded his vision. And before he could do anything — before he could process what was going on — he was silently crying with him. *For* him.

Taehyung picked up on a strangled noise similar to his and palmed his mouth to constrain himself from making any other sound so he could focus on it. He heard a broken inhalation and some sniffing, then utter stillness ensued. “Are you... Are you crying?”

Jungkook brushed the unwanted tears away when he registered how wet his cheeks had gotten. “Listen. Okay. Do whatever and I’ll do whatever. But know one thing, Taehyung. If something happens to you because of me... I’ll die with you.”

His damp eyes turned into two chocolate blank holes that gaped at the floor as his brain strove to make sense of the words Jungkook spewed. Tears still dripped down his cheeks, but he could feel nothing — he could see and hear nothing except for these damn words pounding in his ears. “Wh — Why would you say this if... if you don’t feel... if you’re not...”

“Because I feel. And I am.” Although his confession was vague, it was enough for Taehyung to understand it, he believed. He couldn’t secrete his emotions any longer. The thought of Taehyung getting hurt festered them, coercing him to vocalize them in his efforts to keep him safe.

The revelation, even though unclear, whirled throughout his existence, bringing a lull to his mind. His logic warred with what was said, unwilling to believe him. “You just... You just don’t want me to go. You can’t be... You wouldn’t have let me leave otherwise. You wouldn’t have pushed me away when I came back.”

Jungkook wiped the next stream of tears with his sleeves. Now that his emotions surfaced again, it felt impossible to tame them or leash them. “I am,” he croaked out. “And that’s why I let you leave. That’s why I pushed you away. That’s why I didn’t get in touch with you. I thought it’ll hurt too much. And fuck... It does.”

Taehyung threw a hand over his mouth, teeth clamping on his bottom lip. He was a wreck of tears and downtrodden sobs, but still, in all that agony, a twinkle of joy budded along with a dram of hope. Jungkook felt the same. Jungkook was in love with him, too. It pained him just as much to be away from him. Fuck, so many questions rose in his head again, spinning in furious circles that dazed him. But only one prevailed. One that sparked from his immense need for confirmation in hopes of soothing his bleeding heart.

“You’re in love with me?”

The single word of agreement was right on the tip of his tongue, teetering, dangling, but it couldn’t slip out. “Promise you won’t go.”

“Are you in love with me?” Taehyung asked again, anxious desperation leaking from his pitch.

Jungkook’s chest plummeted with a shuddering breath. “Promise me you’ll stay away from everything. Away from any danger. Away from my messed-up life. Until I fix it.”

Taehyung accepted defeat without protest this time. For whatever reason, Jungkook didn’t want to admit it, but his obscure confession was enough for him for now. He dabbed at his wet eyes with his shirt and sniffled. “I’ll help you fix it.”

“Fuck, Taehyung,” he let out in a breathy voice coated with pure hopelessness. That gruesome feeling triggered flames of rage within his chest that soon erupted from him in a screaming tirade. “You can’t do anything to help me fix it! Do you want me to go fucking crazy? Don’t get involved with your father’s business. We’ll deal with it.”

Taehyung screwed his eyes shut at the torturous sound of Jungkook’s forcefully muted pants. He drew in a wavering drag of air meant to impound his own sobs. “Okay. I won’t go,” he lied to assuage his crying state. “Forget what I said, hmm?”

Jungkook wiped his tears, but fuck, they carried on showering down his face against his will. “You really won’t go?”

“Hmm. I won’t.”

A fitful exhalation thrust out of his hoarse throat. “Okay. Take care.”

“You too. And Yoongi?”

“Yeah?”

“Accept Jimin’s calls. I don’t get why you can’t talk over the phone.”

The corners of Yoongi’s lips hung as his eyes prowled over the floor. “I don’t want to give him false hopes.”

Taehyung scoffed weakly. “You have no idea how much he’s in love with you, huh? He won’t give up on you. Even if you have given up on him.”

A thick silence leaped out that lasted for a while. Seokjin studied Yoongi for any sign that he would respond, but found none. “Thank you for everything, Taehyung. Stay safe.”

“You too.” Taehyung knew that was his cue to hang up the phone, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it. Instead, he nibbled on the inner side of his lip as his pulse brisked. “Jungkook...” A deep efflux of air escaped him, his eyes drowning in fresh tears just at the thought of phrasing the words his brain produced. “I miss you.”

The wetness spilling from Jungkook’s eyes increased to an outpouring that had him slumping over the table. “Don’t—Don’t do this to me, Taehyung.”

“I’m sorry,” Taehyung choked out. “Stay safe for me, hmm?”

Jungkook furiously dried his face with his drenched sleeves and wore a firm facade with devastation snaking out of the cracks. “You too.”



That Won't Happen

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Taehyung finished the drawing he was currently making with a few more strokes of his stylus pen and examined it thoroughly. It was a specific order from a couple. They wanted him to draw the scenery of the beach with a vibrant sunset and a couple holding hands.

The image of Jungkook kept coming to his mind like an addictive melody he couldn't ward off throughout the process. He craved so much to live a moment like this with Jungkook. Just the two of them, holding hands and sauntering along the sand.

It had been a week since the last time he saw him, but everything was still so vivid. His touch on him, his kisses, his astonishing face, their memories. Just like the heartbreak he experienced.

The void in his heart only seemed to magnify as time passed without him.

Taehyung's eyes slid past the screen of his computer, and he smiled at the presence of Seo Hyang, who came for his afternoon shift.

"Hello, Taehyung-ssi. How are you today?"

"Good. Well, the same, actually." The smile on his face saddened a fraction.

They had gone out for beers two days ago, and Taehyung shared with him the reason for his melancholic state. For a twenty-four-year-old, Seo Hyang had a lot of great and mature advice to offer him, though Taehyung wasn't ready to follow most of them. He could only occupy himself with things he loved to do and let himself feel the pain so he could get through it.

"How about you?" Taehyung asked.

"I'm fine. Go rest now. Your eyes are red."

Taehyung saved the drawing and rose from his seat. "Yeah, I can't sleep that well. Anyway. Call me if you need anything."

"Don't worry." Seo Hyang gave his shoulder a squeeze and tucked his bag under the desk. He snapped his eyes at the door once a ding rippled across the store and smiled. "Welcome."

The two women returned the greeting and began browsing the place as Taehyung took hold of his bag. "Bye, Seo Hyang-ah."

"Bye."

Taehyung headed off to his car and slipped inside, throwing his bag on the passenger seat. He remained unmoving, as if lost in contemplation. It was the day of his father's meeting with that Dong Myun, who was probably Kang Soo's man. And he was about to defy Jungkook and his crying entreaties not to follow him.

He dug a hand into his pocket and pulled his phone out. He located Jimin's number and called him, then set the phone in the holder. He started the engine as he waited for him to pick up and reversed

the car to drive away.

“Hey, Tae.”

“Hey. Where are you?”

“Home. I’m looking over a messed-up case. What’s up?”

“Um... Can I borrow your car?”

Jimin reclined in his seat as his forehead scrunched up. “Why? Is something wrong with your car?”

“No. I want to follow my father.”

From creased, Jimin’s countenance hardened with disapproval. “Why?”

“I just want to see where he’s going. If he goes home right after work.” He was glad Jimin couldn’t see his face because he would detect his lie at once. He didn’t enjoy lying to him, but he didn’t want to worry him.

“Are you sure it’s just that?”

“Yes.”

“So you’re not about to do something dangerous?”

“No, Chim. Don’t worry.”

Jimin let out a throaty sigh. “Yoongi said to keep an eye on you and tell him if you get in trouble.”

Taehyung’s eyes rolled subtly within their sockets. Two days after he talked on the phone with them, Yoongi finally accepted Jimin’s call, and they started chatting again. He only asked him to accept his calls for Jimin’s sake because he despised seeing him in the wrecked condition Taehyung was himself. Not for Yoongi to interrogate Jimin about him. But that had to be Jungkook’s idea.

“Don’t tell him about this,” Taehyung said. “I don’t want you to report back to him about my every move.”

“I won’t, Tae.”

“Okay. I’ll be there in fifteen. I’ll leave you my car in case you need it.”

“I’ll wait for you. Bye.”

Taehyung said his goodbye as well and ended the call.

The ride to Jimin’s house wasn’t long, and he was soon driving through the gates. He detected Jimin standing in the parking lot, and he stepped out of the car. “Hey. Thank you for this.”

“Just be careful, Tae.” Jimin passed him the keys and stopped him when Taehyung tried to do the same. “There’s no need to leave me your keys. We have three cars already. Don’t worry.”

“Okay. If I finish late, I’ll come take my car tomorrow, so I won’t bother you in case you’re

sleeping.”

“You know I never sleep before midnight. I just hope you’ll be done by then, because I’ll get really worried.” There was a strictness in Jimin’s traits that hinted at his discontent about his actions.

And Taehyung could only sigh and look away from it. “Everything will be fine. I’ll call you when I’m done so you won’t have to worry, okay?”

“Okay.” Jimin curled his arms around him, nestling his chin against his shoulder. “I don’t know if I should tell you this... Yoongi said not to.”

Taehyung withdrew as lines of bewilderment leaped into sight on his forehead. “What?”

“Jay. He’s a wreck. And scared you’ll do something that’ll put you in danger. At first he didn’t want to tell me about him at all, but I persisted.”

Taehyung lowered his eyes as the oppression in his chest deepened. “I think... he’s in love with me too. He told me indirectly when we talked on the phone. I didn’t say anything to you guys then because I hadn’t processed it. And I still can’t, for some reason. It feels so... Like a dream, you know? Even if we can’t be together. Just knowing that he feels the same makes me happy. Because it means everything we lived was real for both.”

A closed-lip smile sprawled on Jimin’s face as he planted a hand on his shoulder. “I know what you mean. I feel the same with Yoongi. When he told me he wants me and misses me... God, I was elated. Even if we can’t see each other for now.”

Taehyung’s features brightened at the sparkling eyes of his friend while he talked about him. “Did he say he wants to see you?”

“Yes. But I can’t go back for now. I have too much work.” He squeezed his shoulder and retracted his hand. “Why don’t you talk with Jay too?”

As if a veil dropped on his face like every time he thought about him, his countenance clouded over with gloom. “It’s not the same.”

“Why? Because he’s hiding?”

“Yes. And I can’t go see him. I have financial problems with the store. But even if I didn’t, I don’t even know if he wants me to go there.”

“Ask him. I know he told you he didn’t want you in his life before you left, but now maybe he changed his mind. Like Yoongi.”

Taehyung pondered over his words. “Did you ask him why he changed his mind?”

“No. I don’t want to ruin the mood. It’s enough for me that he did and we can talk now.”

His acknowledgement of his remark was a small smile and a tap on his shoulder. “Thank you again for the car. I’ll call you.”

“Don’t worry about it. Just be careful.”

With a nod, Taehyung unlocked the dark blue BMW and entered. It was such an upgrade from his little 2005 model Ford Fiesta he was driving around, but he was accustomed to the state-of-the-art

BMW as he had borrowed it countless times in the past.

Taehyung drove away and turned on the radio, hoping the music would help drown out all the turmoil in his head. And it did partly. He headed to his apartment since it was still early, taking the opportunity to eat something first.

He ate the leftovers from yesterday's food, along with freshly cooked noodles, took a quick shower, and lolled on the couch for half an hour before he made his way out of his apartment again.

With his phone already placed in the holder and with chill music for company, Taehyung set off towards the hospital. The sun was low as it was about to sink, streaking the sky with carotly and yellow hues.

He soon parked the car outside of the hospital, just close enough to have a clear view of the parking lot's exit. His eyes remained anchored on their target at all times as he sat there. Monitoring someone was so boring, he quickly concluded.

But the boredom waltzing around his traits flew off at the sight of his father's car exiting the parking lot. He hastened to start the engine, and he sped off behind him. He made sure to have two vehicles between them so Mi Sung wouldn't catch on to him.

The GPS was already enabled, and the maps displayed on the screen to check towards where he was heading. The realization that he wasn't driving to his house spiked Taehyung's heartbeat unwittingly. That was it. He was going to the meeting.

They drove and drove until they abandoned civilization, and dark, gigantic mountains surrounded them. He had turned off the lights of his car for a while now and monitored him from a safe distance. He could barely see the road with the eery darkness, and the sparse streetlights along their path were of little help.

He espied he slowed down, then turned right. Taehyung followed him into the gravelly road, and he hit on the brakes soon. There was a building at the end of the road with two vehicles parked in front of it. The car lights illuminated two figures, but he was too far to distinguish their characteristics.

He spectated for a bit more, although he couldn't descry much. His father then presented something to the stranger — a briefcase, he believed. The other showed him the content of his similar briefcase, and they exchanged them.

Taehyung drove back at a creep. He had already found out enough, and there wasn't anything else he could do. His eyes passed over the two for a last inspection, but they bulged as he caught his father sprinting to his car. Had he hunted him out? Whether he had or not, Taehyung stepped on the gas and reversed the car into the main road. It screeched to a stop, then he sped away as a quiver of blazing anxiety engulfed his hands, making him clutch the wheel hard enough for his fingers to ache.

The sudden awakening that he had no idea how to return to his house thundered down on him, and he touched the shortcut for his address on the maps. He kept glancing at the rear-view mirror, and a bubble of a sickening consternation braised in his stomach at the sight of car lights in the distance.

Mi Sung was following him.

He accelerated, thankful for Jimin's state-of-the-art car. As long as he didn't make any mistakes, his father wouldn't be able to gain upon him. Taehyung was an excellent driver, after all.

With everything going well, the first signs of civilization appeared again, and his chest fluttered to a plunge with the sigh of relief that thrust out of him. His father's car was nowhere near his range of vision anymore. He was safe.

He called Jimin and put it on speaker, then changed the destination to his house since it was only eleven at night.

"Tae? Are you okay?"

Taehyung chuckled at his harried tone. "I'm fine."

"Well, I'm not," he spat out. "Why did you lie to me?"

A frown overran Taehyung's face as his eyes darted all over the dashboard before settling on the road ahead. "What do you mean?"

"You followed your father to that meeting with the drug dealer! Are you insane?"

"How do you—" He cut himself off with the instant guess that slammed into his head, his jaw tightening dangerously. "Did you tell Yoongi?"

"I didn't mean to, okay? He asked me if you did something stupid since today was your father's meeting with that guy, and I was too shocked and worried, actually, to play it cool."

The long, frustrated exhalation that escaped Taehyung highlighted his displeasure. "You can't tell a damn lie?"

"He can read me like an open book even if he's not looking at my face!" Jimin flung back with a peevish thread in his voice, which melted into regret rather fast. "Sorry."

"Anyway. What did he say?"

"That you're stubborn and stupid. I asked him if he'll say something to Jay and he said no. The poor man begged you not to go, Taehyung."

"Well, I did, and everything is fine," Taehyung snarled. "So he's not curious to know what I found out?"

"He said to tell you they don't need your help and they won't... they won't accept your calls again."

The last remark wrenched a huff of pure disbelief out of Taehyung's throat as he shook his head. "They have to understand I don't do this just for Jay anymore. I'm involved, Chim. My father buys fucking drugs!"

"I know. It's messed up. But if he finds out you're following him around, you can get in danger, Tae."

"Whatever. It's not like he'll kill me."

Jimin kept his silence as he went over the ridiculous situation they were found in. "God, I can't believe the things we watch in movies are happening to you right now."

Taehyung released a nasal sigh. “Yeah. Me neither.”

Yoongi sipped his beer and sent a row of subtle glances at his dongsaeng, who was seated across from him in the storage room. The call he had with Jimin just minutes before he met his friends bothered him more than he thought. If Taehyung got in danger, Jungkook would go insane, and he was already wretched because of their separation.

He cleared his throat and leaned on the table, holding his can of beer with both hands. “Jungkook. You should know I started talking to Jimin again.”

The unexpected revelation reeled in Jungkook’s lugubrious eyes and hooked them on his face. “That’s why you seem so normal,” he uttered, and an attempt of a smile lifted the corner of his lips just barely. “Does it really help?”

“Not really. I still miss him. I think it’s crueler at times.”

“How come you changed your mind?”

“I thought about it. For now, we’re not working at our regular business. As long as we’re hiding, he won’t get in danger because of me. Later, we’ll see.”

Jungkook brushed his thumb over the sticker on his beer as he tracked the movement. “I want to talk with Taehyung too...”

“It won’t help you, Kook.” Yoongi was quick enough to crush any hopeful thought. “Trust me. You’ll only miss him more.”

“He’s right,” Seokjin said softly. “It’ll help to forget him if you don’t talk to him.”

“That won’t happen,” Jungkook drawled and chugged down his beer. “Did you talk to Jimin today? Did Taehyung do something?”

“I talked to him. Everything is fine.” Yoongi maintained eye contact and a neutral facade as he lied.

“It’s hard to believe he changed his mind.”

“Well, you begged him,” Namjoon chimed in. “He didn’t want to worry you.”

Jungkook nodded slowly at his words. As long as Taehyung was safe, he could handle any heartbreak, no matter how consuming.



Chapter End Notes

Another filler chapter, and now we're diving into the good part again 😊

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